THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible] POST

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Henry Ford—Nunnally Johnson—James Warner Bellah—Agnes Burke Hale
Clarence B. Kelland—F. Scott Fitzgerald—Samuel G. Blythe—Edwin Lefèvre

time stops

the moment we seal DEL MONTE COFFEE in this *air-tight can*

WHEN coffee flavor is at stake, every minute counts. At every tick of the clock, the precious flavor and appetizing aroma go sailing off into space—unless something is done about it.

DEL MONTE Coffee *has* done something about it. Too much effort and expense have gone into perfecting its modern, rich flavor to risk losing any part of it. Quickly as the fresh-roasted coffee is ground, it tumbles into the modern vacuum can. Immediately, the air is pumped out and the lid spun on, *air-tight.*

That's why you always get DEL MONTE Coffee *roaster-fresh,* no matter when, no matter where you buy. As far as freshness is concerned, time stops the moment DEL MONTE Coffee is hermetically sealed in this vacuum tin.

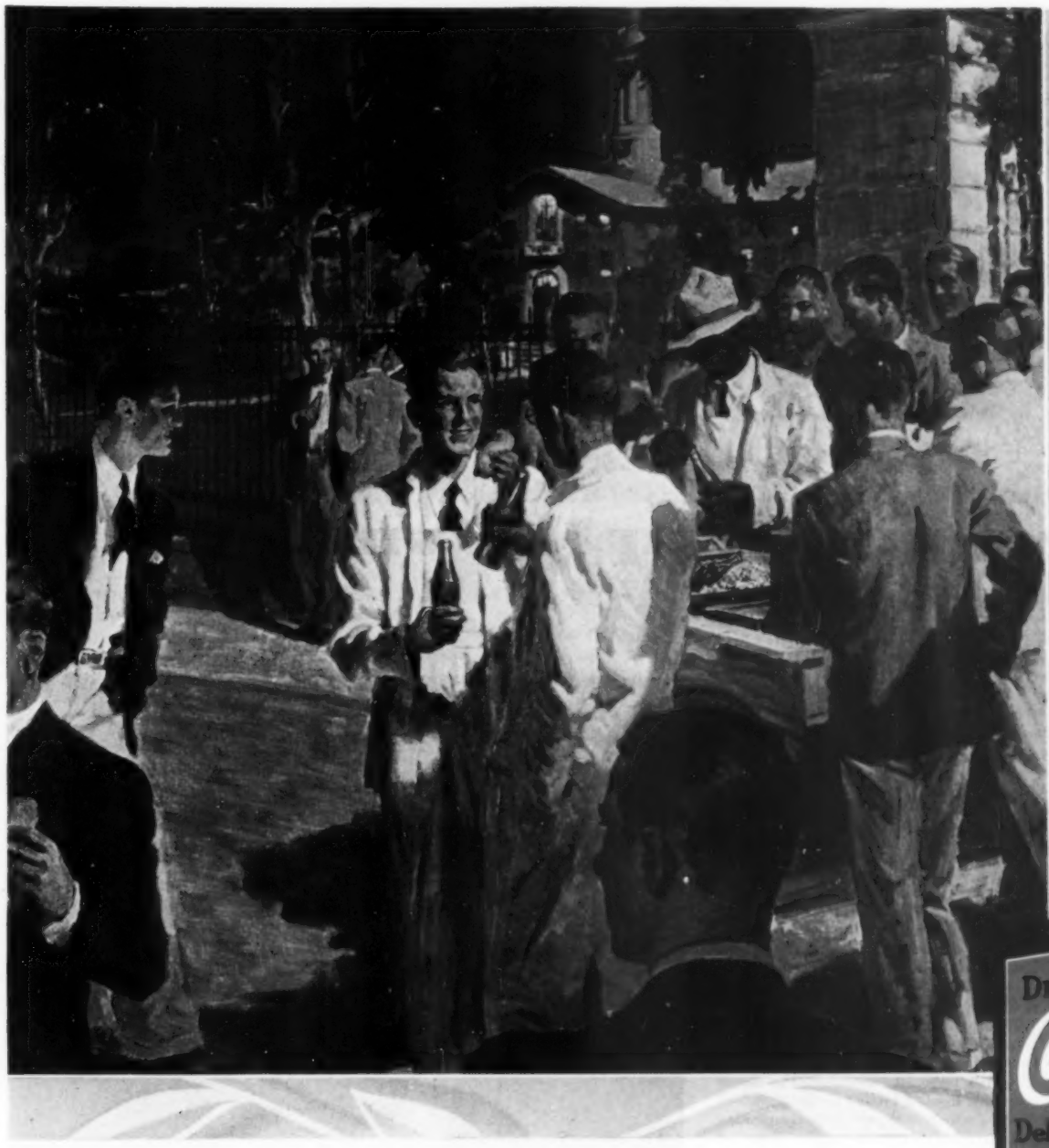
If you believe you are entitled to the last word in coffee excellence—if you want *in your cup* all the flavor that modern resources and modern skill have produced—if you want it just as it came from the roaster—then ask your grocer for DEL MONTE Coffee. You will enjoy the better flavor that 1930 owes your table—*all of it.*

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

DEL MONTE *Coffee*

A MODERN COFFEE FOR MODERN TASTES

FOOD PRODUCTS



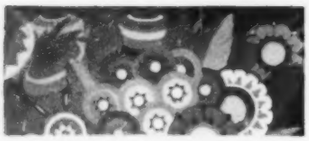
At Princeton they call it "Poler's Recess" –but it means *the pause that refreshes*

NIGHTS when everybody is studying for examinations, the 9-o'clock bell of Old Nassau signals "Poler's recess." Study stops, and for a few minutes the quiet campus breaks into noisy, happy activity. Favorite fountains on Nassau Street fill with groups—to relax in good fellowship, to *pause and refresh themselves* with ice-cold Coca-Cola. Then back to study with a fresh start. • • • Other nights throughout the year there's another traditional break in routine—visits to the "jigger-man" at the gate with his cart of bacon buns and ice-cold Coca-Cola. • • • Thus does the world outside learn from happy youth how to enjoy *the pause that refreshes*. That tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment make Coca-Cola the favorite drink everywhere.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD
A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN—Grantland Rice—Famous Sports Champions—Coca-Cola Orchestra —Wed. 10:30 to 11 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.—Coast to Coast NBC Network

NINE MILLION A DAY



Now I know

I was right! Girls really do want scientific advice about the care of their precious complexions

I'm no good at figures—my bank and I *never* agree about my checking-account balance. But when I see records that show millions of Camay users now, instead of the thousands of a few months ago, even I know what that means!

I can't *begin* to describe for you my satisfaction at this news. For, do you realize that in only a few short months, Camay has become the most talked-of complexion soap in the whole of America and Canada?

And that news isn't confined just to this side of the world, either. You should *see* the letters I get from girls in England and Germany and South Africa and Australia and even beauty-wise Paris, asking when Camay is coming over to give *their* complexions its gentle, fragrant care!

Do you know what I like best of all about this friendly welcome? It's the realization that girls really *do* want to know the *right* way to care for their complexions . . . That they're *glad* to know who the real complexion authorities are, and to follow their advice . . . And that they are finding how quickly and gratefully their complexions respond to the right care.

For, as all of you who have been following my magazine articles now know, Camay has been approved by a group of the only real authorities on the skin and its care—by 73 leading American dermatologists.

If there is a single girl *any*where who is not making a gentle, fragrant Camay cleansing her most important complexion secret, I hope she won't let another sun set before she adopts it.

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

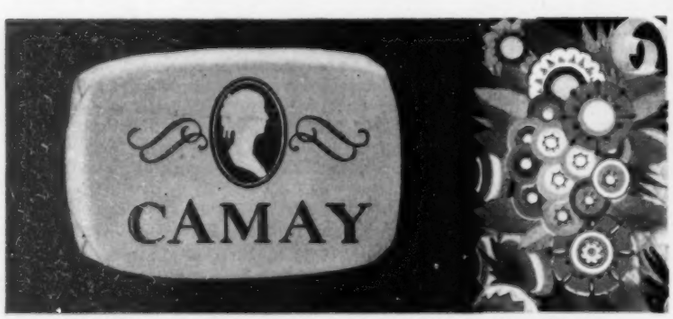
I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-50, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Camay is 10¢ a Cake



Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap

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THE WAY TO WEALTH

An Interview With Henry Ford

By Samuel Crowther

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

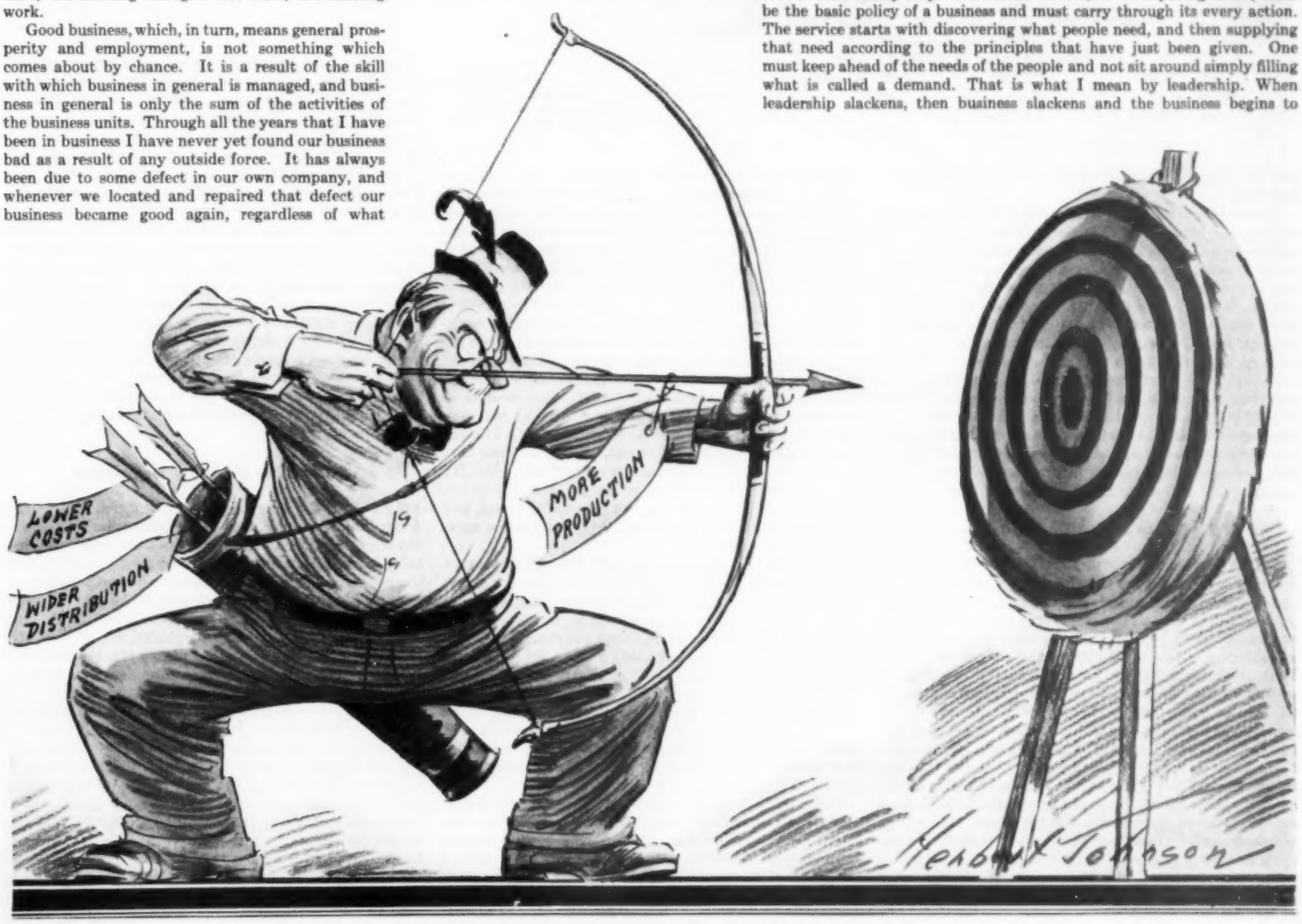
IS IT possible that this country is losing its business bearings? There is talk of high wages being a burden, of raising prices to cover increased costs of production due to low demand, of curtailing output by agreement in order to prevent the country from being flooded with goods, and even of passing laws to cure unemployment. If wages are at all generally cut, if prices are raised and if production is rationed by agreement so that all the manufacturers in each branch of industry may have a certain amount of business regardless of whether or not they deserve it, then we might as well close the book of American progress. For, by adopting any such program as that, business will have confessed its inability to provide leaders who are able to lead toward a greater and more widely diffused prosperity that will abolish poverty.

That would be a sad ending to our national progress. It is, however, an inevitable ending if the business of the country refuses to recognize its responsibility, and hopes, by catchwords and slogans, to achieve that which can be attained only by hard, unremitting thought and hard, unremitting work.

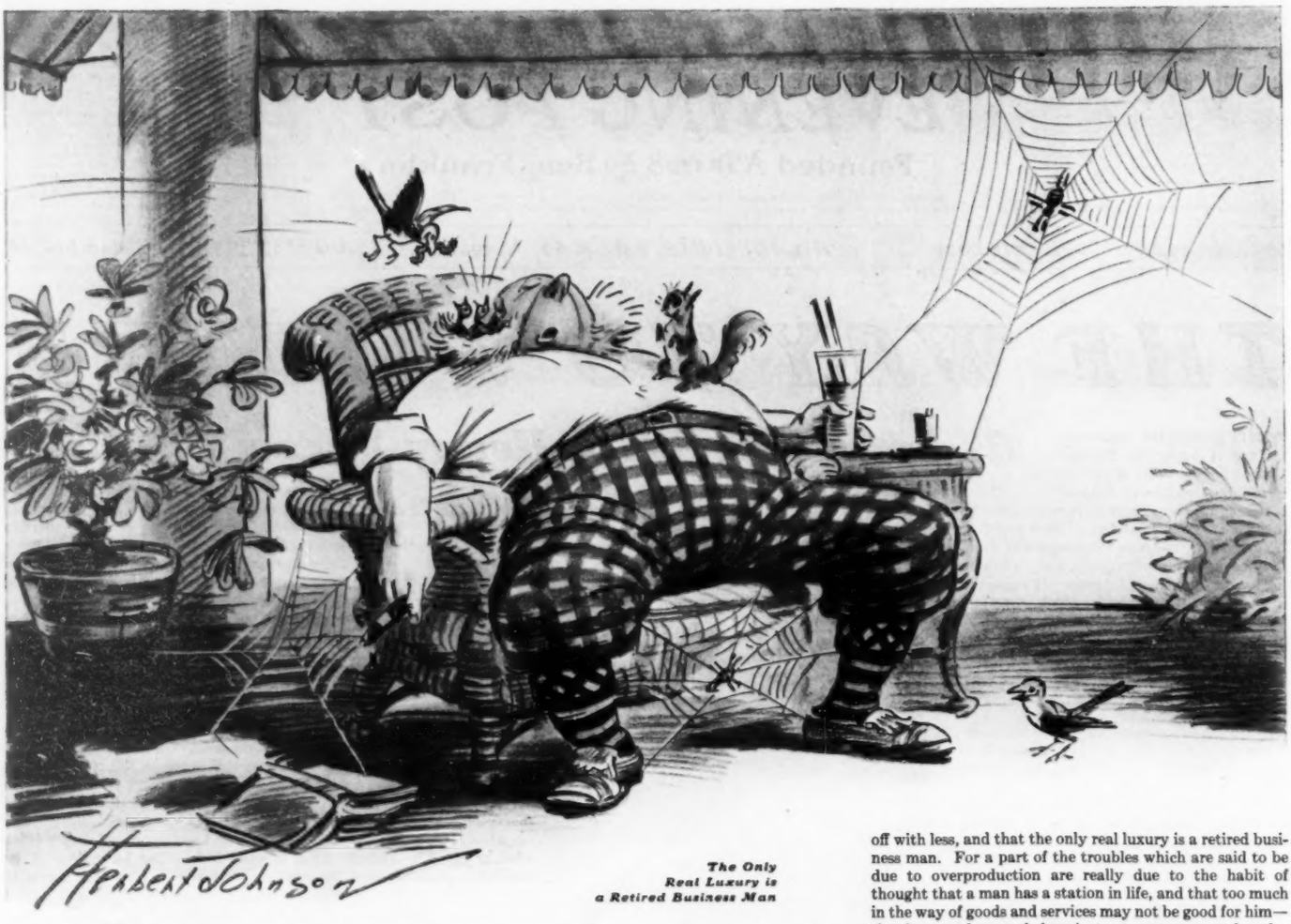
Good business, which, in turn, means general prosperity and employment, is not something which comes about by chance. It is a result of the skill with which business in general is managed, and business in general is only the sum of the activities of the business units. Through all the years that I have been in business I have never yet found our business bad as a result of any outside force. It has always been due to some defect in our own company, and whenever we located and repaired that defect our business became good again, regardless of what anyone else might be doing. And it will always be found that this country has nationally bad business when business men are drifting, and that business is good when men take hold of their own affairs, put leadership into them and push forward in spite of obstacles. Only disaster can result when the fundamental principles of business are disregarded and what looks like the easiest way is taken. These fundamentals, as I see them, are:

1. To make an ever-increasingly large quantity of goods of the best possible quality, to make them in the best and most economical fashion, and to force them out on the market.
2. To strive always for higher quality and lower prices as well as lower costs.
3. To raise wages gradually but continuously, and never to cut them.
4. To get the goods to the consumer in the most economical manner, so that the benefits of low-cost production may reach him.

These fundamentals are all summed up in the single word "service," but that word is so often used just to cover cheap and easy gestures, involving no thought or work, that it is necessary to point out that service, to be anything at all, must be the basic policy of a business and must carry through its every action. The service starts with discovering what people need, and then supplying that need according to the principles that have just been given. One must keep ahead of the needs of the people and not sit around simply filling what is called a demand. That is what I mean by leadership. When leadership slackens, then business slackens and the business begins to



Good Business is Not Something Which Comes About by Chance



The Only Real Luxury is a Retired Business Man

run the managers instead of the managers running the business.

Whenever the leaders of business find the public buying eagerly, the tendency is to settle back on the job and let well enough alone. There was formerly a tendency in such times to raise prices in the hope of getting in all possible amounts of money while the going was good. In consequence, in what were called times of good business, the effort was not to keep business good but to get money quickly, and since raising prices always seems to be the quickest way of getting money, the prices were raised and raised until they went above the level of the buying power, and then, all at once, the buying would stop, and instead of good business we had bad business. Fortunately, most men have now learned the fallacy of trying to make money by raising prices, and we had little or no price raising in the period of our business history that terminated in the stock-market panic of October and November of 1929.

Trying to Serve Two Masters

AT THE beginning of the period of speculation, the business of the country was running along very nicely and evenly, with the sole expectation of gaining profit through work, which in the end is the only way that any profit can be gained. They kept trying for lower prices and higher wages—that is, to establish sound and enduring business. Then, as the opportunities for making money in the stock market appeared, more and more the attention of many of the men who had been leading business and many of the men who had been helping them and many of the men who had been working for them became diverted to speculation. It reminded me of the farmers when the city was expanding and real-estate agents were subdividing outlying fields. The farmers kept one eye on the lookout for a real-estate agent and the other on the plow. It was very bad for farming. One eye on business and the other on the stock market proved very bad for business.

The proper conduct of a business requires every ounce of leadership that it is possible to exert. There can be no let-up and no attention to anything else. But inevitably this attention to the stock market drew attention away from business and dulled the edge of the urge always to advance. Customers were too easy to get and to keep, and business in general, instead of trying to make better products, sought to attain a greater volume of products and not to bother much with price reductions or wage increases. Everything was going so smoothly that there seemed no reason for undue disturbance or alarm. The true occasion for alarm was deeply hid. It consisted in the complete stoppage of improvement in quality of goods and in methods of manufacture, which, in turn, cause a stoppage in the increasing values of the purchasing money. There is bound to come a time when things are offered for sale at so much more than they are worth that the public will hesitate to buy them, and then will stop buying altogether, and may even fall into a panic about what it has bought. I do not know anything at all about stocks. But I do know that the manufacturing of stocks can be carried on in much the same way as the manufacture of articles, and their prices can be run up in the same way as commodity prices, and with the same eventual result. Shoddy stocks can be made to sell at high prices.

The lesson that should be apparent from all this is that in the end everybody is the loser and no one the gainer by speculating in things already made—whether those things be commodities or paper shares in corporations. Prosperity and progress are in things yet to be made. Another lesson is that nothing can be taken for granted in business. If a business be allowed to run on as it is, just because the output is being bought, and no attempt is made to improve either the output or its method of making, or to lower prices, then one day it will be discovered that there are no buyers. Every article and every business, if they expect to be prosperous, have to keep ahead of the public. They cannot simply travel along with it.

If the nation's recent experience has taught the lesson that no money is to be made except out of service, then it has been worth all that it cost. The country needed some such education on a large scale as a step toward that kind of business which elevates the whole country and not just a few people. We may have been helped toward the view that goods and services are seldom luxuries, that it is nonsense to talk about people being better off with less, and that the only real luxury is a retired business man. For a part of the troubles which are said to be due to overproduction are really due to the habit of thought that a man has a station in life, and that too much in the way of goods and services may not be good for him—that he must be guarded against extravagance not by education but by withholding goods and money from him. There may be a personal nobility in poverty, but it is a class distinction that we can do without.

Undoubtedly there are defects in the money system which sometimes prevent the free flow of goods and services, but we do not as yet seem to know enough to put our fingers on what exactly are the defects. We do know that periods arrive in which people in general, although their needs keep constantly increasing, have not the money to buy that which will satisfy their needs. There is no logical reason why, with ample facilities for production and an always-increasing desire for consumption, there should at any time be one of these periods in which the desires cannot be fulfilled and the production utilized simply through lack of money.

A Cure for Business Depression

IN FACT, is it proper ever to say "lack of money"? Is it not, fundamentally, lack of something else? Money is like any other kind of machinery—it can be improved and is being improved constantly. But along with the machinery you must have an instructed people who can properly operate it. Money, as we often say here, is like coal out in the big coal pile at the back of the shops. But what kind of management is it that fails to replenish it? The country has just had a clear lesson that money is a by-product of industry. When we give our entire attention to its source—that is, to industry—there is no lack of money. The money market or the stock market did not cause the recent experience of business. It was men's neglect of business that upset the stock market. Business is the source of supply and surplus. Even a stock market cannot afford to neglect it. No one has yet been born who can manage both to manipulate the market for its stock and also to do business in such a way that it will be profitable. The two do not and cannot mix. We have had acutely brought home to us what it means to have a considerable portion of the country take its mind off doing business and engage in a career of speculating in stocks.

The immediate cure for depression—and by depression I mean a period when men are out of work and not able to

improve their standards of living—is told in one word—"quantity"—quantities of goods pushed out into the world.

But it is not enough simply to manufacture goods. There is a great deal more to the process than that. There is no service in simply setting up a machine or a plant and letting it turn out goods. The service extends into every detail of the design—the making, the wages paid and the selling price. None of these can ever be taken as right; they can only represent the best efforts of the moment. That is why quantity production demands so much more leadership than did the old production. Anyone who sets up a big plant to manufacture a product and then takes for granted that no further changes in design or materials or methods of making are necessary will, in a curiously short space of time, discover an overproduction, and then the owners will start talking about the market being saturated.

Lower Prices and Higher Wages

A MARKET is never saturated with a good product, but it is very quickly saturated with a bad one, and no matter how good anything may be when it is first produced, it will not remain good unless its standard is constantly improved. This does not mean that new and startling changes should be made every little while, for that is not possible in a product that began by being as good as it could be made. It is not necessarily good business to announce every change. The good will of the public is secured by quietly pressing for changes which will keep the product constantly more satisfactory, for then the reputation of the commodity will be simply that it always meets the buyer's needs. The public rarely asks for changes. But the public itself unconsciously changes, and a uniformly satisfactory article is one made by a management that is always pressing to improve it.

The right sales price is always the lowest price at which, all things considered, the article can be manufactured, and since experience in making and volume of sales will bring about lower costs, the sales price can, as a rule, constantly be lowered. It is the duty of a manufacturer constantly to lower prices and increase wages. The duty is not only to the public. A manufacturer owes this procedure to himself, for not otherwise can he control his business. There seems to be a good deal of misunderstanding on this point.

Lowering a price will generally increase business if it is not a defensive act but a progressive movement. There are a great many strata of buying power, and they are not sharply separated. They seem to vary almost from day to day, and even a slight change of price may take one into a new buying territory that has never before been explored. The reduction in price may not always be in dollars. It may be in added quality—that is, in giving more for the money. The very best reductions are those which comprehend both price and quality. A price reduction which is gained by reducing quality is not really a price reduction at all, and the public reacts in no uncertain way. There is no quicker or surer way of destroying confidence in a business than to make a price reduction which represents the giving of less and not of more value than before.

However, the reducing of prices solely to increase sales is not a sound business policy, for then the attention may shift from manufacturing to selling. Sales are primarily the result of good manufacturing and not of persuading people to buy. There is no difference between decreasing prices in order to gain sales and maintaining prices just because people seem willing to pay them. If prices are used as baits for buyers, to be raised or lowered as the buyers feel about it, it is, in effect, a handing over of the control of the business to the buyers to do with as they like. That is a very real control and it is exercised in very drastic fashion. This country has seen it exercised time and again.

The policy of constantly reducing prices has really more to do with management than with sales, and should be considered from the manufacturing point of view and not with primary regard to the ideas of the sales end of the business.

If a price be maintained merely because there is apparently no sales reason for reducing it, what is the effect on the management? Does it constantly press to reduce costs so that the maintained price would translate into a constantly enlarging profit account? That is exactly what does not happen. The maintenance of the price eventually puts the management to sleep. There is a tendency to let well enough alone, and well enough never can be let alone. Nothing can remain static. Things are either moving forward or moving backward.

Vanishing Profits

IF A MANAGEMENT lets well enough alone for six months or a year, the business will inevitably get out of its control; little items of waste will creep in, bigger items will follow them, and in the end costs will be so high that the profits will vanish. There is no way of keeping a management always at its work unless the economies which it effects are carried over into lower prices and higher wages.

(Continued on Page 161)

The Proper Conduct of a Business Requires Every Ounce of Leadership That it is Possible to Exert

ALTER EGO

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

RANDY HYDE, next to the Prince of Wales, was the most photographed and paragraphed young man in the world. His path was cluttered with cameras, and his every movement was news. If he bought a different necktie, it was described fully in that evening's paper; if he went to a ball game, his conduct in the grand stand was the subject of comment; and once when he indulged in an orgy of peanuts it got on the front page. If he danced twice with a girl, society editors threw fits; if he cut himself shaving, hourly bulletins were posted. It had always been so from his appearance in the world twenty-two years ago as the Billionaire Baby, and he had grown to accept it as the normal way of life.

Sometimes it irked him, often it embarrassed him, but he accepted it as inevitable. That was the way life was! Because he never had known anything but this life in a show window it did not occur to him to do anything about it any more than it would have occurred to you to do something about the weather. But when he went to some important party and read next morning that Randy Hyde undoubtedly had worn striped silk undergarments purchased by his valet at two o'clock P.M. from Stanchfield's, it caused him certain regrets. He felt vaguely that his underclothing was his own private affair.

He was twenty-two and his name was Randy. It was not Randolph, as certain illiterate persons have supposed, for Randy was a family name. Unquestionably there was swank to it. It was a good name for the public eye. His father's name had not been Randy, but John. John Hyde, the richest man in the world! And now for a year Randy had himself been the richest man in the world, an orphan, eligible, and the first prize in the matrimonial free-for-all.

Old John was an organizer. He believed in subordinates. So, when he came to die, his affairs moved smoothly and efficiently, for his great bank was officered by the best president and the best vice presidents to be had in the banking world. His railroads were in the hands of supremely efficient executives, as were his utility companies and his steamship lines and his mines. He had left things so that, should Randy turn out not to be a second John Hyde, things would go on beautifully anyhow; but if, on the contrary, Randy should come up to hopes and expectations, he would have the right to sit in his father's seat and crack the whip as his father had done.

Up to date Randy had accomplished very little. But then, almost nothing had been expected of him except to acquire the education and manners of a gentleman, and to take in through his pores the usages of the ultrapolite society in which he was destined to move.

He was just under six feet tall, with hair that was yellow and crisp, and with blue eyes with crinkles at the corners of them, and among his friends he had the reputation of being a grand person but just a little—just a shade—dumb. In college he had played good football until the papers insisted upon dealing with the team as made up exclusively of Randy Hyde, whereupon he quit for the good of the service. Now he played exceptionally fine polo, but privately. It was known among his intimates that he could have displaced one of the international team but for the fact that the shower of publicity falling upon him would have disrupted the organization.

His conversation was pleasing, but if he said anything bright or solid it was put down to happy accident; of course it was expected of him that he would speak fluently the patter of his class. But sometimes he said surprising things and then everybody roared with laughter as at an infant who innocently comes out in company with an observation concerning the facts of life.

Then the great idea came!

Resentment had been piling up without his realizing it; longings had been increasing their insistence that he be able to do certain things nonchalantly without the consciousness that he was giving a performance which would be read at every breakfast table from coast to coast. He found himself suddenly filled with the urge to be inconspicuous! But, cudgel his mind as he might, he could discover neither way nor means. Not, at any rate, until Mrs. Santry-Morton planted a hope in his heart.

"Would you believe it," she exclaimed, "but I saw a shop girl today who looked more like Alice Van Kaarl than Alice does herself. Feature for feature, eyelash for eyelash. She could have stepped out from behind that counter, dressed in Alice's clothes and deceived Alice's own mother."

"Incredible," said Randy politely.

"They say—somebody says—that every one of us has a living double," went on Mrs. Santry-Morton. "I believe there's something scientific about it, like the law of chance, or what goes up must come down. Naturally you wouldn't expect me to know exactly."

"Certainly not," replied Randy graciously. "Not by any means."

Mrs. Santry-Morton looked at him sharply, but his eyes of innocence disarmed her suspicion. "But it's scientific," she insisted.

Miss Smith's Brows Were Bent in a Quaint Little Frown. "There's Something About Your Face," She Said, "Which Suggests to Me Another

Randy bent his brows. "Do I understand you correctly," he asked, "that somewhere in the world there must be a person who looks exactly like you and exactly like me and exactly like ——"

"Everybody!" said Mrs. Santry-Morton firmly. "They've demonstrated it in laboratories or some place. Like guinea pigs or vivisection."

"You know such interesting things," said Randy, "and say them so entertainingly."

"And you're a nice boy," Mrs. Santry-Morton rewarded him.

"I wonder what my double is like?" he mused.

"I think he would be nice too."

"Oh, thank you. You flatter me, really. He might not be nice at all. He might be a mucker, you know."

"Impossible. Utterly impossible."

"You absolutely think so?"

"I'm positive," she said, and was ready to go to war in defense of her opinion. Having stated any theory, Mrs. Santry-Morton was willing—nay, eager—to fight for it.

"Well, well," said Randy. And then, "Well, well."

Which was the dawn of the great idea.

On the following morning he called upon the gentleman who held the exceedingly lucrative position of his personal legal counsel, who wondered what could be back of the visit, but came to the conclusion it was purely social. But it was not purely social to Randy, for adroitly, in a recess in the conversation, he dropped his hook baited for information.

"D'ye know," he said, "I've often wondered how you find people."

"What people?" asked Mr. Wanger.

"Why—er—lost people. Or anybody you want to find. I mean, suppose you know there is a person who looks so-and-so, but you don't know his name or anything about him. If you happened to have a reason for finding him how would you do it?"

"Personally, I should employ one of the great detective agencies," said Mr. Wanger, indulging his client's fancy. "I'd give them a photograph of the person and turn them loose on the hunt."

"A photograph, eh? Ah! A photograph. To be sure. You mean these johnnies who come in to watch the diamond necklaces at a party?

"That is one branch of their profession."

"I see. But these detective lads, now, are they what you call discreet? I mean do they tell it to the tabloids?"

"The larger agencies are, I believe, absolutely trustworthy."

Randy was content. From this source he had what information he required. The next bit he would get some place else, for he wanted no putting together of two and two. The result of all the knowledge he gained that day resulted in a confidential interview with the chief of the Intercontinental Detective Agency, which was given carte blanche, with unlimited funds, to pursue the quest of that double which laboratory experiments and guinea pigs and the laws of chance convinced Mrs. Santry-Morton must exist somewhere.

"The idea," said Randy to the detective person, "is to trot him out. Produce the simon-pure article. Deliver him to me in the original wrappings. By express, you understand. No dallying on street corners. Speed is the watchword."

"We'll do our best, Mr. Hyde," guaranteed the detective, and their best was remarkably good, for less than sixty days thereafter Randy was informed that he might, by going to a certain hotel at a certain hour, inspect the article.

"Do you guarantee him?" Randy asked.

"Our warranty does not extend past a truly remarkable resemblance," said the detective.

"If it were not for the element of chance," said Randy, "poker would be a commonplace pastime."

"You Get Nothing From Me," She Said. "Nothing But Contempt"

Name Than Smith." "Perhaps it's My Nose," Said Randy Hopefully

It was not without a tingle of excitement that Randy ascended in the elevator to meet his *Doppelgänger*, and not, it must be confessed, without a certain minor resentment that anyone should have ventured the liberty of assuming his personal appearance, which, after all, he felt to be something to which he alone was entitled. The detective opened the door and stood aside for Randy to enter.

"Mr. Hyde," said he, "this is Mr. Smithfield Wagg."

"Eh!" exclaimed Randy.

"The name," insisted the detective, "is Smithfield Wagg."

"It need not have been," said Randy, and gazed with keen interest at the serious face of the young man who stood up to greet him. The resemblance was, indeed, amazing. Nose, eyes, mouth, chin, coloring, height, weight, age! Randy found himself looking at himself in an inexpensive ready-made suit.

"How do you do, Mr. Wagg," he said politely.

"This," said Mr. Wagg, "is most extraordinary! Exceedingly extraordinary. And if there is not some acceptable reason for it I shall express myself sharply. I find myself lured, as it were, across a continent. I find myself interrupted in my congenial labors. I find myself in a hotel which I do not like. And now I find myself confronted by a young man who presumes to look like me. I am, I may say, awaiting with impatience your explanation."

"Why did you come?" asked Randy with private amusement.

"Vague but grandiose promises," said Mr. Wagg succinctly.

"Suppose, then, we become concrete," said Randy cheerfully. "I need a double. I require an individual to impersonate me. In short, I must have a whipping boy. I want someone to be photographed. I want someone to keep engagements which I cannot escape and which I abhor. I want someone to take upon himself the disagreeable portion of my life while I keep for myself the agreeable portion. For this I am prepared to pay."

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A MILLIONAIRE'S GIRL

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I'd Been in Hollywood About Two Months When I Heard That Caroline Was Not Able to Work and Was Holding Up a Costly Production With Uncontrolled Flares of Nerves

TWILIGHTS were wonderful just after the war. They hung above New York like indigo wash, forming themselves from asphalt dust and sooty shadows under the cornices and limp gusts of air exhaled from closing windows, to hang above the streets with all the mystery of white fog rising off a swamp. The far-away lights from buildings high in the sky burned hazily through the blue, like golden objects lost in deep grass, and the noise of hurrying streets took on that hushed quality of many footfalls in a huge stone square. Through the gloom people went to tea. On all the corners around the Plaza Hotel, girls in short squirrel coats and long flowing skirts and hats like babies' velvet bathtubs waited for the changing traffic to be suctioned up by the revolving doors of the fashionable grill. Under the scalloped portico of the Ritz, girls in short ermine coats and fluffy, swirling dresses and hats the size of manholes passed from the nickel glitter of traffic to the crystal glitter of the lobby.

In front of the Lorraine and the St. Regis, and swarming about the mad-hatter doorman under the warm orange lights of the Biltmore façade, were hundreds of girls with marcel waves, with colored shoes and orchids, girls with pretty faces, dangling powder boxes and bracelets and lank young men from their wrists—all on their way to tea. At that time, tea was a public levee. There were tea personalities—young leaders who, though having no claim to any particular social or artistic distinction, swung after them long strings of contemporary silhouettes like a game of crack-the-whip. Under the somber, ironic parrots of the Biltmore the halo of golden bobs absorbed the light from heavy chandeliers, dark heads lost themselves in corner shadows, leaving only the rim of young faces against the winter windows—all of them scurrying along the trail of one or two dynamic youngsters.

Caroline was one of those. She was then about sixteen, and dressed herself always in black dresses—dozens of them—falling away from her slim, perfect body like strips of clay from a sculptor's thumb. She had invented a new way to dance, shaking her head from side to side in dreamy, tentative emphasis and picking her feet up quickly off the floor. It would have made you notice her, even if she hadn't had that lovely Bacchanalian face to turn and nod and turn away into the smoky walls. I watched her for ages before I asked who she was. There was a sense of adventure in the way her high heels sat so precisely in the center of the backs of her long silk legs, and a sense of drama in her conical eyebrows, and she was much too young to have learned such complete self-possession in any legitimate way.

Her story, to date, was short and hysterical—a runaway marriage—annulled immediately—a year in small parts on the New York stage, and the scandalous journalism that followed that affair of Brooklyn Bridge. It must have demanded a good bit of vitality to bring all that to the attention of so many people in such a short time, especially since she started out empty-handed, equipped with only the love and despair in her father's vague eyes. He was one of those people who distinguish themselves in an obscure profession, and Caroline was far from considering Who's Who an adequate substitute for the Social Register. She was ambitious, she was extravagant, and she was just about the prettiest thing you ever saw. I never could decide whether she was calculating or not. I suppose any young person in a red-flower hat who suddenly, in the midst of an undergraduate hullabaloo, meets the heir to fantastic millions, and who thereupon smiles poetically into his brown eyes, could be called calculating, but Caroline had made the same gestures so many times before without material considerations.

They looked fine together; they were both dusted with soft golden brown like bees' wings, and they were tall, and the color under their skins was apricot, and there was harmony in the way he leaned forward and she leaned back against the red-leather bench. You could see that he was rich and that he liked her, and you could see that she was poor and that she knew he did. That, at their first meeting, was all there was to be seen; though psychics might have found an aura of tragedy whirling above their two young heads even then. They seemed too perfect.

The winter got old and frayed the edges of the palms in the quiet clinking of the Plaza lobby. The steam heat twisted their tips into little brown mustache ends, and people waiting for other people ripped short slits about their lower leaves. Caroline had worn out two big branches since the day she discovered that Barry was not even regular about being late. It was a nuisance, that; it meant that she had to sit there rigid, being stared at by men without knees, in spats, and bell boys without necks, in billiard-table covers, and clerks without shoulders, in cages, while Barry did something somewhere to one of his automobiles. He had three, so underslung that riding in them was like climbing a mountain in a cable car. They used to go together for mad rides up and down Long Island, or splitting the green of Connecticut hills in the spring; Caroline so lost in the snake-skin cushions that she seemed deflated; Barry steering the monstrous thing as if he were sketching in charcoal, and both of them singing chorus after chorus of monotonous Negro blues.

One late winter Sunday when the glare of the afternoon snow forced the shadows into great banks in the corners of the living room, Caroline and Barry drove out to see us. They came in breathing off a refrigerated crispness of lettuce just off the ice chest; the moisture on the tips of their long-haired furs refracting the hall lights to a purplish halo.

"Hello," she said. "Is this Fitzgerald's roadhouse?"

Her voice was as full of varied emotions as sinking into a soft cold bed after a strenuous day. Over its voluptuous nuances brooded the purring monotone of well-bred New York.

"It is," I affirmed, "and there's cold turkey and asparagus for supper; so come in and get warm while you wait."

Barry sat under the one light in the far end of the long living room, turning over a great pile of phonograph records, and Caroline sat rigid in the pink shadows, both of them so conscious of each other that they gave the impression of two hidden enemies waiting to attack. We listened to the big logs popping in the quiet like wet firecrackers, and to the clinking of the furnace being fixed for the night, and to the sound of a bath running on the second floor. Supper was being laid in the dining room opposite, and an intimate unwarranted friendliness stole into our low monosyllabic conversation. I felt like reciting "'Twas the night before Christmas" and going to sleep on the rug, when suddenly Barry, from way over there under the light, asked Caroline to marry him. The slow dignity of her acceptance made us realize the seriousness of the affair; there was nothing to do but try to garnish our Sunday scraps into an engagement supper.

They were both absorbed and quiet during the meal, and, not knowing quite what to say, I began thinking of all sorts of things—of Caroline the winter before, in creamy white georgette and a fog of gray squirrel, coming down the steps of a narrow Fifth Avenue mansion, freezing her tears on the clear winter air. It was a debut party, and she had tried crashing too formidable a gate. New York butlers are not hired for their response to beauty and this one had turned her away decisively. I thought of Barry calling for his mother at an Embassy tea in Rome—of Barry, nineteen, elegant, impeccable, preferred of all the mothers of girls whose families chose for them their paths of light. He was spoiled and wild, but since he had probably met Caroline on some sort of jag, that was no reason why there should be any miscomprehension between them on that score. I wondered how he would explain his intimacy with so lovely and scandalous a person to his austere family, and if they would accept Caroline with no matter what explanation he could invent.

That winter to me is a memory of endless telephone calls and of slipping and sliding over the snow between the low white fences of Long Island, which means that we were running around a lot. We met Caroline and Barry in town occasionally, in the aquarium lights of an expensive night club or under the glare of a theater portico. People said they were always together and never went out without each other. She was one of the few women I've known who was both fluffy enough and concise enough to look pretty in ermine, and when you saw them stepping together into his huge automobile it made you think of musical-comedy principalities or glamorous suppers from Renaissance paintings.

Of course, all the scandal sheets had a dig at them. There were venomous little paragraphs in most of the Broadway oracles, particularly after people found out how strongly his family disapproved. I believe they tried buying her off, and it was something to do with that that precipitated that awful row in Ciro's. As is mostly the case when something dreary happens to you, all their friends seemed to be there that night. It was an absurd place, done with the most pretentious simplicity, so that you saw quite clearly what was happening around you, and, to make matters worse, Caroline and Barry were directly facing the whole room over by the orchestra. First she threw her glass on the floor, then, unwinding her beautiful figure from an enormous napkin, a slim chair back and a dozen scattering cigarettes, she fixed on Barry a look of such malevolent hatred that the saxophone player blasted a wild siren cry into his silver horn and the maître d'hôtel came hopping up to represent the management. She was utterly furious and kept demanding her car, as if it could be driven straight on to the waxed floor. Barry told them to take her away, as if she'd been something inedible served from the kitchen.

Everybody was delighted with so public and melodramatic a *crise* in a romance that had inspired so much envy. Before they left, even the waiters in the place had gleaned the story of Caroline's foolish acceptance of a nice big check and an automobile from Barry's father. She claimed, to Barry, that she had not understood it was to have been the reward for letting him go, and he claimed

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Barry Told Them to Take Her Away, as if She'd Been Something Inedible Served From the Kitchen

PHOTO, BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE

J. P. Morgan Buying Liberty Bonds From Mrs. Price Post

So Says

By EDWIN

QUITE innocently, as we sat at luncheon, I spoke to my friend about the revival of interest in bonds. Before I could pass on from facts to opinions, he almost shouted: "No bonds for mine!"

His voice was bellicose. Being his host, I smiled and observed, pleasantly:

"Oh, I perceive that you are a modernist; a student of the past—by proxy. Disinterested stock salesmen have pointed out to you the deplorable errors of your progenitors. But for those errors, you would have been a multi, without the need to sweat, worry or hope for miracles. If your well-meaning father had only been as wise in 1870 as you are in 1930, he would have bought the land on which this hotel stands for a ten-dollar bill. Again, if he had invested a measly $90,000 in 1905 in United States Steel common, you would be getting about 100 per cent per annum on his money. Or had he bought the old General Motors stock in 1915, you would now be at the head of some philanthropic league for the abolition of something or other. I am glad your children will all profit by your foresight. Temporarily dismissing the blunders of others from your mind, what will you have: lemon meringue pie or a call on the United States—the one country that no man should ever sell short unless he wishes to fill a pauper's grave, according to all bull-market letter writers, pool publicity men and misquoters of J. P. Morgan? I await your reply. . . . Pie?"

Hot-Mince-Pie Psychology

MY FRIEND is red-headed, but also plump and 100 per cent eupeptic. He smiled tolerantly.

"Wise-cracking again? Keep it up, me lad. I don't mind. . . . I'll have some hot mince pie and another cup of coffee."

"Yes," I said, "the common-stock picker would also pick mince pie after a six-course meal. While waiting for it, will you tell me why you have brushed bonds off your shelf? Or is it that you are nothing but a fashion follower and fad chaser?"

"Let me tell you something you should never forget: We are a nation of pioneers, of forward lookers!" he said. I instantly realized that his poor wife had heard that speech at her own table as many times as they had had guests for dinner. "We are up-and-doers, and not parasitical money hoarders. What do I do when I invest money? I deprive myself of the pleasure of spending it. Nobody prefers hoarding to spending. Therefore, to pay myself for not being natural, I naturally expect my unspent money to follow the universal law of life—that is, growth. Everything should grow—trees, children, cities, bank assets, hair, countries, incubator chickens, gardens—everything. A man like me grows wiser and a man like you merely grows older, but both grow. And I should like to grow richer, since I can't grow younger. There is nothing unreasonable so far, is there?" He paused for a reply.

"Mince pie after broiled lobster ——" I did not finish because he was not listening.

"Well," he went on, "I invest my savings because some day I shall stop working. Whatever I deprive myself of today must be available for my use tomorrow. After I retire and no longer earn money at my business, I wish to live at least as comfortably as I am living now. Suppose I put $10,000 into good 5 per cent bonds today. Ten years hence, what will I have? The same $10,000 in bonds. I have lent my money and the corporation still owes it to me. It has paid me $500 a year as agreed, but it has not made me any richer. No growth! No increase! But suppose that instead of bonds I buy $10,000 worth of a good stock in a growing concern. Well, ten years later that $10,000 may have become $50,000 or more, from which I may be getting $3000 a year. On my bonds I cannot make more than 5 per cent per annum. But my stock may easily get to pay 25 or 30 per cent. If my principal and my income both grow, what does that mean ten years later?"

"It means that you are a wonderful picker," I admitted with enthusiasm. "And now tell me: Having stuck to stocks throughout the greatest bull market in our history, are you out of debt yet?"

The Me-Too Complex

"THAT has nothing to do with the principle involved in picking investments," he said, with dignity.

"Certainly not. The only people who didn't have to sell stocks last fall were the people who were not carrying any on margin. You stock lovers all seem to have the mutton complex: You go with the flock. You buy what others do because you don't want to be different. People like you select your hat not because it becomes you but because all the other sheep are wearing one like it. You buy a brown suit when you should wear dark blue, if brown happens to be fashionable at the moment. You find safety in being like others. Do you know what really goes on in your mind when you decide to invest money?"

"Yes, I consider the factor of steady growth, which has been the one safe bet in these United States since we became a nation," he replied.

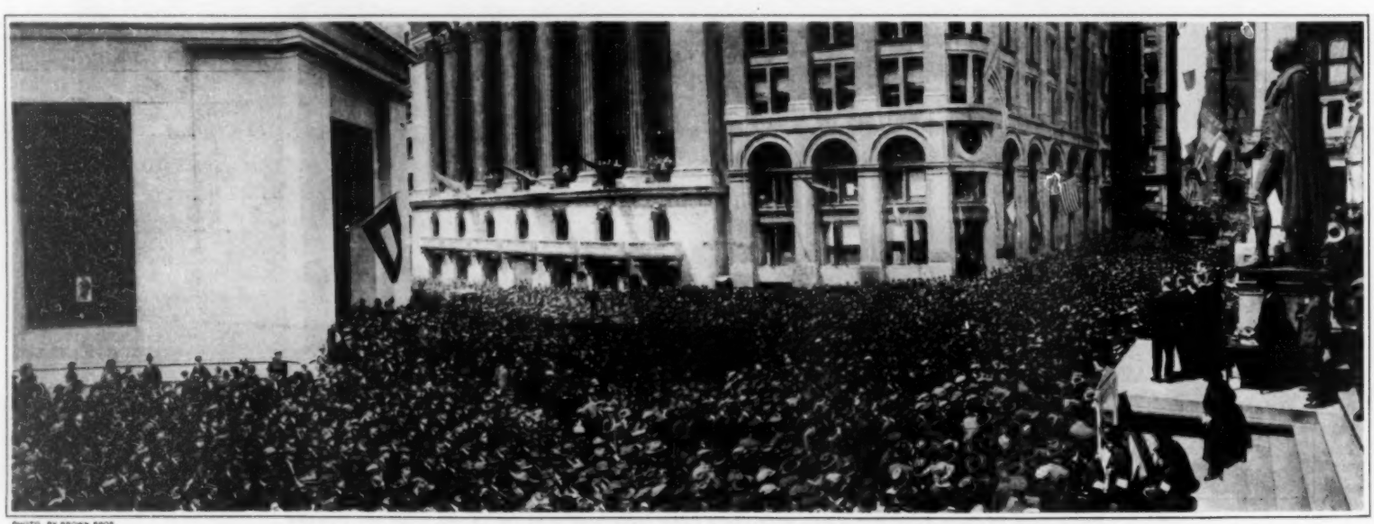
"No, sir; you display the usual symptoms of sloganitis: You accept as gospel truth the statistics that a ten-dollar-a-year bureau sends you. It delights you to be able to say 'Me too!' when you meet a friend who tells you that he has bought some stock or other on an inside tip. You stop thinking and fall back on slogans and catch phrases. I don't mind your buying stocks for investment. Everybody knows the big money in this country has always been made in common stocks. What I object to is your exclusion of bonds, as though everybody had been wrong who ever invested in them. If you are a millionaire, I admit you need not strain yourself thinking about your future meals. But can't you see that there are different needs to be considered in making investments?"

"Listen, smart one! I am an American, see? Well, put this in your pipe: The average American would much rather do business than lend money. When I buy a bond I am merely a creditor of the corporation—a measly money lender. When I buy a stock I am a partner, an upbuilder. I share in the profits and I help my country and my business to grow."

"Am I to infer that you think it is typically American to buy stocks and decidedly un-American to buy bonds?"

"In essence, yes," he answered, so complacently that I told him:

"Eat your mince pie in peace."



PHOTO, BY BROWN BROS.

The Nation Enlists its Wealth for the World War. A Sale of Liberty Bonds on the Subtreasury Steps

the Bond LEFÈVRE

PHOTO, COURTESY OF S. W. STRAUS & CO.

A Group of Young Bond Salesmen Receiving Instruction

It was clear that his views are shared by a great many thousands of our fellow citizens. To some extent, his attitude was merely the aftermath of the bull market. When excuses have to be found for justifying excessive advances in stock prices, you may be sure that ingenious minds in brokers' offices will find them in abundance. And what are really excuses in a bull market may easily become valid reasons in quieter times. Everybody knows how fashionable it became to talk of common stocks as the best investment. From that to scorning bonds was a short step. Hence my friend's: "No bonds for mine!"

In the daily papers that morning I had seen the glad news that the bond market was strong and active. The tone of the paragraphs, however, reminded one of a chap commanded by his wife to express his thanks to a neighbor for saving the life of his mother-in-law's hair-shedding, auto-chasing mutt. Manners require audible gratitude. Well, the financial pages had to be filled and the conscientious writers "seen their duty and done it." Of course, to the overwhelming majority of members of the New York Stock Exchange, bonds have never been as profitable as stocks in the matter of commissions. Bond buyers buy a few bonds and take them out of the Street. The investment bankers take a more kindly attitude toward bonds, but to them a good stock—common or preferred—is one that is reasonably safe and sells easily. The old-time bond houses did more than execute buying or selling orders. They carried on what in reality were merchandising operations, buying large blocks when they thought the bonds were cheap and retailing them later on. But Wall Street has always felt that investors did not require nursing. They could take care of themselves. One good way was by reading the advertisements of the banking houses that sponsored the issues. If the bankers were reliable your faith was not misplaced.

The Bellowing of the Bulls

IT HAS been said very often that the American people became bond-conscious during the war. The Liberty Loan drives turned savings-bank depositors into bondholders. Everybody bought bonds till it hurt. Patriotism started a habit and lovers of their country became bond addicts. But these views are not historically sound. Americans knew all about bonds, but fashions had changed and much was forgotten. For at least two generations the term "bloated bondholder" described a type of American that has disappeared with the wider distribution of wealth in this amazing country of ours.

It is true that after the last of the government loans was floated alert promoters and distributors of securities took advantage of the momentum generated by patriotism to sell billions of bonds. Almost every youngster who graduated from any of our Eastern universities became a bond salesman in the period following the war. All kinds of bonds, domestic and foreign, were sold. We had billions to invest, and we did it. The bond houses, no less than the public, overdid the business. The demand gradually abated, and as the greatest bull market in history developed, investors in bonds logically became speculators in stocks.

There is no trouble in finding enough reasons to explain why bonds lost their postwar popularity and their importance in the economic scheme. A population that accumulates a huge money surplus inevitably turns to gambling. Having money to lose without discomfort breeds a tendency to minimize risks, to take greater chances—in short, to speculate. The appeal to cupidity is less urgent in the case of bonds than in stocks. People who are making money by hard work are not apt to risk their savings rashly, but in booms the bellowing of the bulls drowns the voice of the conservatives.

Without denying the many good points of good stocks, it is nevertheless true, as stated before, that many of the excellent reasons advanced for the purchase of common shares were prompted by the need to find excuses for buying stocks at high prices. It was futile to tell stock traders in 1928 that there was nothing new about the stock ballyhoo. Everybody knows that the big money has always been made in the United States by the holders of the common stocks of those companies which grew as the country did—that is, by the owners of manufacturing plants and railroads. The Vanderbilt fortune, the Rockefeller wealth, the Carnegie riches all came from holding common stocks. But to be told that if you had bought Steel at 9 or General Motors at 10 and held on you would have had a 10,000 per cent profit, was simply bull propaganda during a bull market.

An old friend—a specialist in bonds whose advice for years has been welcomed by the treasurers of corporations and reorganization committees—took a philosophical view of the changes in his business. In 1929 it was only a small fraction of what it was in 1922.

"Bonds had it coming to them," he said. "Their value as investments had been overstressed and their disadvantages totally ignored. Still, I have to laugh at the shortness of Wall Street memories. You would think that nobody in the United States knew anything about investments until about 1927. In the last fifty years I have seen many changes. You often hear that our early railroads were built through the sale of bonds. As a matter of fact, they were built by people who bought stocks in these untried ventures. There was something about railroads that appealed to the imagination as well as to the common sense of our great-grandfathers. We had no roads and we realized that railroads would develop our vast territory far more quickly than highways could. What had taken Europe a thousand years of civilization we hoped to accomplish in five. Well, we did it in fifty."

State Aid for the Railroads

"I SUSPECT that the supply of financial adventurers was used up by the first few railroads, and the builders of the later 30's had to appeal to more cautious capitalists. In order to make possible more railroads than could be built through sales of stocks, before and after the panic of '37, the promoters fell back upon the familiar device of getting help from towns and states, as the canal promoters had done. The various states cheerfully lent money to the railroad builders. It would help everybody, and so they issued state bonds. By 1842 the aggregate bonded debts of the Eastern States incurred to help the railroads exceeded

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PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.

Crowds Gathering in Wall Street During a Hectic Day of Trading

TWENTY HORSES

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"What's She Doing Without a Phone? Everybody Has Phones"

IT WAS at luncheon at the Statisticians' Club that Mr. Ogburn, of Ogburn, Balch & Harrison, auditors, explained his stand in the matter to Mr. Kruger, of Kruger Bros. & McAllister, stocks and bonds, and Mr. Kruger, it turned out, felt precisely the same way.

"If it isn't educational," Mr. Ogburn said, "I won't have anything to do with it."

"That's me," Mr. Kruger said.

"One of these educational games, why, you're learning something. Like I said about cross-word puzzles; you do a cross-word puzzle every day for a year and you will have twice as big a vocabulary. Same way with anagrams."

"But not charades," Mr. Kruger said.

"No, not charades. Charades aren't educational. All you do is act them out, and you don't learn a thing. But anagrams, they teach you how to spell, and it's lots of fun too."

"Everybody don't know how to spell."

"You show me a good anagram player," Mr. Ogburn declared, "and I'll show you a good speller."

"I can't spell cat," Mr. Kruger admitted.

"You take up anagrams and you'll be a speller all right."

Five vice presidents of Mr. Ogburn's bank and the president of an oil corporation paused at their table, forcing an interruption to their discussion. It was five minutes before they left, as one of the vice presidents had made an eagle three at Grassy Sprain the day before and the accomplishment required a few thousand words of description.

"That new game they got, called Guggenheim," Mr. Kruger said then—"there's a game that's educational."

"I don't know it."

"Well, they give you a letter, like *L*, say, or *M*, and you have to name five cars beginning with *L* or *M*, and five flowers, and five countries, like that."

"That's what I mean," Mr. Ogburn said; "a game like that, you're learning something."

"The other night I learned a new jewel, named lapis," Mr. Kruger pointed out. "I never heard of it before."

"I heard of it," Mr. Ogburn said, "but not definitely."

"But this other game they got," Mr. Kruger went on, "where you just stand off and throw cards into a hat—that's just a waste of time."

"Nothing else! Nothing else at all! You mean serious business men play a game like that?"

"I saw two brokers playing it."

"Well," Mr. Ogburn said, signaling for the check, "I have no patience with business men who will waste their time like that, when they could just as well be improving their mind at the same time they are playing. I like to play as well as the next one, but I like to realize I'm also doing something educational."

"You're never too old to learn," Mr. Kruger said.

"Me?"

"Anybody. That's what the old copy books use to say—you're never too old to learn."

"What about tomorrow afternoon?" Mr. Ogburn asked. "Meet you at the caddie house at 3:30?"

"Good," Mr. Kruger said. "I'll be there."

Mr. Ogburn did not return directly to his office. On the way he called at his broker's and there learned something that curdled all the good nature that his highly satisfactory conversation with Mr. Kruger had brewed. Through carelessness or ignorance or rush of business, some idiot had mislaid a stop order he had put in, and the error had cost him a sum of money. It was not altogether the amount, which, fortunately, was not large, but the stupidity of the thing that infuriated him. When he reached his office he was in a very bad temper indeed, directed mainly against employes who hadn't their hearts in their duties.

As he passed through his filing department this mood was scarcely soothed by the sight of at least seven of his own clerical staff gathered idly near a window about a young woman typist whose name he remembered as Miss Farrell. With him out of sight, it seemed, they preferred to loaf and listen to this vapid-looking young blonde, whom Mr. Ogburn immediately identified as a shining example of the type of employe that had just cost him a matter of nearly three thousand dollars.

With a malignant eye on her, he drew near, unnoted, and listened for a full moment before making his presence known.

"What was the other one?" he heard a filing clerk ask.

"Well," said the blond Miss Farrell, "a man had twenty horses and he had three stalls. He wanted to put these horses in the three stalls, but he didn't want to put an even number in any stall. How did he do it?"

"Twenty horses, three stalls, and he didn't want an even number of horses in any stall."

"That's it." Miss Farrell smiled. "How did he do it?"

This was enough for Mr. Ogburn. He cleared his throat, and the effect was as dramatic as he could have hoped.

"I beg your pardon," he said with ominous gentleness, "but am I paying you young ladies and gentlemen to learn how to put horses in stalls?"

Under the fishy coldness of his presence the young ladies and gentlemen exchanged uncomfortable smiles, and then, in a pained silence, melted away—all but Miss Farrell, who, eyes wide with alarm, was the obvious object of Mr. Ogburn's particular interest.

"Your name," he said, "is Farrell, I believe."

"Y-yes, sir."

"I gather that you are responsible for this—er—pleasant little party on the company's time."

"Why, we—we were ——"

"Whatever your other qualifications, Miss Farrell," he interrupted suavely, "you obviously do not grasp the essential quality of industry in a position."

"I—I'm sorry, sir. We were ——"

"If you will go to Mr. Hudlin, the chief clerk," Mr. Ogburn continued, "he will present you with whatever pay is due you, and you will then be at liberty to spend your entire time elsewhere, with your calculations relating to stables."

He turned and strode, not walked, away. Miss Farrell remained stock-still for a second, and then started after him. She called his name twice, and then stopped. The door to his office slammed, and she went back to her desk slowly, to get whatever she had in its drawers.

Inside his office, Mr. Ogburn sat at his desk, bolt upright, still angrier, he realized furiously, than the occasion demanded. He rang for Mr. Hudlin. "That girl Farrell," he said when the chief clerk came in—"I've just fired her."

"What for?" Mr. Hudlin asked in surprise. "She's pretty good."

"She was telling riddles," Mr. Ogburn said, uncomfortably aware this seemed a bit inadequate for so drastic an action. "Telling riddles on the company's time."

"Riddles!"

"Riddles about horses."

"Horses!"

"Don't keep repeating words," Mr. Ogburn said irritably. "When I came in she had a whole bunch of the staff

"Well," Said the Blond Miss Farrell, "a Man Had Twenty Horses"

Ducking Around a Counter, She Got Into a Telephone Booth

around her and she was telling them about a fellow who had twenty horses and three stalls and no even number in any stall."

Mr. Hudlin sat down. "Well?" he said.

"Well what?"

"How did he do it?" Mr. Hudlin asked, clearly interested in the problem.

"How should I know how he did it? I just told her she was fired. But a fool riddle like that, all you got to do is work it out mathematically."

"Well," said Mr. Hudlin thoughtfully, "you could put one horse in the first stall, three horses in the second stall, and ——" He stopped.

"Don't be stupid," Mr. Ogburn said. "You put seven horses in the first stall, five in the second, and ——" He stopped also. "You could put eleven horses in the first stall, one horse ——" He stopped again. "No," he said thoughtfully, "that wouldn't do it."

"If he put nine horses in the first stall," Mr. Hudlin said slowly, beginning to figure on a slip of paper.

"Five in the second," Mr. Ogburn added, with the air of a man who is slipping up with the idea of pouncing on the solution before it got away, "and ——"

They exchanged thoughtful stares.

"Come, come," Mr. Ogburn said disgustedly; "that's enough of this nonsense. I've got work to do. Send somebody in with the Fox Hills correspondence. They want some kind of answer this evening."

He picked up a heap of papers and dismissed Miss Farrell's problem from his mind to get down to business. Mr. Hudlin left, studying his slip of paper with a puzzled look. As he reached the door Mr. Ogburn spoke with elaborate casualness.

"Oh, by the way," he said, not looking at Mr. Hudlin, "when the Farrell girl comes for her pay, see if you can find out about those horses—just for the fun of the thing," he added, laughing merrily.

For fifteen minutes, when the Fox Hills correspondence was brought in, he went through the records, searching for just the right estimate, neither too high nor too low; and then he laid the papers down and, leaning back in his chair, stared at the ceiling.

Whatever his rumination, this brought no answer, so he dug a pencil out of a drawer, and a slip of paper, and jotted down two figures, scratching them out almost immediately. He tried two more, and scratched them out also. Still another two, and as the door opened behind him he dropped his calculations hurriedly into a drawer and turned with a disarming smile to Mr. Hudlin.

"Conway's on the wire," the latter said, after a suspicious pause. "Want to speak to him?"

"No. Tell him to use his own judgment."

Mr. Hudlin started to withdraw.

"Er—by the way!" Mr. Ogburn started, and stopped.

"Yes?"

"Oh, never mind! It doesn't matter."

Mr. Ogburn stared resentfully at the closing door. The idiot might at least have said whether he spoke to Miss Farrell, he reflected. He needn't be so mysterious about it.

After another half hour with the Fox Hills correspondence, he called in a stenographer and dictated three letters. He was in the midst of the third—to the Laney people about the Albany situation—when, so suddenly that the young woman taking down his words went pallid, he gave a little excited bleat, snatched her pencil from her and scratched two figures on the pad on his desk—clearly a gentleman to whom a long-sought solution had come like a bolt of lightning and who intended to get the impression down in black and white before it flashed as quickly from his consciousness. Then, looking at the two figures, he snorted with disgust, and the stenographer—a Miss Gosling—looked around warily for the door, just in case of emergency.

"That's not it!" he snapped.

"I beg your perdun!" Miss Gosling said.

"Nothing," Mr. Ogburn said. "Where was I?"

Shortly before five, instead of sending for Mr. Hudlin, Mr. Ogburn went himself to his office and, opening the door, was just in time to see the chief clerk, with almost criminal haste, fumbling some slips of paper into his desk. Mr. Hudlin smiled at him innocently. Mr. Ogburn asked two or three routine questions, the answers to which he knew, and knew Mr. Hudlin knew he knew the answers; and it all nettled Mr. Ogburn considerably. But he answered his chief clerk's set smile with another just as set.

"Well," he said then with an extremely dubious-looking yawn, "guess I'll call it a day. M-m-m-m! By the way, did you happen to get hold of that Miss What's Her Name—about the horses?"

"Horses?" Mr. Hudlin appeared to rack his memory for any pending matter of horses. "Horses?"

"Oh, you know!" Mr. Ogburn laughed good-humoredly. "That Miss Farrell's riddle about the horses."

"Oh, that!" The chief clerk joined his employer in the laugh. "No, I didn't get to see her. Joe'd fixed her up before I got there." He resumed his air of innocence. "Why?"

"Nothing, nothing!" Mr. Ogburn replied hastily. "Nothing at all! Just sort of thought, idly, maybe you'd got the answer to it, that's all. Just sort of thought you might have got it, I mean."

"No," Mr. Hudlin said with a most bland and offensive indifference. "No, I never got it."

Seizing Miss Farrell by the Neck, He Thrust Her Blond Head Into the Opening

(Continued on Page 109)

MR. PICARELLI TAKES A BATH

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. CROWTHER

"'Oo'd he Puttin' 'Oles in Good Towels Like That?"

ARISTODEMO BORCO broke his soft-boiled eggs into the extra coffee cup that always came up with his breakfast tray from the restaurant. He was a big man and egg cups were one of his pet aversions. From his butter, he sliced off an adequate gob and squeegeed it against the rim of the cup. It melted and slid down inside until it rested upon the yellow and white whorls of egg. He crumbled bread on top and blanketed the concoction with salt and pepper, whipping the whole thing into a substantial patisse, which he wolfed not too silently.

"Pic," he said as he reached for the white-metal coffeepot, "get the car."

Mr. Picarelli looked at him, snapped his combination nail clipper and file shut, stuffed it in his trouser pocket and reached for his coat. That was an excellent coat. A little too pronounced in line, perhaps; a little too sharp at the waist and lapel, but an excellent coat for Mr. Picarelli. The breast pocket, for instance, was hardly more than two inches deep on the inside, although from the outside it appeared to be of the usual size. Mr. Picarelli put the coat on and stuffed a fragment of silk handkerchief into the breast pocket, arranging two points so that they cascaded over the edge and lay flat against the Glen Urquhart plaid. He patted the pocket carefully into shape. Mr. Picarelli's tailor was deft at his work. No one would suspect for a moment that Mr. Picarelli carried a torch over his heart.

"All right, Big Boy." He went out.

Mr. Borco was ready when he returned. He drew on his gloves and settled his pearl-gray homburg over his right ear. Mr. Picarelli opened the apartment door and stepped down the corridor. Mr. Borco waited until he saw the white light go on above the elevator door; then he walked out, closed his apartment door carefully and slid into the elevator. Ten floors below, with Mr. Picarelli preceding him, he stepped into the lobby and walked toward the revolving glass doors that led to Sixty-second Street. While Mr. Borco waited, Mr. Picarelli got into the limousine and started the motor. A man couldn't be too careful—a man in Mr. Borco's shoes. Mr. Picarelli was paid two hundred dollars weekly to snap on ignition switches for Mr. Borco, lest the car roar suddenly and writhe into a smoking, twisted wreck if he did it himself.

Mr. Borco opened the rear door and let his two hundred and forty pounds of soft, pink flesh sink comfortably into the down upholstery and come to rest behind half-inch armor plate and splinter-proof glass.

Mr. Picarelli drove the car downtown through the noon traffic and jockeyed its glittering length in and out between lumbering trucks and darting taxis. At City Hall Park he worked east into William Street and on, crawling through the financial lunch crowds, sliding presently to the curb.

Mr. Borco crossed hurriedly to the entrance and was whisked up twenty-one floors to the offices of the Financial Trading Company. He let himself in the door of his private room and hung up his hat and coat. He stood for a moment at the window, warming his hands on the radiator top and staring out toward the gray mists of the harbor. The palms of his hands were moist. He wiped them on his handkerchief.

Beyond those mists was Europe, six short days away. Europe and freedom. No more sleepless nights, no more nervous waiting while Picarelli went on ahead to smell out traps. No more walking in the gray shadow. It was a dream he had had for months, and it was ready for him now.

Europe, and Aristodemo Borco a rich man to enjoy it—a rich American with money to burn. European ladies. He rubbed his hands and turned to his desk for a long black cigar. It took a clever man to know when to pull out.

He smoked the cigar slowly, going over his few plans, one by one, until he was sure that every loophole was plugged. At 2:30 he put on his hat and went down to the Mechanics and Farmers Bank. The elevator took him right through to the basement.

The man at the outer desk nodded to him and let him through the heavy, barred gate. It always made Mr. Borco jump to hear that gate clank behind him. He showed his card and was ushered into the vault. The attendant took the four safe-deposit boxes and carried them to a private room. Behind a locked door, Mr. Borco pulled a large piece of folded brown paper from his pocket, and emptying the boxes, made a sizable bundle of large denominational bills tied with manila twine. Casual—always.

Twenty minutes later he was back in his office, lighting another cigar. The bundle lay negligently under the hat rack.

Miss Levy tapped on his door and entered. She had six checks in her hand. Mr. Borco indorsed each of them for the Marine Transfer Protective Association, A. Borco, Treas. Chicken feed, but it all helped. Forbes and Morrison, the Acme Lighterage Company, Graystone Transfer, Bailey, Gottlieb and Stone, the Tristate Express and Jones & Bostick. Fifteen hundred dollars apiece to protect their scows and barges from being scuttled, their tugs from sabotage and the merchandise they handled from molestation.

"Take them down, Miss Levy, and cash them," said Mr. Borco.

At 4:30 Mr. Picarelli came into Mr. Borco's private office without knocking. Mr. Picarelli had been collecting from other Borco enterprises.

"Twenty-five grand," he said. He shoved his Boston bag into the litter of papers on the desk top. "The boys up at Number Three are quitting tonight."

"What for?"

"The buggy-jumping plant next door got knocked off last night while the boys were cooking, and they ain't takin' no chances, Big Boy."

"All right."

"What do you mean—all right? Ain't you goin' to try to pull out? They got seventeen hundred gallons there now, and the outfit's worth seven thousand alone."

"If they're going to knock us off, they're going to. We don't kick in to them for Number Three."

"I know it. That's why I called up Joe Lipshitz and told him to get the tank wagon down from a Hunerd Twenny-fifth Street. What's the matter, Big Boy—slippin'?"

"What do you mean?"

"Ain't you got nothing to say?"

"Sure, I got something to say."

"Say it then."

"What good is the tank wagon? Ain't they watchin' the buggy jumpers?"

"That's better. Sure they are, but they ain't got no hit and run for us yet, see? So we just back in the Tenth Street alley and pipe the stuff from a window and garage it for a couple of days until we're clear to take it across the river."

"Who's drivin'?"

"Joe."

"All right." Mr. Borco opened the bag and stacked the notes before him. "I'm going to be here a couple of hours. You got time to make the Montague Street collection over in Brooklyn."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

Mr. Picarelli looked at his chief for a long moment and went out.

Mr. Borco gave his shadow a fifteen-minute start. It was already growing dark.

II

MR. BORCO took two traveling bags from a steel locker in the corner—two bags that he had kept packed and ready for months. He untied the brown paper bundle under the hat tree and calmly stuffed nine hundred thousand dollars into the traveling bags. Then, leaving his desk light on, he locked the door behind him and walked down twenty flights of stairs. At the floor above the street he opened a fireproof door and slipped into a service passage that led him to the rear of the building. Then he went down three flights of iron stairs, scurried through a dark hallway, came up two flights and walked out the rear entrance of the building into Exchange Place. He popped into a cab.

"Staten Island ferry," he said. The driver started to snap up his flag in front of the ferryhouse. Mr. Borco tapped on the glass.

"Go right on," he said. "I'm going to New Dorp." The driver touched his cap.

Mr. Borco paid the driver off in front of a drug store, picked up his bags and went down a side street. Four minutes later he was in another cab on his way to Elizabeth via Outerbridge. In Elizabeth he had the driver take him to Coogan Street. There he got out and walked up the alley behind No. 21.

At nine o'clock another cab picked him up, and at 10:30 he was aboard the Twenty-third Street ferry, bound for Manhattan once more. Eleven-fifteen found him safe in his stateroom behind a locked door, with his ports curtained, his shoes and coat off, and another cigar between his lips.

Clever, Mr. Borco was. No one with a suspicion. No one with the faintest idea where to pick up the trail. The boys could curse all they wanted to, and after they had finished, they could all go to hell. Nobody was going to rub him out.

For two days Mr. Borco stayed in his cabin, having his meals brought from the saloon. No need to take any chances. None of his people on board a swell tub like this, but you never could tell—some of the Broadway theatrical crowd might be crossing, and spot him and pass the word back. Not that it would make any difference. Once he hit France he was safe, but there was no use having the boys know where he had gone—even if they couldn't put the spot on him now.

He drained the last of his highball and rang for another. Funny moke, that steward. Cockney. Always saying "sir" and bowing. Name of Prout.

Aristodemo Borco stood up and stretched. Getting dark outside—dark and foggy, with a thin, chill drizzle of rain frosting the deck and the long rows of chairs that were racked for the night.

No one out there—no one to talk to. Gee, he wished he could chew the rag with somebody. Even Pic. Pic wasn't so bad. Maybe he ought to have brought Pic along with him and not hung him up with the rest of the gang. He shook his head.

"Nope, cut all the strings when you're cutting them."

There was a knock, and Harry Prout opened the door. "Beg pardon, sir. Did you ring, sir?"

"Yeah," said Mr. Borco. "It's gettin' foggy out, ain't it?"

"A bit thickish, sir. We usually gets it this time of year."

"Yeah? I suppose that makes it hard going for the captain, don't it?"

"'Ard goin', sir? Oh, no, not fer 'im, sir. You get used to weather at sea, sir. . . . Was there anything I could do?"

"Yeah; I want another snort."

"Snort, sir?"

"Drink—whisky, savvy?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Thank you, sir." Harry Prout picked up the tray and the empty glass. He closed the door softly behind him. Perhaps forty seconds passed before the door opened and closed again just as quietly.

"Gettin' careless in your old age, ain't you, Big Boy?"

Mr. Borco wheeled as if a whiplash had cut his bare shoulders. He found himself looking into the little round black hole of Mr. Picarelli's gun. Mr. Picarelli was smiling.

"Forgot to lock the door that time, di'n' ya?"

"How the ——"

"Sure, get curious, Big Boy—get curious. It's your turn. Here—I'll take it to keep your mind off it." He whipped a clean handkerchief from his hip pocket and flicked it open across the palm and fingers of his left hand. The hand snaked into Mr. Borco's right armpit and came out with Mr. Borco's rod wrapped in the handkerchief. Mr. Picarelli put the gun in his coat pocket.

"How'd you trail me, Pic?"

"Trail you?" Mr. Picarelli laughed and backed to the cabin door. With his left hand he shot the bolt.

"When the limey comes with your drink, Big Boy, I step into the bathroom, see?"

"But how—what do you want?"

"About a million—whatever you got. If you'd been nice about it, half would've been enough—but not now. Trying to run away from all the boys. Ain't you ashamed?"

"I got a right to pull out if I want to. . . . How'd you know?"

"You painted it on the fence, Big Boy—that's how. I knew you too well. I knew it was in your mind, see, and all I had to do was keep my eyes open. Guys like you don't get letters from the State Department for nothing, see? Yours was a passport. I waited six months for you to buy the tickets after you got it. I knew you'd buy 'em at the hotel agency or downtown, 'cause those were the only two places you dared to show without me. When you bought 'em I got a duplicate set myself. . . . Got it now?"

"What do you want?"

"Whatever you got—all of it."

There was a knock on the door. Mr. Picarelli slid into the bathroom. Mr. Borco crossed the cabin.

"Yes, sir." Harry Prout held the tray while Mr. Borco signed the chit. Mr. Borco closed the door, bolted it and sat down upon the locker top, raising the drink to his lips.

"Well," he said pleasantly, "I don't see what you're going to do about it. You ain't going to rub me out on no ocean liner. They'd grab you in a minute."

"Yeah?" said Mr. Picarelli. "Well, don't you take no chances, Big Boy. Open them bags."

"Suppose you do take the stuff," Mr. Borco whined, "they'll get you. Come on, Pic; I'll split with you ——"

"Open them bags!"

"Wait a Minute, Shapiro," The Captain Frowned. "I Don't Know What Your Methods are, But I Won't Have Talk of That Kind. I Know My Ship Fairly Well"

III

HARRY PROUT opened his slop locker and snapped on the light. He emptied his dust bin and washed his hands. From the linen cupboard he took down a pile of fresh towels for his evening round. It was half-past five by his watch, hanging on a hook beside the door.

"I Think, Sir, We've Got to Find That Shell"

When he came to Cabin 202, Mr. Borco, coat and vest off, was slowly pacing up and down. Harry crossed to the bathroom, wadded the dirty towels and racked the clean ones.

Mr. Borco's type was new to him. Something like the thin foreign gentleman in 206, name of Picarelli. Harry Prout didn't quite like either one of them. Somehow they didn't seem to belong on a liner like. He'd seen silk shirts on passengers before, and sleeve garters—it wasn't that and it wasn't that they'd never crossed before, unless they'd done it in the steerage. It was something different—something in the eyes maybe. Mr. Borco was soft and pinky, with a smell of bay rum about him, and his slicked hair always up at the back where he'd been lying on his pillow all the time; and his coat, when he had it on, always creased across the small of his back—but his eyes were wrong, watery and jumpy—frightened of something like, and more frightened tonight than they had ever been before.

"Bet 'arf a dollar 'e's done something in 'is time 'e ayn't proud of," Harry Prout was thinking as he went out and dropped his towels in the cross passage.

Mrs. Donaldson was not in 204. He tidied her cabin and went down into the next cross passage forward to 206.

Mr. Picarelli was filing his nails as he always was—filing his nails and smoking a cigarette sideways like. It always reminded Harry Prout of Harry Appleby on the old Scotia, when a man smoked a cigarette like that—letting it hang from the upper lip and holding his head sideways like, and squinting up his left eye to keep the smoke out of it. Appleby had been waiting his turn at Number 4 boat when the second torpedo hit. Harry Prout could see him standing there yet, thin and bent like, standing there with his cigarette hanging and the smoke of it going straight up in the dead air. Then there had been a hot, yellow flash and a big jagged bite all up the side of the old Scotia—nothing

(Continued on Page 145)

SENSIBLE SIXTIES

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

A LEARNED and eminent doctor, one of the leaders in his profession in our country and with equal standing in medical circles abroad, who had made the grade himself, once told me that if a man can get past sixty-two or sixty-three without any serious flaws in his organic physical machinery, he is likely to live for quite a time after that; fifteen or twenty years, maybe, or, with any luck at all, twelve or fourteen, but with this proviso—he must live as befits his years.

Of course, not one man in ten thousand, or in ten times that many, gets into the sixties without a few kinks in him. Probably, not one man at all, for the perfect human being does not exist. And never has. My doctor friend was not referring to such items of degeneration and decrepitude in the corporeal body as being shy a few teeth, or dimmed in the eyes, or stooped a bit in the shoulders, or any of those similar what nots that an active life of sixty-odd years bestows on the predominant run of us, but meant the organic things—the heart, the liver, the lungs, the kidneys, the pancreas, the gall bladder, the colon and all that complicated internal machinery that keeps us going, or stops us, as the case may be. And even with flaws in some of those—not too many—there is a chance.

However, this is not a medical treatise. It is a piece written by a man just over the fence from sixty-two for the consideration of his comrades in the sixties. I have a great respect for doctors, but I desire to have no contacts with them save in a social way. And I am not speaking to, or for, those of the brotherhood of the sixties who, unfortunately, are in such physical difficulties as to need the services of doctors. Really sick, I mean, or on the way to that disconsolate condition. The fellows I am talking to are those who have got past the sixty mark with the pump, and the tubes, and the metabolic works, and the filters, and so on, functioning in fair shape, doing a useful and satisfactory job, and with a will to continue along those pleasant lines for an indefinite and enjoyable period.

We must live "as befits our years," said my learned friend. That being the case, what befits them? A man can get into the sixties without being so senescent that he is a drag on the community or himself. If he has any sort of mind at all, he has a better mind than he ever had. Not to stray off into metaphysics, you will note that I say "mind" and not "brain." The greatest brain surgeon in this country, and one of the greatest in the world, once told me that the brain investigators of all the ages had discovered every function of the brain save the part of it that does the thinking, which function is one of those ascribed to the brain by the laymen.

Not So Good for the Just-as-Good Boys

THEY have never been able to find that—to separate from the enormously complicated machinery of the brain the section that does the thinking. Not to go into it too extensively, they know, for example, that the cerebellum is concerned with the coördination of muscular contraction in carrying out voluntary actions, while the medulla oblongata controls a large number of centers for such functions as vasomotor action, cardiac action, respiration, and so forth. But they cannot find the thinking apparatus. For all they know we may think with our left kneecap, or our right shoulder blade. We needn't worry about our minds. They are good enough for all practical purposes, better than they were in youth, and, unless affected by physical or other depressants, up to any reasonable strain we may put upon them.

It is the body we want to look after. Of course, there are sick minds aplenty, and in various degrees, but those are entirely without the scope of these remarks. We are now in The Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Normal Sixtyites, and the first topic to be considered under that head is this: Get wise to yourself that you are sixty or more.

"What was the most difficult thing you ever had to do?" a friend of mine asked one of the most eminent psychologists and philosophers in this country, who, as a hobby and diversion, liked trotting horses, and owned a couple of good ones.

"To bring myself to the realization that instead of being a two-minute horse I had become a four-minute horse," he replied.

That is the job, one of the hardest ever set to mortal man, but inexorably set if the later years of life are to be as comfortable, useful and happy as they should be. The cemeteries of this country are all cluttered up with the graves of men past sixty who were wont to beat themselves on the breast and boast: "I am just as good as I used to be." They were not. And presently they found it out in a most definite and conclusive manner by falling over on their faces when they were trying to pull some thirty-year-old stunt, or blowing up with a loud bang, or finding that pneumonia could disprove their claim, in an explicit and fatal way, in about three days, or getting this or that sort of precise and similar disclaimer of their braggadocio that they were fine old sports instead of dismal old fools. That is, their friends and relatives made these disconcerting discoveries. The just-as-good boys were beyond knowledge. They were dead.

Advice for Aging Alibiers

VANITY does it. Several thousand years ago the Preacher set forth the doctrine: "All is vanity," and nobody has been able to disprove that statement yet, or make a dent in it. And of all the various demonstrations of vanity among humans, the most persistent and pernicious is the vanity that leads a man who is past the meridian of life to claim that he has not deteriorated physically, and to act on the basis of his former vitality, suppleness and strength. That, in addition to being a vicious vanity, is also plumb lunacy.

I am willing to admit—indeed, I claim—that a man's mental effectiveness increases rather than decreases in his seventh decade, but when it comes to the physical side of it—which is the most important side, because the mind will take care of itself—I beg to state that any man past sixty who thinks he can do the physical things he could do when he was thirty, or even forty, and tries to do them, is a candidate for the booby hatch, and the quicker they get him there the longer he will live. By physical things I mean physical exertion—eating, drinking, recuperating, working, playing, and any activity or occupation that takes it out of the reserve bodily resources. Our physical machine starts at about a point above zero normally, and the efficiency of it increases for a certain period of years. In its varying ratio and effectiveness, pliability and precision, it works at higher and higher pitch for a certain time. Then, through the immutable decays and degenerations of every natural thing, it begins to slow down, to operate with less force and efficiency. That is Nature, behind which you cannot go. If you do make such an adventure, you get nowhere.

All this is trite enough. One would think that all men getting on in years would understand it. But do they? They do not, or, if they do, they will not admit it. The most amusing writings of the day, to a person who knows what the advance of years really entails, is the stuff put out by the chaps who, getting old, refuse to admit it and bolster up their position by quoting achievements of a few exceptional old guys who did exceptional things after they were seventy or eighty. That is alibi stuff. Any student of Nature knows that one of Nature's diversions, in all lines of her endeavors, is the production of sports, of exceptional and extraordinary products, including humans, that do phenomenal things and develop in phenomenal ways.

What does it matter to the average human being of sixty or more, if some old bird learned Greek after he was eighty, or some other old bird wrote a book when he was sixty-five, or Thomas A. Edison goes on inventing after he is more than eighty? What does that get him? And how is that a criterion, or a message, or an incentive? These old birds did not do these things because they were aged, but despite it. And, out of the rank and file of the senescent, how many of this sort, relatively, are there? Not many. The alibiers who are constantly bolstering up themselves by these examples always use the same exhibits. There are few of them. And all sports.

The average human facts of this sixty-or-more situation are that the average man in his seventh decade is slowed down in all his bodily capacities; that his actuating concern should be to recognize that immutable condition, as regards all those bodily functions, and that, if he doesn't, regardless of all this stuff about what a few remarkable folks have done, he will get the worst of it. He must moderate. I have never made a study of it, but I will make a fair-sized wager that if I did I would find that these lads going so strong until late in life never gave their bodies the use that the most of us have. All sheer mental products.

The rest of us, subject to the wear and tear of our occupations and occasions, aided by whatever mentalities we possess, and taking such enjoyment as we could out of life as we went along—the average, normal American of sixty or more—have our problems entirely outside of and inconsequent to these phenoms. And with all due respect and three ringing cheers for the exceptionals, we deposit them in their respective niches with wreaths of bay about their brows and pass on to the boys who have fought it out in business, in the professions, all along the line of the development of the United States, and who are not quite sure as to what has happened to them or will happen to them, afraid to admit anything will, but fearful of the worst.

Men Who Can't Slow Down

THE body is the crux of it. Take care of your body and you have the world by the tail with a downhill drag for quite a spell. As I have pointed out, your mind will take care of itself. If you keep your body healthy, you will keep your mind healthy. Old Saint Paul pulled that one about two thousand years ago, and he was right. The metaphysicians put the reverse English on it by claiming that the dominant factor is the mind, but Juvenal had a better vision. He said: "*Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano*"—a sound mind in a sound body is a thing to be prayed for. I take the sound mind for granted. And my discourse concerns the sound body.

But before proceeding to expatiate upon that, there is another fly I desire to embalm in the liquid amber of these remarks, as Tom Reed said upon a time in Congress, when a brash representative tried to trip him on a statement he

Quit Running Upstairs

had made in debate. I refer to the bombastic justification a lot of men who—for their own purposes, whatever they may be, and because of a distrust of their ability to do anything save what they have done all their lives—are trying to keep full speed ahead and assert vainglorioously whenever the matter of slowing down is mentioned to them: "I would rather wear out than rust out."

There never was a more futile bit of fustian than that alibi and excuse, because it isn't necessary to do either, provided the person who has planted himself on that platform has a small amount of vision and a few shreds of understanding. What is the sense of fatuously trying to force a machine that has begun to creak a little, and is of an older pattern than those that are in active competition, into production that will inevitably wear it out far sooner than it will wear out if it is intelligently lubricated with a fair amount of the oil of ease, and intelligently conserved with a lessening of its labors? Why wear it out when it can be kept going, and in creditable production, for a long time by merely looking after it with a moderate amount of discernment?

And, looking at the foolish alternative, why let it rust out? What is the need of that when there are so many preventives of bodily rust that can be secured and applied with but small trouble and smaller expense? Who originated this idea that there are but two options in this business—wearing out and rusting out? I'll tell you who it was. It was the invention of some man who had no faith at all in his ability to do anything save work, who hadn't the vision to see an inch beyond his business nose, and who distrusted any occupation for himself save work at highest pressure until he fell over on his face and departed to that bourn where cessation of effort is not only obligatory but permanent.

This specious philosophy was taken up by persons with various personal angles on the matter, such as avarice, acquisitiveness, obligation to organizations, real or fancied, and so on, but the basis of it is a lack of imagination and a distrust of personal resources for enlivening and preserving and modulating occupation and amusement. I am not decrying work. It is the natural heritage and incumbency of man, and I have had fifty years of it for my share so far. But I protest the claim, so frequently set forth, that there is no alternative for a man of sixty and beyond save wearing out or rusting out. That is all eyewash. It is as bogus as a china egg. And that is indubitably that.

All Play and No Work Makes a Dull Old Man

SLOWING down does not mean retiring, although many men seem to think it does. Why retire unless there is some physical reason for it? Of all the chimeras of life, the one that leads a man who has been active for forty years or so in business, or at whatever his occupation has been, to quit it all, with the idea that he can be happy doing nothing but playing around, is the most illusory. It can't be done. There are cases, of course, when a man who has a hobby and the means to gratify it can satisfactorily and enjoyably fill his time, but the ordinary chap, who has no particular hobby, as most of them haven't, and thinks he can fill his time with golf and bridge and travel, and so on, is the world's saddest spectacle.

Why retire? If you have a business you surely have somebody in that business with you to whom you can delegate a good share of the detail. If you have a profession, you can arrange matters so you will be free from the minor and laborious phases of it. Unless, to be sure, you are one of those lads who think that nobody can do anything so well as they can, and that their hands must be always on the helm, for fear the whole shebang will go on the rocks. Retirement is a foolish out for a man who has been active and successful at his endeavors in this competitive world. It is the refuge of the weak and the ill-advised. Don't retire. Slow down. Cut off about 40 to 50 per cent of the activities of your occupation, and be leisurely with the remainder. Cut down your hours at the office, or wherever it is you do your work. Use those spare hours in playing around and resting.

Nothing can be so interesting to any man of sixty or more who has made even a fair success of things as the occupation—whatever it is—by which he has made that success. It had been the chief concern of his life for forty years or more. To cut that out of his life abruptly and think that it will not be missed is a delusion. It can't be done, but to continue at it in a modified way, allowing others to share the burdens instead of packing them all, is a sure way to get some of the fun out of life that is due to us all.

Unfortunately, there are many who are compelled by circumstances to keep on working as best they can after they are sixty, and that situation will persist until some improvements are made on the present processes of our civilization; but, also, there are many for whom that necessity does not arise in so pressing a degree, actually, whatever their mental reactions to the matter may be. These persons are the ones for whom this article is intended—business men, professional men, men who have been active and more or less successful in their affairs. Every community has plenty of them, and most of them are not getting full enjoyment and rational recreation and diversion from their declining years.

The question of occupation always intrudes. The despairing inquiry of most of them is: "What can I do?" There can be no general or comprehensive answer, of course; for every man's abilities, disabilities, limitations and opportunities are peculiar to himself. However, there is one thing that all can do, and must do, if the sixties are to be agreeable and comfortable—and that is take care of the body. That is the basis of the whole theory and practice of obtaining the best there is after sixty. Take care of the body and you are off to a happy start.

Pathological generalities are of the most obnoxious sort, but there are a few broad statements that can be made with full justification. I saw one the other day, made by the chief medical officer of one of our greatest life-insurance companies, who, after a long inquiry into the matter of middle age and the years next beyond, gave it as his opinion that most men in that category eat too much, drink too much, play too little, work too hard and do not sleep enough. That is an indictment that, however general it is in terms, is bulwarked with fact. Most men in that category do come under the terms of it.

Give Your Best Friend a Chance

LET us consider the body in purely material terms—as the animated machine given us at birth to operate according to our lights and personal situations. Some machines are defective at the start, and some grow defective, and not always at the fault of the operator. These come under another phase of discussion. The machines we are concerned with are the machines that were normal and effective when bestowed on their owners, and have remained fairly in that condition until they have had sixty or more years of use—machines that still are approximately in good repair.

Any machine that has run only thirty years, under normal conditions, is a better machine than one that has run sixty years—better by the wear and tear of thirty

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COUNSEL RETAINED

"Eliot, Eliot," He Said Dramatically. "Behold the Bridegroom Cometh"

By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

LUCIA CRAIN left home, one October night, on twenty-four hours' notice, and although her family indulged in recriminations as she went, it was not long before they knew that Lucia in New York was a richer gold mine than Lucia in Boston.

The Crains were on the verge of bankruptcy and, with the exception of Lucia, were very happy about it; there are such families, and they are born that way. Mrs. Crain, a Richmond belle, had married Mr. Crain when that idle young man's inheritance, invested in woolen mills, was yielding plenty of money for even their expensive tastes. They were then and ever after a frivolous pair; Mrs. Crain entranced alike by parties and noble ideas, Mr. Crain impartially keen about art, bridge and race horses. Neither had ever bowed to the fact that their money was gone, their creditors legion, the banks advancing to slaughter.

Only Lucia, the oldest girl, grew up a realist. At sixteen she began to notice the accumulations of bills, to wear a worried face over their disastrous state. She spoiled everything by haranguing, scolding, storming over bills.

"Didn't I tell you not to charge things?" she would cry to Bill, her brother. "Who's going to pay for these shirts, anyway?"

She burst into tears a thousand times over the twins, who were popular, foolish, and hard on stockings. Her father and mother, with their bridge games, little dinners, their extravagant career of idleness, turned the girl into a harassed accountant.

Lucia's face at twenty-four was that of an ill-natured Donatello angel; her temper was uncertain, her nerves ragged. She was afraid of tradesmen, lawyers and bank clerks; only when she got a piece of work from her devoted Mr. McKechnie, and could lock her door to draw, did she know tranquillity.

Mr. McKechnie, who published children's books, believed that Lucia's family should be broiled on a gridiron. He came of the same good old Boston stock and had known the Crains when they were younger and by no means so foolish.

"You can draw, Lucia," he told her a hundred times. "Clear out; get to New York. You'll never do anything as long as you stay around home, trying to keep out the bailiffs. You're a disgrace to these times, a throwback. Girls don't hang around the home any more, trying to meet the mortgage."

Lucia assented, but sighed. "You're perfectly right. But when I leave them they do the most awful things. The twins have beaus at Harvard now, and Bill has got in with a drinking crowd. Pa and ma never worry. When the telephone is disconnected, they dash over to use Cousin Louisa's."

"Cousin Louisa," scoffed Mr. McKechnie. "If only you had no Cousin Louisa."

"I know—the old miser. Pa and ma expect to inherit. But suppose she should marry again? Such women do."

Mr. McKechnie agreed that they did. "All the more reason for your getting out," he urged. "This thing will dry you up, kill your soul."

Lucia went home, almost crying. He was right. This futile struggle to pay the grocer, this worry about making their income and her earnings pay for Bill's tuition, these crises with the twins, got her nowhere. Paying off five dollars a week, for fifteen years, she might obliterate the grocery bill. A thousand times her mind braced itself against disaster; meanwhile, she had no clothes, no fun, no career.

After a big fight with the twins over permanent waves, she went to New York. Old McKechnie had written his friend Dakin, at Horbell & Trasch, the publishers, in New York, and told them about this girl who could draw women and children better than Kate Greenaway, and the result was a telegram asking Miss Crain to come to New York to illustrate a new edition of children's fairy tales. It arrived on the day of the fight. When Lucia went, she took her trunk.

Bedlam ensued on Vine Street, where the Crains had lived for two generations. The twins had their friends in at all hours, and ordered themselves new dresses; the dark lady named Violet, in the kitchen, cut loose in the matter of eggs and cream, and Bill—now a senior at Tech—was drunk two Saturday nights. Who cared? Pa and ma had gone to spend a month at Stockbridge with Second Cousin Lottie, but even if they hadn't, they had no weight with Bill. Every week a check came from Lucia which paid Violet and the current grocery bill, as regularly as Mr. Lambert, of Lambert, Richards, Case & Stone, the family lawyers, wrote gloomy warnings when he sent the tiny monthly income. The debacle was still out of sight. Why worry?

Down in New York—a city Mr. and Mrs. Crain, as true Bostonians, were rather sniffy about—Lucia was girding herself against ruin. The banks would press harder, the house would be sold, there would be barely enough to keep pa and ma in the shelter of a genteel boarding house. Why was Lucia so responsible and crabbed, her parents so collegiate? Nevertheless, she had never been so happy as now, in the glorious isolation of New York. Mr. Dakin liked her work. He had signed her up for six books, believing

he had a find. But he did not overpraise her; her dogged, slavish absorption in work was a bath to his cynicism. Mr. Dakin was a success in his world, yet he had his secret cares. His children had tonsillectomies, his house at Scarsdale was mortgaged, he wondered sometimes if his wife really liked him. He took Lucia out to luncheon one day in the spring after her arrival in New York, and because he was low in his mind he took her to the Ritz. For the first time, he noticed that her dark eyes were lustrous, her mouth exacting but enchanting. Amidst the rabble of hard femininity, her face dazzled with its indestructible softness and unslaked eagerness; she was a good child, plodding her way innocently among these New York wolves.

"What do you do with yourself," he asked her, "when you're not working? Where do you go? Whom do you know?"

"Nobody," she said. "Mother has a cousin on Park Avenue, but she has daughters of her own. I don't mind, because I have too much to do. I'm drawing some babies for the Foam soap people, and I've started a series for the Valkyrie car. I'm trying to tie up the mother to the motor."

"It can be done. In these United States, anything is possible. What do you do with all your money?"

Each was thinking: "Gosh, what a lucky person, with no cares, no mortgage, no blood relatives." To Lucia, Dakin was not a man but a foothold in Manhattan. To him, Lucia was pathetic and enviable, another hopeful in the twenties, still believing that life was something you could clutch tight within your fingers. He was shocked when she began to talk about her finances.

"It won't do," he protested, after he had heard her budget. "You can't go on slaving like this. You can draw if you don't become a drudge. Also you can make a lot of money. But you'll never be as fresh as you are now. The first six months in New York are the nicest."

"Wouldn't you like to see me rich and famous?"

"I can never look upon the young," he said, "but what I want to see them happy. But I don't get my wish. Who am I?"

She went home a little depressed. The race was to the swift, the entry list was crowded, she was twenty-five, and what had she? Mr. Dakin had put ideas into her head; she was avid for life, but frightened. As she walked down Madison Avenue, she saw the things money could buy, and the women who stepped in and out of motors costing twice what Lucia earned in a year. She was a child among pirates.

Until now, she had lived in a world peopled by Red Riding Hood and her friends, by the mythical heroes of childhood. She had slept through exhausting dreams in which Jack the Giant Killer fell out of airplanes and Snow White and Rose Red went to Smith College. Well, she must renounce them. If the Valkyrie people liked her design for their new special body, she might begin to make money.

The chance came, the next September, when Lucia signed contracts with a big agency. Mr. Dakin, nervous about illustrations for his spring list, took her to luncheon again; her clothes were smarter, yet she would never lose her air of having strayed in from a playground for a morning in town. The money she would make next year from the Valkyrie people would pay the twins' bills at Smith; he was glad to hear that she had insisted upon them earning their own pocket money.

"They'll only get in by the skin of their teeth," she explained. "I hope something can be done about their brains. That's what college is for, isn't it?"

He said it was supposed to be.

"Frances is languishing, Sophie is hard," Lucia elaborated. "Men follow them in packs, begging them to be kind to them; they never are, and they have a superb time."

"The Semiramis sisters at Smith."

She nodded.

"But they are perfect little fools. Idiots. What will become of them?"

"The usual thing," he said. "They'll grow up, marry, be awfully unhappy, and die. That is what becomes of all of us. It is what will become of you. Of course, you're abnormal."

"Well," she said, "what do you want me to do? Stop working and spend my nights in speak-easies?"

"No. You're a good girl, and you're marked for success. Here you are, spreading yourself all over the billboards, looking lovely in spite of it." For a moment their eyes met, and Lucia had a spasm of apprehension. He was only thirty-four; she remembered hearing that he did not jibe well with his wife—a strong-minded girl who sandwiched a copy-writing career between her jobs of wife and mother. Mr. Dakin had that well-known look in his eye; like Hannibal before Rome, she retreated without explanation.

"No one cares how I look," she said coolly. "Listen, I'll do your books. Shall I do the Little Lame Prince before the King of the Golden River? Or vice versa?"

"Vice versa," said Mr. Dakin, back on the main road again. "That has such a businesslike sound. We'll cut loose on expense—make it four color, high, wide and handsome." Technicalities make splendid slip covers for crazy dreams, and he talked them for an hour.

Miss Crain went out of his love life, and became, as he predicted, a figure in industry. Foam Soap, Inc., wanted to snatch her away from the Valkyrie Motors; the Sublime Refrigeration begged her to draw beautiful women peering into their gleaming boxes. She took more work than she could do, moved to a larger studio, engaged a part-time maid and lived in a happy frenzy of hard work. It was the best time of her life; she was young, strong and disciplined. She didn't have much fun; sometimes she went to the theater or dined with a fellow illustrator. But her own life absorbed her. She was content to walk the streets for mere exercise, under the high exciting night sky, brilliant with stars, or black beneath the moonlight. The blue and silver parade of Fifth Avenue or the shadowy side streets delighted her; a faithless jilt to Boston, she loved New York.

The twins scraped through their freshman year. The next fall, she moved her father and mother down to New York. Tell Mr. and Mrs. Crain that tomorrow was Judgment Day, and they would ask: "What shall we wear and who is going?" They had been through bankruptcy, lost their home, and sold the family silver; after a long summer at Cousin Lottie's in Stockbridge, where they had

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"Anyway," said Sophie Sullenly, "I'm Through. I'm Not Taking a Cent of His Fool Money. I Won't Have it Said That I Touched It"

LONGHORN

By BROOKE HANLON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

After an Eternity He Turned. "Is That True, August?" He Asked Thickly. "True it is," August Said

IT WAS good to come home in June. August shifted his bag from one hand to another and sniffed the familiar fragrances of the countryside—turned earth and berry blossom and new green on the dark cedars that fringed the back road. His eye noted with satisfaction the bright flowers waving in the neat dooryard at Lou Kinzel's, the cherries turning along the Fasnacht fence, the leaded barn symbols at Berkheimer's shining in the sun.

He took his hat off and swung it exuberantly. Five years at school hadn't changed August much. They had smoothed his light unruly hair back from a neat side part and had set a certain mark upon his clothes, but that was all. His stride was as long and as free as ever. His eyes sought the hills with as adventurous a light, peered as speculatively into the depths of Two Mile Run as he passed. The best fish holes were farther up, of course; he'd get some fishing in this summer.

Fat Ruth Fronheisen hailed him from the second-story porch of her stepfather's house. "Yoo-hoo, August!" she called lustily, and he yoo-hooed her heartily in return, waving his arm. It was odd that a girl could be both fat and pretty, he reflected, moving on. Ruth Fronheisen was like a ripe peach hanging in the sun. She wasn't as pretty, of course, as Leah Leidendecker. His steps quickened involuntarily at this thought. Leah was—she was a white birch in the moonlight, a poppy blowing in a garden, a breath from an apple orchard in May. "Och," August breathed fervently. He wiped his forehead.

"Yoo-hoo, August!" Ruth Fronheisen's voice came more faintly. "You graduated yet?" Her teasing laughter spilled down the road.

August's arm was arrested in its answering wave and a flood of treacherous red took his ears, his neck and cheeks. He walked on more slowly. The bag was irksome now. He'd been a fool to come home this way, leaving the bus at the concrete.

Everybody in the neighborhood knew, of course, that he'd failed to graduate last spring. They'd hear soon that he'd failed again, and their enjoyment in this bit of gossip would be enhanced by their knowledge of the rivalry that had always existed between him and his cousin Oswald. August's ears burned with a fiercer red.

"If that August Eberhardt ain't failed off in his examinations again!" he seemed to hear one neighbor remark to another with relish. "Him where was oncet conceited to be the smartest of the two! Och, didn't that Oswald Wertheimer finish off his farm course a year ago back a'ready?"

"Dumb that August Eberhardt is certainly, to leave his old grandpop know how dumb he is oncet. Ain't old Jacob Rupprecht got a farm to heir off?"

"Will he likely pick a dumb grandson or a smart one?"

"August it was he favored till a year or so back." There'd be head wagging, a wink or two.

August's feet lagged. "Not that it would hurt me so much to lose grandpop's farm to Oswald," he reflected, "as to have grandpop himself look so disappointed at me as last summer."

He sighed. It was not, after all, so pleasant to come back in June. There were home fields now at the right, but his spirits didn't lift as he looked at them. They didn't lift when a war whoop burst suddenly upon his ears and his neck was caught in a steel trap made by two freckled arms. "Hi, Joe." He advanced to the house with a squirming ten-year-old ally under his arm.

"Here I am, mom." He received her kiss at the door of the summer kitchen.

"Lands," she said breathlessly, wiping her hands on her apron. "Land's sake. It's August. Rachel and Anna!" she called. "August is come! Och!" She looked him over fondly. "You walked from the bus over, ain't? Why didn't you write pop ahead fur to meet you? Set up now"—she urged him toward the table—"and eat a bite. Three kinds of fruit pie I have made every day since a week back, expecting you." She laughed. In spite of herself, her hand strayed to his hair, smoothed it. "Why didn't you write us off the invitation to come out and see you graduated oncet, August?" she chided.

He swallowed hard.

Thirteen-year-old Anna had burst into a wild dance. "So glad I am that you are graduated off, August!" she shrilled. "I'll tell that smart Pearl Gutwalder something. I'll tell her you was such a valedictorium or whatever!" She leaped to the phone.

"Wait," August commanded. "Mom"—he gulped over a piece of cherry pie, and colored—"Anna, I am not—not yet graduated. I have got to go back again next year."

"Och!" Mrs. Eberhardt sat down helplessly.

"August!" Anna came close to him and looked into his face. "August!" Her eyes were affrighted suddenly. "What will pop say?"

What would pop say? He stood there in the doorway, his huge chest rising and falling from the exertion of hurrying in from the fields, his face becoming more and more red.

"What was that there you said?" He advanced slowly, his eyes fixed upon August.

"I—I am not yet graduated," August said miserably. He looked slight and blond and well dressed beside this rudely clad tiller of the soil who towered over him. "Another year yet I've got to go back, pop."

His father looked at him. He sputtered and his hands moved; his neck became scarlet. Heavy, hard thoughts tried to find words in him, and failed.

"Mom," he roared suddenly, "lift the supper oncet!" He turned abruptly from his son and stalked about the room, shouting. "Do you have to set and make a party fur one where is off making such a spectacle out of us?" he inquired furiously. "Fur the biggest loafer and do-nothing in the county or anywheres out of it even!"

"Ready it is, pop," Mrs. Eberhardt said hastily. "By the time you are washed oncet, it will be lifted up. Come, August."

They sat down silently. "Pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut I got only," she murmured apologetically.

"Good enough it is fur him!" his father shouted.

Silence again. "You should maybe not think so hard on August, pop," Rachel ventured. Rachel was eighteen, soft-voiced and pretty. "It makes harder by schools farther west, I have heard."

"Harder it must make," her father said cuttingly, "when it takes our August six years fur to learn what his cousin Oswald learnt here in our own state in four! When his cousin Oswald"—his voice took on a keener edge—"can come home and turn his father's farm into one where gives twicet the profits, still! When he can bring home from the fair such blue ribbons fur his hogs and his bull, such prizes fur his potatoes and pumpkins! When he even"—apoplexy

"I Know Only That the First Night I am Home You Have

threatened—"can be inwited to make such a speech at the Potato Growers' Conwention yet!"

The thunder of old Eberhardt's voice ceased. Torment came into his eyes as he took a mouthful of food. That Wertheimer's son had proved smarter than his!

The delicious pigs' knuckles and kraut lodged in August's throat and would not be swallowed. He could summon up no appetite for succulent potato dumplings that broke in an explosion of steam, for red beets in cream, for fresh garden lettuce garnished with vinegar, browned bacon and egg.

"Ain't that Oswald this spring a'ready got a field in alfafa planted?" His father returned savagely to the attack. "Alfafa, yet! 'A Pennsylvania farmer can't no longer hope to make money on hogs without some such winter feed fur them,' didn't he tell me, stiff-necked? Stiff-neck adwice I got to take from that Wertheimer's son, do I? Why wouldn't my own son write off home such information to me? Why ——"

"Pop—pop!" Mrs. Eberhardt pleaded.

"Why wouldn't he drain off such a swamp field to raise alfafa to feed hogs cheap to bring home ribbons?" the old man thundered. "Och," he grunted heavily, "no good it does fur to talk." He kicked his chair back and stood up.

"Pop"—Rachel traced a pattern on the cloth with her fork—"couldn't we give it out that August goes back to take up such an advanced course?" Her head was down. "It makes such talk around ——"

"Adwanced course?" The old man turned at the door. "Not by such a long shot," he delivered his ultimatum. "If I got the dumbest son in the state"—his glance fell contemptuously upon August—"at the least I will give out no lies about it. That he has failed in his examinations I will give it out! That he goes back a sixth year fur to study. That he goes back ten years, twenty years even," he bellowed, "or so long as it takes to make out of him such a farmer!"

"Och, August." Rachel's hands were on his arms and she squeezed them sympathetically.

He had followed her down to the spring house. This sister was always for him. The light of admiration that had been kindled in Rachel's eyes at the age of two had burned there steadily ever since, with no wavering and no changing. "Och, August!" She raised her eyes to him and he bathed his bruised spirit in their warm blue glow.

"Let's sit awhile, Rachel," he said listlessly.

They sank down on two of the flat stones that flanked the spring-house door. Here they had sat as children and made their small, serious plans. Rachel kept a comforting hand on his arm.

"I had a homesickness for to get home, Rachel!" The words burst from him against his will. They rang accusingly on the June evening. "I—I had a homesickness ——" He stopped, ashamed.

"I know," she said. "Pop has spoiled it on you, I guess, August"—she edged nearer to him—"why wouldn't you tell them now, August? Och! I can't stand it for to have you laughed at, for pop to scold and mom to cry! For that hateful Oswald Wertheimer to think he is some smarter than you! Och, August, tell them—tell them. . . . I will do it." She started up. "I'll tell pop now!"

"Rachel!" He gripped her arm and pulled her back to her place on the stone. "Have you gone crazy?" He looked at her closely. "Tell pop I have been five years studying law when he gives me money for to study farming? Have you lived eighteen years with him and not learned something? Bad enough it will be when I have to tell."

"But five years of it is over," she pointed out. "One more year he would leave you go back, surely. You could stand up to him some and tell him how you have always hated the idea that you should be a farmer, how you have wanted always a law office like Amos Barr Holzinger."

"Do you know pop or don't you know him?" August inquired patiently. "Hasn't he always had his heart set on it that I should farm this place after him? What could change him then? You couldn't. I couldn't. Gunpowder couldn't! Don't let me hear any more of such talk. When I set up a law office some day, he will maybe forgive me. When I bring money to him and pay over what he has put out on my schooling. Then, maybe ——" He stared moodily up the valley. Rachel sat subdued beside him.

"How's grandpop?" he inquired.

"Middling," she said. She frowned.

"How's ——" A subtle change came into his voice. He'd taken a small stick now and was prodding at the sod. "How's Leah Leidendecker?"

"She's all right."

"Do you see her?"

"I see her. Yes." Rachel was uncommunicative. She averted her face from August and nibbled delicately at a blade of grass.

"Well"—he stood up—"I thought I would maybe walk over there this evening," he said, with assumed indifference. "I'll go in and get cleaned up some. There'd be no use in asking pop for the car tonight." A lot of the heaviness had gone out of his voice. A smile tugged at his lips and his eyes sought out the way to the Leidendecker farm in the dusk.

Rachel watched him take six steps down the stone path. She took the blade of grass from her mouth. "August," she called.

He turned.

"Och, nothing," she said. Her chin sank into the palms of her hands. "It's nothing."

"So long." His step was light now. He took the last four stones of the path at a bound and a minute later was splashing noisily in the bathroom.

"Of course I am glad to see you," Leah repeated distantly. "Why should you anyhow think that I am not, August?"

He Was Looking at Her. "Dumb—Dumb I Was," She Faltered

There was something cool and formal in her voice, something cool and formal in the line of her averted cheek. She sat on the railing of the Leidendecker porch and swung her feet and smoothed her skirt. If Ruth Fronheisen was the peach, here was the peach blossom. All delicately white and pink she was, and tormentingly out of reach, swaying there on the porch rail, her blue eyes looking past August and down the road.

"Och, Leah"—he came nearer to her in suffering—"be like you were," he pleaded in a panic. "Don't be so changed with me."

"I don't know what you're talking about." A frown formed delicately on her brow. "If you must know"—her eyes met his at last reluctantly—"Oswald is taking me to the dance at the Poppy Garden tonight. He'll be here any minute."

"Oswald Wertheimer?" he asked stupidly.

"Who else, then?" She laughed, a little nervously.

"What's the—the Poppy Garden?"

"Och, it's the new road house. Outside of Hallersburg. Don't you know anything?" She laughed again.

"I know only that the first night I am home you have a date with that—that Wertheimer." Pain came into August's voice. At home he had been unhappy, but that was as nothing compared with this. "Last year it was not that way!" he cried. "The year before it was not that way, and the year before that! I—didn't you get my letter, Leah?"

"Letter? Och, yes, I got it." She twisted her handkerchief. "That you would come home today it said, but not, certainly, that you would call on me tonight."

"Leah!" he cried. "Don't I always come first to see you? Always, always? Don't I look forward to it? Don't I count the weeks and the days, and the hours, even? Och, Leah!"

"All winter," she said coolly, "I have gone dancing with Oswald Wertheimer on Wednesday nights, and I didn't tonight see any reason why I should change off."

She walked away from him and looked again down the road.

"Leah," he pleaded, "look at me! Why do you look away from me always? Why do you ——"

"Oswald Wertheimer," she said carelessly, "has a new car. A Lanton sport model it is. Eight cylinders it has got."

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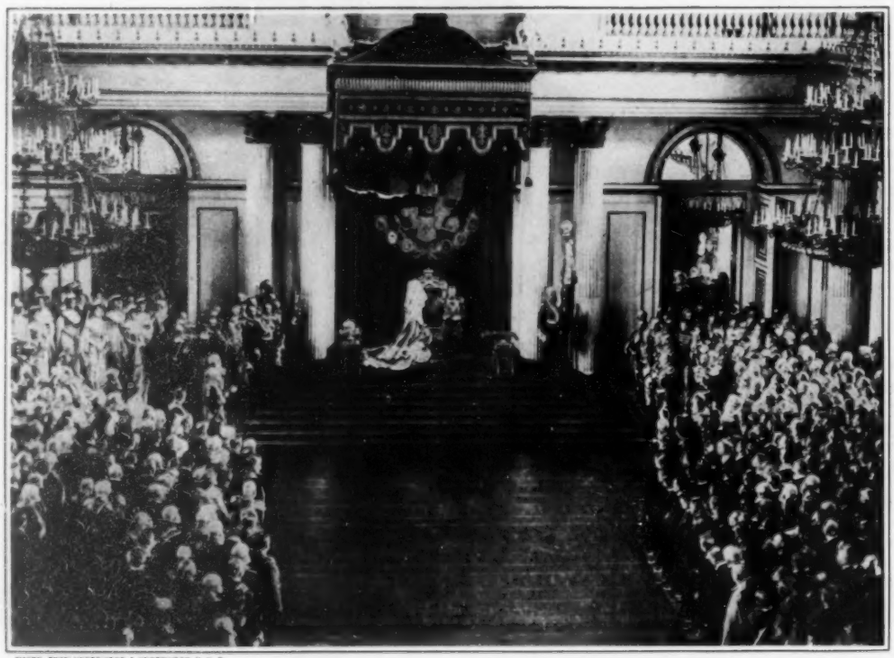
a Date With That—That Wertheimer"

CONSEQUENCE, A MEMOIR

By Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia



PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Formal Opening of the Russian Duma Under the Czarist Régime

MY BROTHER was received with open arms at the small frontier post to which he had finally been assigned. He had been followed on his journey by a number of Rasputin's partisans, intent on avenging the death of their powerful benefactor, but these men had been apprehended and turned back, and his new comrades, General Laiming assured me, watched over him vigilantly.

The death of Rasputin had changed not at all the frame of mind at court. On the contrary, the Empress saw treason all around her and trusted only the people Rasputin had recommended. Revolution was in the air. Two months later, when it came, Dmitri was still at the Caucasus Front. The punishment that had been meted out to him saved his life.

During these fourteen years there has been much said and written about Rasputin. No contemporary historical figure aroused such an interest as this peculiar, sly, adroit peasant. The details of his death have been known now for a long time, the causes and consequences of his position at the Russian court have been examined and studied from all sides. But my brother is still true to his given word, true to himself; no one has ever heard from him the description of what had happened that night between the sixteenth and seventeenth of December, in the Youssoupoff Palace, and it is doubtful that anyone ever will.

The Revolution Comes to Pskov

I RETURNED to Pskov one cold winter morning early in 1917. It was still dark. The city, for many months so familiar to me, now seemed strange, alien; and I myself looked on everything with different eyes. Uncertainty hung in the air. Faces, till then open and trusting, had become dark and impenetrable. Glances avoided me.

I went to work again, but I had no longer my former strength or zeal; something seemed to have been broken within me. The simple and natural relations with the personnel began to change; soon I was being avoided. Our wounded, until then always meek and quiet, were no longer the simple-minded, patient men of the beginning of the war. Conversations in the wards grew louder, complaints were heard of the care, of the food. An occasional patient became utterly unmanageable.

I was helping to bandage a succession of lightly wounded men just in from the Front. The patients, entering, were distributed among the tables. I had already bandaged an endless number when a short, unpleasant-looking soldier fell to my lot. He was wounded in his right thumb. I placed him on a stool in front of me, and taking off the top layer of the bandage, patiently began to soak the part of the dirty bandage which had dried to the wound. He fidgeted, muttering under his breath. I began to take off the wetted bandage. Suddenly he jumped up and struck me hard on the breast. I was thrown back, but for some reason did not fall. He stood there in the middle of the room, glaring in all directions. Everyone seemed turned to stone; the first to recover was the doctor who was working with us; he grabbed the man by the collar and dragged him to the other side of the room. That same day we transferred the poor wretch to another hospital.

About March eighth we heard vague rumors of hunger riots in Petrograd. In Pskov everything was still quiet. On the tenth, in the morning, I drove to the station to see my uncle, the Grand Duke George, who was passing through Pskov. Crossing car tracks too rapidly, my driver bounced me against the roof of the car, violently bumping my head. He turned, but as I seemed unhurt, he drove on. After a while I felt drops on my forehead. Lifting my hand, I touched it and saw blood upon my white woolen glove. When the car stopped at the depot the military commander of the station, who had come to meet me and had opened the door of the car, started and exclaimed:

"Are you wounded, Your Highness?"

Only later I understood why the blood on my face had struck him so forcibly.

In my Uncle George's car, his doctor dressed my head and we had tea. My uncle seemed to ascribe no great importance to the disorders in the capital. I returned to the hospital with little news for my personnel, who awaited me with some impatience.

Next day, reports were more definite and alarming. And I noticed somewhat curious, distraught glances when I entered the dining room to take my usual place at the head of the table. It was clear also throughout the hospital that the trend of conversation changed at my approach.

On March twelfth, the thunderbolt fell. We received direct report about the shooting in the streets of Petrograd. The Volynsky Regiment, followed by others, had mutinied, gone out into the streets and joined the crowd. Several buildings were set on fire. Prisons were opened and the prisoners set free. The Fortress of Peter and Paul was stormed. The Duma, dissolved by a ukase issued a few days previously, had assembled on its own initiative in the Tavrichesky Palace and had formed a committee to serve as mediator between the government and the rioting population.

All reports that reached us were incomplete, disjointed. Nothing was known about the Emperor—where he was, what he was doing or what he intended to undertake; this was a bad sign. From time to time General Russky sent his aide-de-camp to see me, either with some new information or simply with the desire of reassuring me.

The wounded, especially those who could move about, gathered in groups and loudly discussed the situation. Discipline, upheld of late with such difficulty, perceptibly relaxed.

The Emperor Abdicates

TOWARD evening on March fourteenth I was told that the Emperor had unexpectedly arrived in Pskov. It became known later that he had been stopped at the station Bologoe on his way from headquarters to Tsarskoye Selo. Two members of the Duma, Guchkov and Shulgin, were coming from Petrograd to meet him there; they had been commissioned to ask the Emperor to abdicate in favor of the Czarevitch.

It was only then that I actually understood what was happening and comprehended the meaning of the word "revolution." Until then it had for me the same significance as the word "death" has for a child. I knew that there had been a revolution in France; I had read of its causes and of its consequences; moreover, I had realized

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

A Photograph of Czar Nicholas II, Taken a Few Days Before His Death at Ekaterinburg

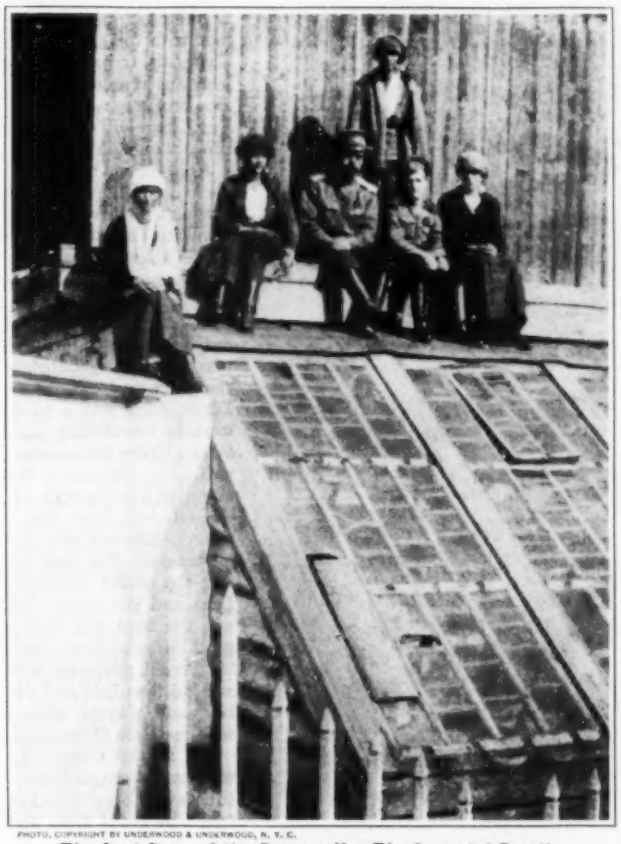
that we were headed toward a like catastrophe, yet when it did actually happen, my eyes still were blinded by the age-old, terrible and useless illusions.

Revolutions existed in history, books were written about them and lectures given; they were complicated, phenomenal, scientific, remote. While here, the riot of a week ago had actually turned to be a real revolution and the shadow of death actually threatened all of us who were of the ruling caste.

I remember that not for a second did I really believe in the possibility of the Emperor's abdication. His conduct throughout the past months indicated that now, more than ever, he was trying—in accordance with his ideas—to preserve the inviolability of power. He could not surrender. He still was the Czar; he still had faithful servants whose ancestors had for generations served the Russian Emperors, who owed everything to the throne—they could not desert him.

And there still were troops, generals, the clergy. In Petrograd it was only a mob that was rioting, and a garrison, consisting of worthless men, grown lazy, who did not want to go to the Front.

I did not go to the station to meet the Emperor; the events of the last December still stood too vividly between us; in spite of the dreadful reality, personal grievances still held my imagination in their grip. Insignificant grievances



PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Last Days of the Romanoffs. The Imperial Family Interned at Tobolsk, in 1918

in comparison with the immensity of the catastrophe then befalling us; but, alas, it was human.

About nine in the evening my informant returned with further news. The Emperor was already in Pskov; the members of the Duma had arrived and were in his car in conference. The mutiny in Petrograd was in full swing. Through Russky's headquarters, in direct telegraphic connection with the capital, my friend promised to keep me informed of all that was happening.

Long, weary hours of waiting followed. The evening passed, the night began. I sat in Father Michael's room; Tishine had also come. We were silent; everything had been talked over long ago. The last scene of the drama was perhaps enacted at that minute at the station.

Finally, at two o'clock in the morning, came word; General Russky requested me to come to headquarters. I threw on a coat and hurried through the yard and the quiet garden to the house of the commander in chief. In the vestibule orderlies sat and stood; it was stifling; a lamp was smoking. The door into the study was opened and I entered. Russky, sickly pale, with sunken eyes, seemed to have aged during the last few hours; he rose heavily and came in silence toward me. We looked at each other. I did not dare to ask the question. Grasping with both hands his leather belt, Russky straightened with difficulty his tired, stooped shoulders and said:

"The Emperor abdicated tonight both for himself and for the Czarevitch, in favor of the Grand Duke Michael."

He averted his eyes from my face. I stood, unable to move. It seemed as if a morsel of flesh had been torn from me.

"The decision of the Emperor to abdicate for the Czarevitch caught us unawares. No one had expected him to take that step. It will have incommensurable consequences," continued Russky, gradually becoming more animated and beginning to pace the room.

In spite of the heat of the room, I was shivering, and his words, although I could hear them distinctly, seemed to come from afar. Mechanically I looked around for an armchair and sat down.

"I am glad of being able to tell you what has happened tonight. I do not know what the further development of events will be, or what judgment history will pass, but I can swear by all that is most sacred to me that neither I nor any of those present are guilty of this step. As you know, two days had already been lost; no one knew where the Emperor was and not a single order had been received from him in Petrograd. Before his arrival, I talked all evening on the direct wire with the president of the Duma. Anarchy reigns in Petrograd, the Tavrichesky Palace is inundated by the insurgent troops, the work of the Duma committee is taking place in most adverse surroundings, with the continual interference of the members of the Soviet of Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies."

An Autocrat's Final Act

"APPARENTLY confusion is supreme. The Soviet demands the immediate establishment of a republic. The committee, however, considers that a change in the form of government is at this moment too risky."

He turned his eyes toward me, then away.

Presently he went on:

"Monarchy must be preserved. Yet some concession seems to be necessary. Though the power had not been completely snatched away from the Emperor, he should have voluntarily abdicated in favor of the Czarevitch, having previously sanctioned the executive committee of the Duma, which by this would have become the new, responsible cabinet. They feel there that succession, juridical as well as dynastical, should be preserved."

Still I said nothing. Russky continued:

"My telephone conversation delayed me in headquarters, preventing me from meeting the Emperor at the station, and when I came into his car the deputies from the Duma were already there. The text of the abdication had been apparently prepared by the Emperor beforehand. Completely dumfounded by its contents, we tried to persuade, to exhort, but it was impossible to move the Emperor. He was very calm, as he usually is."

I listened numbly. It is strange that I should recall, when I hardly listened, so many of his very words and intonations:

"It seems that before leaving Mogilev the Emperor had a talk with Professor Fedorov about the health of the Czarevitch, and becoming definitely convinced that the disease was incurable, decided to abdicate for him also. Strictly speaking, such a decision is illegal, but is explained by the fact that he could not be separated from his son. No one knows what will happen now. The temporary committee of the Duma was already acting as the Provisional Government, headed by Prince Lvov. We must await now what the Grand Duke Michael will say."

PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Grand Duchesses Olga, Xenia and Alexandria, Sisters of the Czar

I rose. My place was now by the side of the Emperor; I thought of going immediately to the station. He was Czar no longer. He was alone. If he did not want to see me it was now his private affair.

"I am going to the station," I said.

A short pause ensued.

"The Emperor has already gone back to Mogilev," replied Russky.

The room whirled, it seemed, around me—or was it the whole world? Gently, Russky took my arm and led me back to my chair. Then he began to tell the details of the conference, to describe the expressions of the faces, to recollect various gestures. Little by little I recovered and plied him with questions until the entire picture, so tragic and terrible in its simplicity, stood vividly before my eyes.

The last representative of a dynasty which had occupied the Russian throne for three hundred years had presented the frightened deputies with a sheet of paper upon which the text had been typewritten—and this paper was his final act, the final expression of his autocratic will.

Russia Without a Dynasty

MY BRAIN refused to accept this simplicity of such a dénouement; it seemed quite natural to me to expect a miracle at that moment. I would not have been surprised had the lightning struck or an earthquake happened.

A tall and splendid edifice was crumbling down—an edifice which had appeared to me still solid, in spite of all its cracks; having held out for three hundred years, there seemed no reason why it should not continue to exist forever, but the building was corroded at its very foundations and the entire structure had collapsed at once, as though razed.

Nor could I accept the thought that all hope was lost, although lately the régime had not been what it should have been. Still, in my opinion, it formed a natural part of my country; I could not imagine Russia without a dynasty. It would be like a body without a head.

Comforting thoughts flashed through my mind and I shared them with Russky, wishing, longing to hear a confirmation. The old man looked pensively at me; he did not want to deprive me of my hope, yet he could not encourage my illusions.

"The Grand Duke Michael has never taken much interest in state affairs. The responsibility may frighten him, as well as the people who are now at the helm. It is very difficult, almost impossible, to form a correct estimate of the situation in Petrograd, viewing it from Pskov. The tone

(Continued on Page 173)

DINGO JOHN

By COLONEL GIVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

DINGO JOHN trudged along through the dirty snow. He was weary and his bones ached mightily, even though he was just starting to work. The cheap galoshes that covered his feet were cracked open in two or three places and let the cold water run in on his corns. And this cold snow water, hitting his corns, sent a message of misery to his brain.

It was mighty like walking in a cold creek branch after an all-night coon hunt, Dingo John told himself. Except the creek branch wouldn't be as dirty as the snow water was, or as cold, and the ground wouldn't be so slick. A man's bones might be aching after an all-night coon hunt, just like Dingo John's bones ached now, but just as soon as he got to the cabin at Old Place, a man could take himself some ease. Some of the young-uns would be there waiting, ready to take the coon, if luck had been good, and all Dingo John would have had to do was go to the cabin and set himself before the open fire and bake his bones dry, while his breakfast of hot cakes was cooking.

Now, Dingo John was just starting to work, but his bones ached just the same. The snow made rivulets and a man's walking was bad. A man's feet never got ease on cement sidewalks and cement streets and cement floors. And instead of a cabin and an open fireplace where a man could sit and smoke and bake his corns into comfort, Dingo John was just starting to work at the factory. This sure wasn't Old Place. And nothing like Old Place.

It seemed to Dingo John, as he plowed along the city street in the snow, that the wind was like a pack of vicious hounds on the prowl. And he, Dingo John, the prey. It seemed like the pack was just laying for him. As he walked along he kept close to the buildings. But when he rounded a street corner or passed an alley, there was the howling pack waiting for him—waiting to pounce down on him and tear him to bits.

The Great Steel Monster Whirled and Sang. And Holding the Whimpering Yellow Man in a Vise Grip, Dingo John Closed His Eyes and Thought of the Murder Melody

Often, Dingo John watched the other folks on the streets. They didn't seem to mind, didn't seem to think there was a pack of vicious hounds waiting for them at every corner, at every alley. They walked along and talked and didn't seem to mind so very much. And it wasn't just the white folks. Colored folks too. Folks Dingo John knew had been raised in Georgia or Alabama seemed to like the cold weather.

But most of the black people, like Dingo John, kept close to the buildings as they scurried along to work. The wind didn't strike so hard there. And when they passed streets and alleys and other places where the howling pack might be lying in wait, they hurried up, just like Dingo John did. Some of John's friends had learned to laugh at the cold, honestly seemed to like the whirling, biting wind. But most of them coughed when the bitter winter wind hit them, just like Dingo John coughed.

The pay office was on Cypress Street. You had to go there and get your pay, and then walk four blocks to the factory. It was pay day, and Dingo John turned in at the office.

The pay clerk knew Dingo John.

"Marriage comes high, eh, John?" he said, and counted out sixteen dollars and sixty cents to Dingo John.

"Ev'thing comes high, boss," grinned Dingo John.

As he walked out of the office he noticed the figures in the left-hand corner of the little pay envelope—$24.60. That was the amount of money he would have got if he hadn't had to pay to Lena the eight dollars a week for alimony.

Rage heated him as he thought of Lena and Steve Long, and he forgot to button his overcoat when he hit the street. Eight dollars a week he'd been paying Lena for more than a year. Rather, he'd been paying Steve Long eight dollars a week. Dingo John wasn't a fool. He knew Lena had a man. And he knew Steve Long was that man.

A mild-tempered man, Dingo John was, ordinarily. But every time he got that pay envelope with the eight dollars deducted, he saw red. It wasn't right. It just wasn't right. But the judge hadn't agreed with him. That was the reason the eight dollars were taken out of his pay at the office. A short time before, he'd always appeared at the Court of Domestic Relations clerk's desk and paid. But that was before he went to jail.

He'd always been prompt in paying that alimony. As long as he thought Lena was going straight, he had been glad to help her. He hadn't divorced her. She had divorced him. And like a fool, he had thought he was at fault. He never had dreamed there had been a Steve Long hovering about. Like a little foolish lamb, he had paid that alimony regularly to Lena, and never a harsh word could the folks in the district get out of him about her. And many of them had tried to tell him.

What a big, black fool he had been! He hadn't even appeared in court to contest the divorce case. They hadn't been getting along—John and Lena—for a long time. So, when one night he came home and found Lena gone, he hadn't been much hurt. And a few weeks later, when Lena sent word to him she would give him a divorce for fifty dollars, that had seemed all right too. A peaceable man he'd always been, and he never had much in common with the gin-swilling, Cain-raising bunch Lena had seemed to pick up with as soon as they came North. But Lena hadn't said anything about the alimony.

A lawyer told him later—for five dollars—that Lena wouldn't have had a leg to stand on in court. She couldn't have divorced him. And he wouldn't have had to live with her, either. There were more than a dozen folks in the district who would have gone before the judge and sworn that Dingo John was a hard-working, law-abiding, God-fearing Negro, while Lena—well, Dingo John never had admitted it to anybody but himself, but Lena was a skinny little fool who was gin-cracked. Yes, that was sure the truth! Gin-nuts, Lena had got to be. She was the kind who held a good husband down, buying herself gewgaws, such as beads and lace and ribbon, and playing around with men like Steve Long.

But all this Dingo John was slow to learn, and slower to believe. Lots of folks had told him about Lena and Steve Long, long before she left him. He just wouldn't believe. And when his slow mind told him the truth, it was too late. That was after Lena had got the divorce. She had been mighty tricky about that. Knowing Dingo John wouldn't be there to defend himself, she'd bought herself a pair of secondhand crutches and hobbled into court, claiming she was a cripple. And she'd told a lot of lies about Dingo John, so that when the judge had given Lena the divorce he had ordered Dingo John to pay Lena eight dollars a week alimony.

That was bad enough. But Dingo John hadn't minded so awful much at first. He didn't mind helping Lena get along. It was such a relief not to have to live with her, to hear her shrill, nagging voice night and morning. It was only when he found out about Steve Long that Dingo John saw red. And every week, for over a year now, he'd been seeing red. Paying out that eight dollars alimony, and knowing he was paying it to Steve Long.

At first, Dingo John made a fool out of himself. He went around to Mame Smith's boarding house, where Lena and Steve both lived, and chased Steve all over the place. Steve sure thought he was a goner that time. And then Dingo John had simply refused to pay the alimony. Of course, he was hauled into court.

The judge was a very stern man. And Dingo John just naturally was afraid of courts and judges, anyway. So he just stood there, first on one foot, then on the other,

fiddling with his hat, while the stern judge told him about the law and what it did to low-down niggers who failed to pay alimony to poor, abused, crippled wives. Once—just once—it had come into Dingo John's head to tell the judge just what was what—how Lena had tricked him into the divorce, and how she wasn't any good, playing around with Steve Long and all, and that she wasn't any more crippled than he—Dingo John—was. But he had kept his mouth shut and heard the judge sentence him to thirty days in jail.

Down at Old Place it would have been worse than high treason to have opened his mouth in the presence of Squire Birch, who settled all the niggers' disputes. But, of course, Squire Birch knew every nigger for miles around—their habits and history. Lena would have got no eight-dollars-a-week alimony from Squire Birch. She would have got nothing but a lot of unadulterated Hades, had she come into the squire's court asking a divorce and alimony from a good, hard-working husband like Dingo John. John knew that. And he had no reason to believe that the judge would have been any different from Squire Birch, had the judge known the facts. But habit is strong. So he just stood there, head humbly bent, and heard the judge bawl him out for a no-good. And he'd served his thirty days in the county workhouse.

Since that time they had deducted the eight dollars from his weekly wages. He had asked the pay clerk to do it. He didn't want to go down to the courthouse every week. He made four dollars and ten cents for eight hours' work. He worked six days a week. And every week he'd see the big figures—$24.60—in the corner of his pay envelope. But inside the envelope there never was any more than $16.60. He couldn't save a whole lot out of that. But Steve Long was working, making the same wages as Dingo John made. It burned Dingo John up whenever he thought how Steve was saving the eight dollars a week John was paying Lena for alimony. He had never seen Lena since that day in court. He had heard about her, though. She and Steve were still boarding at Mame Smith's. And he saw Steve Long every day. He had heard that the only reason Steve and Lena didn't get married was because of that eight dollars.

Miss Anna Bunch had come to him and told him she had seen Lena and Steve go into a savings bank, and that they were saving up his eight dollars a week for a marriage fund. But Miss Anna was sort of crazy. She'd been kind of nutty ever since that first winter in the North. You couldn't put much dependence on what Miss Anna said.

Dingo John's feet dragged through the dirty snow down Cypress Street. He was thinking so hard he forgot the cold. He had told a white social-worker lady about Lena. This white social-worker lady took care of a poor family that lived in the same tenement with Dingo John. That is, he had told her as much about Lena as a man could tell a white lady. You couldn't come right out and tell everything. But Dingo John thought this lady had understood. He'd told her about Lena's crutches being fakes, and about the eight-dollar-a-week savings account that Miss Anna had told him about. She hadn't promised anything, but she had told him she would investigate, and if everything was like he said, then she'd see about getting that alimony taken off.

He came to Alabama Street. Never, winter or summer, spring or fall, did Dingo John pass Alabama Street without stopping. Always, cold or hot, rain or sleet, snow or wind, he'd stop and gaze up at the faded yellow signpost and read aloud the lettering: ALABAMA ST. It always made him homesick.

It was hot when he first saw it—miserably hot. He was coming home from the factory, wet with sweat, tired to the bone. The sun bore down and great, blistering heat waves poured from the soft, oozy tar of the steaming pavements. Dingo John was lurching listlessly along, his coat on his arm. A black man can stand heat nicely if he has shade to look forward to. But heat without shade, without tropical moisture, is as deadly as cold. And so the hot, baked pavements were misery to Dingo John. Walking along, he had noticed that sign, stopped and read aloud the faded lettering: ALABAMA ST. And to Dingo John, expatriate, that dirty sign was like a letter from home. Better than that; it was a daily letter from home.

Standing there on that corner, the sun bearing mercilessly down, the pavements steaming, a traffic cop not a dozen yards away under a huge umbrella and cursing his luck, Dingo John had been miraculously wafted away from the oppressive heat, the stench, the stink and dirt of a great up-North manufacturing city and placed gently on the lawn of the plantation at Old Place.

There he stood, under one of the six big live oaks on the front lawn at Old Place. And over to the left was the huge maple that shaded the spring house. Right at the roots of that maple a spring had decided to pop out of the earth. The white folks had had the niggers hood it with a little shed and build a nice round wall for it—a wall made of pretty rocks carried from miles around. Dingo John had helped to fetch some of those pretty rocks when he was a kid. In the spring house were always watermelons cooling. They were there ready to be sliced by black or white. Sweet as honey and free as the wind.

And just to the right, there was the tiny branch that swept like a little fury out of the hill, only to slow up and become as gentle as an early spring violet as it traveled over Old Place soil. It flooded out of the hill up a ways, a fresh, happy young thing, fringed with weeping willows; it crooned and sang as it danced through Old Place's acres.

Both the spring and the little hill branch emptied into Little Piney Creek—a creek that was nearly a river—cool and blue and placid. Little Piney emptied into the river. The river was quite a way off, but on quiet nights you could hear its sullen whimpering from Old Place. Little Piney was deep, and its deepness held a myriad of lively fish. Not mud fish. Not dull-eyed, sluggish river fish. Sweet, lively little fish with bright sassy eyes, that danced a while and played a while, then sometimes landed in a skillet to make a nice, juicy supper for Dingo John.

Dingo John sighed, pulled a faded old blue scarf closer about his neck and trudged along through the dirty snow. The blues had him. Time and again he took out the little pay envelope and looked at the figures in the corner. He had thought one time of going back to Old Place. But the judge had told him he'd have to pay that eight dollars alimony for as long as he lived, or until Lena died or got married. He'd have to go to jail if he didn't pay.

Up ahead of him he could see the factory—a squat group of buildings, dim and dingy as the smoke and fog that surrounded them. He thought of Old Place, and clean, black fields, and sunshine, and the violet scent of an Alabama night. Up ahead was his prison for life. In just a few minutes now he'd see Steve Long—Steve Long, a slender yellow man with a way with women—Steve Long, who had taken Lena away from him—Steve Long, who right now had a lot of Dingo John's money in a savings bank.

He had no greeting for fellow workers he met in the locker room, where he changed from street clothes to the overall pants and the sleeveless, skin-fitting jersey that was his working uniform. A heavily corded neck, a bulging chest and great arms rippling with muscles have no business aching on account of a little cold weather. But Dingo John ached all over. He felt better after he had climbed the little winding stairs and was on the cat walk. The fit of blues left him. No man could be blue long, with the Big Wheel as happy as it always was.

Standing there on the narrow walkway that led from the dynamo past the Big Wheel—the cat walk—Dingo John waited for the unseen force to start the Big Wheel moving. He made a fine picture, lacking just half an inch of being six feet tall and weighing two hundred and four pounds. He was neatly made, from his bulging chest to his narrow thighs. His neck was lean with muscle and held his head high. The hard cords in his forearms turned to suggestive ripples above his elbows. Much of a man was Dingo John.

The Big Wheel was silent now. For a full minute every day the bosses who told the Big Wheel when to go, and how fast, and when to stop, gave the Big Wheel a rest. And it was during that full minute that

(Continued on Page 129)

He Left Her Cottage That Night in a Rage. She Was Humming a Song—a Lonesome Thing That Told Him She Wasn't Happy at His Going

The Hermit of Three Buttes

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VIII

AFTER that paralyzed moment in which his quick thoughts set themselves in order, adjusting themselves to this event, Ranse was not inactive long. He saw Mr. Bayless slide to the ground, and he spurred his own horse and leaped to full gallop instantly. The horse Mr. Bayless had ridden, startled, ran ahead of him up the ascending trail. Ranse had acted on a certain instinct. The echo of the shot had scarce died before he was gone into the cover of the trees beyond. He sped up the trail till he saw through the pines ahead the rotting structure of the old shaft house, the machinery it still contained exposed to rust and weather now; and he swung his beast to one side and plunged up the littered slope toward a way he knew.

A moment later he was racing back along the rim rock toward the spot above the open park from which that shot had come. He crouched low in his saddle to watch through the brush ahead, to dodge low-sweeping boughs. But he came to the spot and saw no one; he circled a hundred yards up the slope, plunging through thick underbrush. Young aspens grew there, and scrub oak and sapling pines. He circled again. He checked once or twice and sat utterly still, listening.

But there was no sound; no other shot echoed through the wood; no hoof beats of a running horse reached his ear.

He hesitated, baffled and at a loss. His thoughts were racing.

It had not occurred to Ranse that he was himself unarmed. If he had come upon the man who fired that shot he would have charged recklessly, counting on the very violence of his attack to win. But the other was gone; and when Ranse was sure of this he rode back toward the rim rock and looked down into the park below.

Mr. Bayless lay there, his head pillowed on Enid's knees, young Moray bending helplessly above him. And Moray looked up at the sound of Ranse's horse and called angrily:

"Oh, there you are! I suppose your horse ran away?"

But Enid said, "Hush, idiot!" And to Ranse softly, "He's terribly hurt, Ranse."

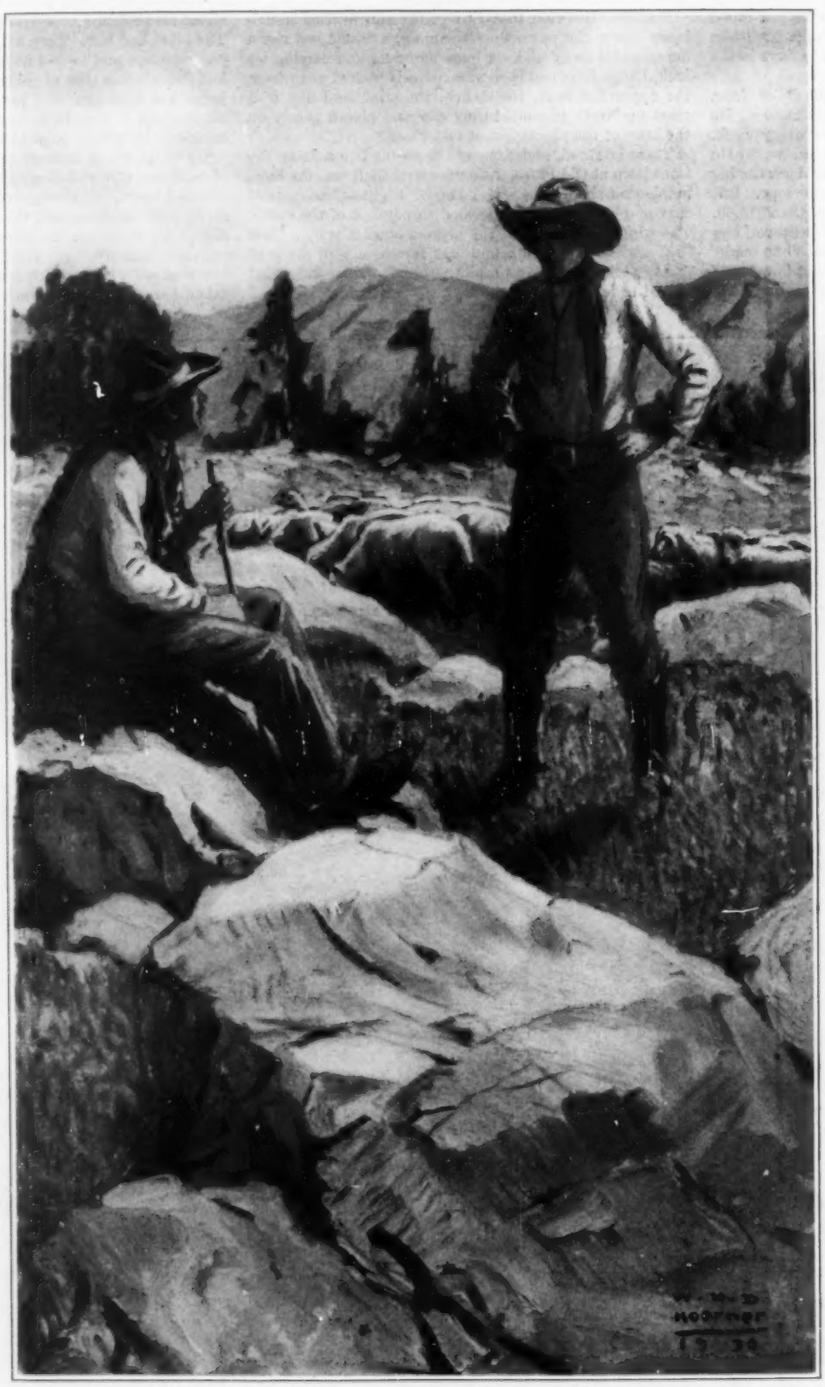
Ranse nodded. "I'll be down," he said.

And he rode in the direction of the shaft till he came to a spot where he could descend a crack in the rim rock and come to the level of the trail below. A moment later he rejoined the others there.

Mr. Bayless, he saw at a glance, was very badly hurt indeed. He was sunk into unconsciousness, either from the shock of the bullet or from some even more dangerous cause; and the side of his shirt was stained with blood.

Enid, when Ranse slid from his horse, asked softly, "Did you see him, Ranse? Did you find him?"

He shook his head. "No, ma'am," he confessed, kneeling beside her.



But José Could Give Him No Information. They Had Bedded Their Flocks the Night Before on the Slopes Opposite Ranse's Own Camp

Moray protested: "Oh, was that why you left them here alone? I say, I'm sorry, old man. When I came up and found them, and found you gone, I thought you'd run! I am sorry, you know."

Ranse looked up at him in slow recollection. "Where were you?" he asked. "Did you hear the shot?"

"Way down the trail," Moray confessed. "But I heard it. I came on the dead run; must have got here just a moment after you had gone."

Enid said, "It seemed longer, Emerson." Ranse hesitated, but in the end he asked no further question. The hurt man must be his first concern. He ripped open Mr. Bayless' shirt; he stripped aside the undershirt and laid bare the small wound there. And he sat back on his heels, considering.

Enid watched him; she whispered, "Is he dying, Ranse? Is he dead?"

She was, Ranse saw with quick approval, perfectly controlled, perfectly mistress of herself. He said frankly:

"He's not dead, no! I can't tell about the other." And after a moment he continued: "You all will have to help me."

"Yes, yes," she whispered.

"I'll try to stop the bleeding," he explained. "Some kind of bandage. My handkerchief is dyed; it won't do."

"Mine too," Moray exclaimed. "Ranse, what are we going to do?"

But Enid stood up quickly. She wore a fresh white linen waist; she unbuttoned it and took it off. "Here, Ranse," she told him. "Take this."

He nodded. "Good!" he agreed. "Hold it till I wash my hands."

He turned aside, descended to the creek, scrubbed his hands in the icy water. And he had time to plan what must now be done; so when he returned to them it was with his instructions ready.

"Miss Bayless," he said, "get on your horse and ride back to camp. Follow the creek and you can't get lost."

"I'll go," Moray urged. "It's my place to go, Ranse. You can't send her alone."

But she said quickly, "Hush, Emerson. Be still."

"Ride back to camp," Ranse repeated explicitly. "Tell Lin to come up here." He hesitated. "You and Mrs. Bayless come with him. Bring a bed roll, and there's some first-aid stuff in my bag, and any clean cloth you can find."

She nodded. "Yes."

"And tell Norris what's happened, and tell him to hop his horse and head for Shepherd's. Have him phone out for a doctor from there, and wait for him and bring him in. And he'd better bring the sheriff or somebody. You understand?"

Enid swung to her horse. "Yes," she repeated.

"Tell your mother I think your dad will pull through," Ranse added; and her smile flashed at him gratefully as she swung into the saddle. A moment later she was racing swiftly away.

Ranse was already busy, putting a wet pad of linen on the bullet hole. Moray protested, "I say, Ranse ——"

But Ranse said slowly, "You get up on the rim rock there and watch. They might come back and take another crack at him."

"I haven't any gun," Moray argued.

"If you see anybody," Ranse instructed, "just yell for me. That will likely stop them."

Moray hesitated; he started to offer some other objection. But Ranse said slowly, "Will you go on?"

So Moray began to scramble up the steep slope; he reached the rim rock, found a helpful tree that leaned against it, struggled to the top.

"There's no one here!" he called. "Ranse, there's no one here!"

"Stay there," Ranse bade, and did not lift his head. So Moray stayed.

Ranse did what he could for Mr. Bayless. He had no first-hand experience with such matters as this one was, but he knew enough to be sure the wound was serious indeed. The bullet had entered a little below the heart, and a little to one side. Ranse, while he pressed his icy pad upon the wound, tried to estimate what the course of the bullet must have been. It had come from above; hence it would range downward. It had come from the right side; hence it must have traveled from the wound outward. He took some reassurance from the thought. If this were the case it might not have touched the lung at all. It must have descended toward the abdominal cavity; pierced, possibly, the intestine. But Ranse thought not. He suspected that it had splintered the ribs, lodged somewhere near the top of the hip bone. Unless there were some heavy internal hemorrhage, Mr. Bayless would live.

In the meanwhile, there was nothing to be done. Moray yonder on the rim rock kept watch, but Ranse was satisfied that the man who had attempted this murder would not return. Lin and the others would presently be here. Till they came the only thing to do was to keep Mr. Bayless quiet and to seek to check the flow of blood.

That already lessened; it was almost stopped, Ranse found.

He was perforce physically inactive. Yet his thoughts need not stand still; and Ranse sought to find some answer to this sudden dark enigma. He tried to sort and classify the vague impressions and the curious certainties of the last few days.

He had suspected that Bayless knew more about this region than he acknowledged; that suspicion, it seemed to Ranse now, was confirmed. He had suspected that Bayless knew old Dusty Peak, and that Peak might, if his eyes were keen, recognize Bayless. And it occurred to Ranse now that whoever shot Bayless had known his target. They had been riding in plain view; they had even paused a moment before the shot, so that there was time for the other to make sure. And there had been but the one shot fired—no more. The murderer might as easily have slain Ranse or the girl; he might have riddled Bayless with a gust of bullets. One shot! Then the man who fired it not only knew Bayless but also he knew his own abilities as a marksman. He had been confident that the one bullet would kill.

He had been almost right, Ranse remembered. The bullet had struck only a very little below the heart. The fact that its flight was downward and at an angle toward one side alone gave Bayless now a fighting chance for life. The man behind the gun had aimed at the pocket of Bayless' shirt, forgetting perhaps that to find the heart the bullet must enter higher, and nearer the middle of Bayless' chest.

So Ranse counted these two facts established; the murderer—Bayless was not dead, but the intent was there, and he might die—the murderer had known his victim and he had had confidence in his own marksmanship.

Ranse had not, thus far, put a name on that man even in his thoughts; yet the name forced itself upon him now. Forced itself into his mind. The murderer could have been none other than old Dusty Peak.

Bending above the hurt man here, seeking to do for him what might be done, Ranse weighed the chain of evidence. Peak was the only dweller in these solitudes; there was no one else likely to be near at hand. Sheep herders, yes, but they could be ignored. Peak was the man at home here. And Peak could handle a gun. Ranse assumed this without being sure of it; he assumed it, because most men native to this land could place a bullet where they chose. And Peak had known Bayless, just as Bayless knew Peak. Of this Ranse suddenly was sure; there could be no other interpretation of that colloquy between the two which last night he had in some part overheard. He remembered Peak's sudden stealthy fear, his swift departure. And also he remembered with a quick illumination that casual question, at breakfast, on the part of Moray. "Will you let him see that you know?" Remembered, and nodded in assurance sure.

Bayless knew Peak; he had come here to see Peak. Hence Peak knew Bayless, and obviously Peak did not wish to encounter the other man. Why? No knowing; no need of knowing. The answer might concern that secret gold deposit to which Peak had somehow the key, but the answer was of small importance now. The important thing was to be sure; was, Ranse told himself, to lay a hand on Peak as soon as possible.

This, it occurred to him, might present some difficulties. Peak must expect suspicion, and Peak was armed. There was no weapon in the pack train's outfit. They must, if they wished to seize the man, rely on guile. Ranse grinned at a sudden grim reflection as he remembered his light word to Enid a day or two before. He had said that he was the emergency man, the trouble shooter. Well, it was for him to make good that boast now.

And he accepted the responsibility in his thoughts. It seemed to him that whatever mystery there had been in the situation was become clear. Bayless had come here seeking Peak, on some ancient errand; and when Peak recognized the newcomer he had been swept by deadly fear.

He must have expected that Bayless would seek him in his cabin; so he had watched the trail, and when he saw his fears confirmed, like a cornered rat he struck his stealthy blow.

Beyond any doubt, Peak had fired this shot. Ranse had time to wonder what dark and ugly memory it was which prompted him, but that, after all, was of no importance now. The thing was done; it was for Ranse to prevent any further outrage, and to make old Dusty Peak his captive, if he could.

He was still considering this problem when he heard the hoof beats of the others returning up the trail.

Without Waiting to Argue the Point, She Turned and Rode Back up the Trail, Watching for a Place to Ascend to the Higher Ground

IX

ENID had done her errand swiftly and well; she came back to camp at a gallop, so that Lin guessed at first sight of her that something was amiss, and he ran to catch up his own horse even before Enid was near enough to call her word to him. Thereafter it was a matter of swift moments to rouse Norris and dispatch that young man on his errand. Norris went wearily; he was, he protested, in no shape to make a long ride. But Lin sent him profanely on his way.

Lin threw across the cantle of his saddle those things which Ranse would require; he saddled Mrs. Bayless' horse while that surprising woman stood calmly by. Enid had time to run to her tent and catch up a chamois jacket to replace the waist she had sacrificed for her father's bandaging. Then they were on the trail toward where Ranse awaited them.

(Continued on Page 134)

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 17, 1930

Empire Preference in Foodstuffs

RECENT weeks have witnessed a widespread interest in the price of wheat. In the meantime a political agitation is under way in Great Britain which may bring about changes particularly affecting the price of American wheat. The newspapers controlled by Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook are agitating for a new party—the United Empire Party. The real objective is not a new party but the control of the Conservative Party. The Conservative Party has been leaning toward protection, but always with the reservation "no tax on food." The policy of protection—or safeguarding of key industries, as it is euphemistically termed—under the new leadership would be free trade within the Empire and protection against countries outside the Empire. But the dominions have tariffs against one another and the other parts of the Empire, as well as against the outside world, to some extent with Empire preference. This position the dominions seem loath to exchange for Empire free trade. It is, therefore, suggested that the dominions might accept free trade within the Empire if Great Britain would grant the dominions preference in foodstuffs. This would mean, instead of no tax on food, no tax on Empire food. If this should come to pass, it would represent an innovation of the first magnitude.

The wheat of India, Canada and Australia would enter the United Kingdom free; a duty would be levied on wheat from Argentina and the United States. Meats from Australia would be free, meats from Argentina taxed. Butter from New Zealand would be free, butter from Russia would enter over a tariff wall. Hams, bacon and lard from the United States, and bacon from Denmark, would pay duty; bacon and other pork products from Canada would enter free.

This program has not yet been sold to the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. Liberals and Laborites will oppose it. It might not notably increase the cost of food for British workingmen, but it would tend to alienate purchasers of British exports outside of the Empire. It would inflict serious injury on Argentina, which country has been, perhaps, the largest single borrower of British capital, outside of the United States. The inhabitants of Canada and Australia have not the consumptive capacity to accept exports from Great Britain in replacement of the losses that would follow the exclusion of American and Argentine exports. The import tax on luxuries recently announced in Australia for the purpose of reducing imports will strike British exports most of all. When the show-down comes, we fancy that in matters of international trade Great Britain will continue to follow her course and the dominions theirs.

Wholesome Discontent

WHOLLY aside from the merits of the case, it is fair to say that the recent battle for control of a leading independent steel company in Ohio was watched not only with equanimity by the mass of thoughtful investors and business men but with a measure of ill-concealed satisfaction. This was because the contestants were both what are known as big interests—that is, each party possessed powerful resources and stood high in the financial scheme of things. Which is merely another way of saying that the public senses the salutary necessity of occasional ructions in the even tenor of corporate monarchy. It is too much to expect the parties at interest to share this dispassionate view, but we doubt if anyone else will disagree with it.

With the passing of stock ownership so largely into the hands of small investors, the number of persons who can afford to go into court to demand their corporate rights is relatively less. If they do not like the way they are treated they can sell out. Therefore, it is encouraging to note the unusual number of companies recently involved in proxy or court contests. This condition, it is true, is not to be explained entirely on the ground of increasing vigilance on the part of investors. Intolerable corporation situations which were blandly endured or winked at in times of boisterous, roaring prosperity began to be looked into when conditions became a little less exuberant.

But whatever the exciting or mitigating circumstances, it is well that corporate power should always be subject to the threat of litigation and contest for control; thus there are lengths of abuse to which those in power will not go.

We do not imply by this that the general ethical plane of corporate government is necessarily low. It is not to be presumed that all contests for control of companies are started with the worthiest of motives, or that the outsiders are always right while the insiders are always wrong. But for any kind of government to go wholly unchallenged and unchecked is dangerous; surely the affairs of corporations are no exception to this rule.

Peaceful Penetration

THE recent efforts of several nations, led by Great Britain and the United States, to effect agreements regarding naval armament serve to focus attention upon the growing economic power of this country. Naturally opinions differ concerning our ability to increase the sale of our products in other lands, but already the process of economic penetration has reached a point which makes a profound impression upon the rest of the world. No question connected with this whole development presents itself for more serious consideration than the growing rivalry between Great Britain and the United States. This competition takes several forms. One of them is the export of capital, another is the export of goods, and a third, in which this country has been conspicuous, is the establishment of branch factories abroad.

Now, the whole matter may be dismissed by saying that we are merely doing what Great Britain did in earlier days. It did not hurt us to have British capital come here or to buy goods from the old country. Why should anyone object because the tables have been turned to some extent? But this does not dispose of the matter. Nations do not surrender their economic positions without a struggle, nor do they thank rivals for taking trade away from them. The economic interests of the two countries, it has been pointed out, instead of supplementing and complementing each other as much as in the past, have been converging on the same plane of direct rivalry. Thus the question is: What degree of misunderstanding and friction will result? How peaceful is the struggle to be?

The ties of sentiment, friendship, language, race and blood between the two countries are very close. One of our statesmen said last year that, happily, no controversies threaten the friendship, and intimated that the only sources of friction were the "injudicious utterances of the irresponsible and irrepressible." But there is another fact which must be faced: The British do not enjoy the economic rise of this country in world affairs, coming as it does at the very time when they are oppressed by a multitude of troubles in the same sphere. As one scholarly Britisher has recently remarked:

"I think Americans hardly realize the tremendous impression which the appearance in world politics of this new and formidable mass of energy and power known as the United States has produced on the rest of the world. I will not say that the world is yet afraid of it, but intermixed with both admiration and envy is a real feeling of uncertainty as to the direction America intends to take, which would easily turn into suspicion and dread."

As far as we can read the attitude and aspirations of the American people, they are utterly innocent of any suggestion of military imperialism. Our people do not interpret economic power in European terms. It is true that there is much sheer weight in American finance and industry, but there is no conscious political or military aggressiveness that goes with it. We fuss and fume at the nuisance and annoyance of the Philippines, and because of a minor piece of policing now and then in some small country like Nicaragua or Haiti. To undertake the vast and far-flung type of world regulation which has fallen, purposely or not, to England's lot in the past would be utterly abhorrent to us.

Nor is there any disposition among responsible elements in this country, or indeed among the people at large, to boast and crow over other nations. American tourists abroad have always included an element of the noisy and vulgar, but the typical American business man is not boastful; he does not have to be, any more than the Britisher has had to be. Most Americans are quite willing also to admit that many of our advantages come from superior natural resources rather than wholly from our efforts, and it is realized, too, that much of our progress has been due to lessons learned from Great Britain. Nor are most of us so foolish as to minimize the tremendous ability—the actual genius for many activities—which characterizes the British. But we are not apologetic for our own success; we are not ashamed of it; we stand pat on what has been accomplished in this country so far.

The future of Great Britain will depend to a considerable extent upon relations with the dominions. It is conceivable that a unity in tariffs and other economic respects might be established which would present us with competition of the most formidable nature. On the other hand, the dominions may find that their future lies in part with the United States as well as with their own mother country.

Great Britain's future lies in her own efforts; there is very little which its colonies or we can do to reorganize outworn industries. There is no decent American who does not wish the older country success in its efforts to vitalize its textile, coal-mining and iron and steel industries, or who fails to sympathize with the persistent unemployment problem. The hard truth is, of course, that some millions of the people in Great Britain should have migrated to the colonies and dominions long ago.

One thing is certain—neither Great Britain nor the United States is the kind of country to run amuck. A thoughtful economist recently remarked that both have the character, experience and quality of purpose to guide them in their relations with each other. The far-fetched theory has been advanced that Great Britain started the World War because she had become desperate at the commercial rivalry of Germany. But even then we were changing the world balance more than Germany, and yet we joined Britain to defeat Germany. Great Britain came out victorious, but it did not help her economic position a bit. On the contrary, Germany has gained far more than the supposed conqueror. Apparently war does not rejuvenate an old country. The relations between Great Britain and the United States have to be solved on a basis of peace, and it is well that both countries show a disposition to take the lead in peaceful discussions.

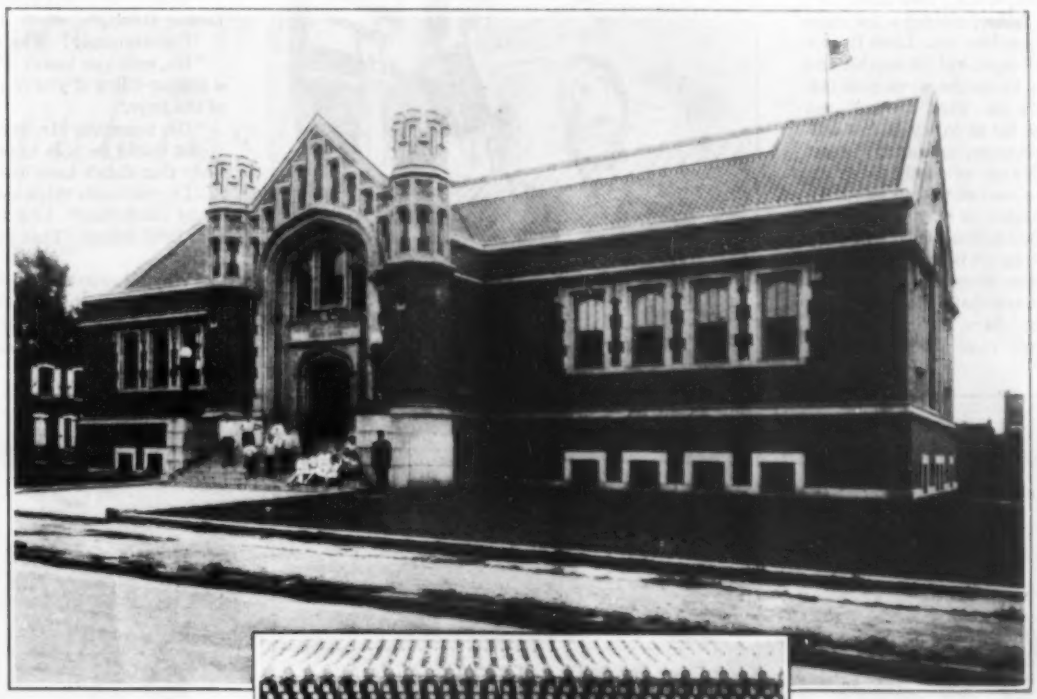
WHY MILLIONAIRES DON'T

By One of Them

As Told to Magner White

Nobody should be rich but those who understand it. —GOETHE.

A NEW quality, it seems to me, is detectable in the attitude of the so-called average person toward the man of wealth. The era of vulgar and suspicious envy has passed away. Higher living standards and cheapened luxuries have taken away some of the basis for bitterness in the attitude of the 99 per cent who make less than $10,000 a year toward the 1 per cent who make more than that. Covetousness, arising out of the credo that no man can be honestly wealthy, has been succeeded by a more utilitarian and more humanitarian—even if more exacting—attitude. The new economic critique is directed not toward the fact of a man's having great wealth or how he acquired it, but more toward the question of how he uses it.



The Anatomical Laboratory of the Carnegie Foundation Hospital in Peking, China. Above—the Richmond Branch of the Philadelphia Carnegie Free Library System

However, being human, we all still retain a personal attitude in contemplating the fortune of our neighbor, the millionaire. We think of his wealth in terms of our own theoretical use of it. A favorite indoor and outdoor sport is planning what one would do "if I had a million dollars." And out of such speculations—to which I have listened incognito many times with more or less profit and amusement—comes the type of questions I shall attempt to answer, as frankly as I may, in this interview; such as:

Why don't millionaires do the things—particularly with reference to helping individuals instead of institutions—most of us believe we would do if we had a million? [Usually asked with a note of impatient exasperation.] What holds them back? What are the mysterious limitations of wealth they always plead when accused of not using their wealth to full efficiency for the benefit of society—which limitations, it seems, they can never explain to the complete satisfaction of the 99 per cent? What is it that money does to a man's outlook on life and his fellow man?

How to Make a Million Dollars

HOW can a wealthy person look, for instance, upon the struggles of a young couple raising a family and, having the means to do so at relatively no financial inconvenience to himself, do nothing whatsoever to help them? Speaking of special instances, and allowing that every day, week, month and year the 10,000 or more millionaires in this nation do help hundreds and thousands of individuals. How can a millionaire pass an aged blind beggar on the street and not drop a large sum of money in the beggar's hat?

Since the manner of a man's acquiring wealth has a profound bearing on his philosophy concerning it and the relation it gives him to society, I will explain briefly how I got mine. But before proceeding, let's consider for a moment the round sum of a thousand thousand dollars, which we call a million.

The million accumulated by an individual is but the fractional part, the aggregate tithe, of many millions, perhaps billions, produced by others. There are many kinds of millionaires—owners of oil lands, prize fighters, comic-strip artists, mammy-song singers, movie stars, inventors and concocters of confections and cold drinks, to list only a few outside of the usual and much better-known business types.

My acquisitions, my wealth, can be explained mainly in four words—appreciation of personal holdings. Time and a growing demand for what I had did the work.

I entered a certain type of manufacturing business as a young man. My salary for several years was very small. The firm expanded. I took charge of one branch after another. Then I became the main establisher of new branches, going from one city to another to open new plants. Stock I held, acquired at first through rather painful deductions from my salary, increased in value.

We began small, forty-five years ago, and grew; I grew with the firm, taking many a bump and bounce on the way. Our activities and affiliated industries today span the continent.

I was thirty-seven when I had my first million. My salary was the same as the President of the United States was then getting—$50,000 a year. My first major discovery on attaining $1,000,000 was one which I believe is made sooner or later by every wealthy person who is the least bit thoughtful. It was this: That there is a ceiling to man's primary personal needs—a point beyond which, in seeking the zenith of comfort and pleasure, the going becomes exceedingly difficult. Three meals a day, if one can enjoy that many; comfortable clothing, a comfortable house, a little leisure and entertainment between times—how surprisingly little money is needed to accomplish these! How low is the ceiling. And beyond it lie surfeit, boredom, ennui, unhappiness. Beyond it, the characters of the wealthy are tested!

A Rich Man's Potatoes

ANY addition after the primary needs are met is merely one of quality—the $2000 coat as against the $100 coat, the $8000 automobile as against the $800 flivver, the $150 suit as against the $50 suit. "One room at a time is all I can inhabit; one bed all I can sleep in," observes a leading automobile manufacturer.

As one writer very ably put it in these pages one time, "There are no Elysian potatoes!" Spuds are spuds, on your table and mine. The man of wealth invariably comes back to simple but sound values, and they color his handling of his wealth.

My second realization as a young millionaire was that wealth has its hazards. Your business millionaire discovers that his economic fate is bound up with the fate of hundreds, if not many thousands, of other people. He owns his wealth, but they participate in the use of it. He is both collector and stabilizer. From $100,000 to $500,000 flows through his hands every month like water. Disturb that stream in any way, and calamity follows; a part of the business structure—that part under which he has burrowed in making a fortune, and which he now supports on his shoulders—will cave in. Responsibility hedges him in at every turn.

One of my wealthy friends—a California capitalist—says since he acquired wealth his mental impression of himself is that of a man astride a highly spirited horse running

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POST SCRIPTS

Gloomy Outlook for Little Roscoe

HELLO, Ed. That your boy?"

"Yep."

"Bet you're a bit proud of him. How about it?"

"Well, Sam," replied the father, moving a few steps away from the boy, "I'll tell you how it is. Little Roscoe seemed to be getting along all right, but his mother and I didn't want anything to slip up on him, so we took him to headquarters just to check up. Sam, this kid's not quite right. I wouldn't go so far as to say he has definitely developed neurotic tendencies, but during the first four or five years of his life his ego evidently didn't get the proper development. As near as we can tell, it's a sort of psychoneurotic inadequacy, or maybe it's a comparatively simple case of dissociation which will yield to ordinary treatment. There hasn't been any traumatic shock and we're sure there is no inherited psychopathic condition, but we fear very much that a maladjustment exists. What I mean to say, Sam, is that the kid's focus of consciousness is such that his mind, to all appearances, is equipped with the wrong kind of concepts, categories and insights for the proper understanding of positive reality. That's nothing to be passed over lightly, Sam. Naturally, we want to arrive at a new equilibrium, but we don't know where to start—the line between normality and pathology is so darned vague. Roscoe's unconscious consciousness seems all right and his stimulus-response tests are satisfactory, although personally I do not bow to the objective school. As far as his emotional behavior is concerned, there have been no contradictory attitudes—just the usual inhibitions and repressions as required by law.

"Either Roscoe's unconscious cerebration is off key, resulting in a personality deficit, or his mother and I have been careless and have allowed him to pick up the wrong kind of a psychic prototype."

—DAVID B. PARK.

DRAWN BY ROLAND BAUM

"Buy Yer Goil a Poil Necklace, Mister?"

The Speed-Trap Town

IF THE burg was charming, it didn't show,
So I tickled my motor and made it hop.
There was "something arresting about it," though—
It was their cop.

And after the justice extracted my pelf,
The place's attractions did not fail:
There was "something that held me in spite of myself"—
It was their jail. —*Strickland Gillilan.*

DRAWN BY ALICE HARVEY

Stripling: "The Trouble With Me is—I'm Drinking Too Much and Gambling Too Much and Going to the Dogs Generally"

DRAWN BY P. BARLOW

Voice From Booth: "And the Crocheted Edging on the Bootees Should Match the Pink Tatting on the Little Pillow"

DRAWN BY KEMP STARRETT

"Well, Here Goes My Figure!"

Scholarship

"IS THAT a Greasy Grind or I Tappa K key you're wearing, Mr. Smeed?'

"Why — uh — unfortunately — unfortunately, it's Greasy Grind."

"Unfortunately? Why unfortunately?"

"Oh, well, you know. People don't expect you to be a regular fellow if you're a Grind, and I like to be one of the boys."

"Oh, nonsense, Mr. Smeed. Why, I should think a Grind would be able to enjoy things more than somebody that didn't have intelligence and imagination."

"Do you really think that, Miss Clairborne? Do you really think that? You know, I never looked at it in that light before. That puts an entirely different slant on it."

"Why, of course. You know, Mr. Smeed, I naturally see a lot of the boys that belong to Tappa. I mean the Tappa boys come to the house quite a lot, and you know I can see how shallow they are, and how they go around thinking they're having a good time, but not really having one. But when a man has a lot of brains, and gets to be a Greasy Grind—why, when he goes out for a good time—why, he can really have a good time. His—uh—capacity for enjoyment—his capacity for enjoyment is greater."

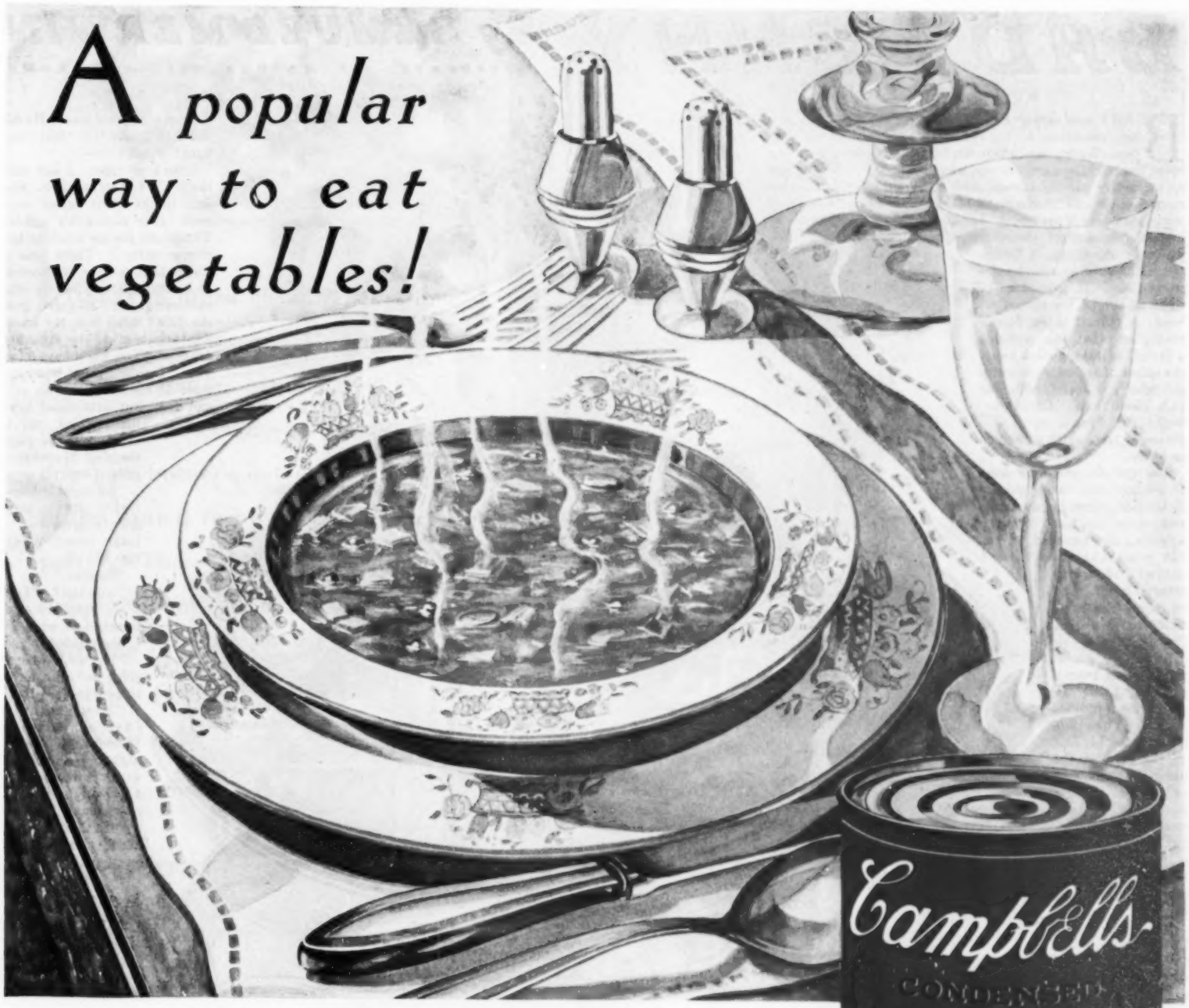
"H'm. Well, I must say that's a very interesting theory, Miss Clairborne. You know, I might as well be frank with you. You know, I'm afraid I never quite understood you before tonight. In my classes some of your work—well ——"

"Yes, I know, Mr. Smeed. Sometimes I feel as though ——"

"As though I was ignoring you? Is that the way you feel?"

"That's it exactly, Mr. Smeed. As though you had decided I wasn't worth bothering with, I was so dumb."

(Continued on Page 106)



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Look for the Red-and-White Label

Yo-ho for the jolly tar,
Yo-ho for the bounding sea,
For the sun and moon
And my good soup spoon
And the Campbell's inside of me!

Your choice . . . Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

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Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

BAD PENNY

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XIII

BURR'S eyes slowly opened; and then, still with that puzzled sensation, he lay still. He was, unmistakably, in bed. Warm, late afternoon sunlight streamed into the room beneath the partly drawn window shades. He could see an attractive painted bureau, with the usual toilet articles arranged on it and photographs of girls and young men stuck about the edges of the mirror. Looking up—though not without a sense of some effort—he considered the ceiling. He had, somewhere or other, seen it before.

A faint rustling sound came to his ears. It seemed to be right at hand. He turned his head. A girl sat there, quietly sewing on what was probably a dress; at least, he was aware of a splash of gay color—a pretty girl with a delicate profile and pale blond hair. Of course! Beth! But what on earth —— He managed to raise himself on an elbow.

The girl dropped that dress on the floor and, coming quickly to his side, seized his shoulders and pushed him back. She was wrinkling her forehead, as she did when anxious. "Don't move!" she commanded firmly. And he found it rather a relief to lie quiet. But of all things ——

She took a clinical thermometer from a glass on the bureau and thrust it into his mouth. Then she curled up on her foot on the edge of the bed—she was certainly a lissom young imp—and solemnly felt his pulse. She was still wrinkling her forehead. Her eyes were fixed intently on her wrist watch.

Oddly incoherent thoughts came to him. If women would only keep in their place, something might be said for them. As ministering angels they were, of course, at their best. That would be why so many sick fools in hospitals insisted on going plumb loony over pretty nurses. Men who were weak from illness. Caught off their guard. When you came to think of it, it wasn't fair.

Her lips were moving, counting the seconds on her watch. She was pretty—pretty as the devil. Slowly, musingly, he revolved that foolish thermometer about his tongue. The little devil was somehow creating an atmosphere of intimacy that was colored with tenderness—damn it, with devotion!

It was in just this sort of situation that those male idiots were caught. And then some day—oh, sure as shooting—they'd wake up, every blessed man of 'em, to the painful discovery that the ministering angel had turned out to be nothing but a—mentally he winced—a wife! He wished she'd go away.

She reached over, removed the thermometer with her left hand, and twisted it in the light. But she didn't let go his hand. Her fingers simply slid down from his wrist and closed warmly about his. "Thank God!" she breathed, still studying that fool thermometer. He jerked his hand away. He wasn't so weak as he'd felt at first. That was something.

"What's all this about? Is it getting to be a habit—passing out?" he asked, as gruffly as he could. But his voice sounded light, and a pitch higher than usual. It was almost a plaintive voice, and that was an irritating thought.

"Doctor Braden said that if you"—her voice was throaty and unsteady, and the eyes she turned on him were a still deeper violet in color—"he said, if you c-came out of it and didn't have any temperature, you'd be ——" The deep, somehow moving eyes filled.

She'd never have any self-control, of course! Anyhow, she seemed unable to finish the sentence. She turned to the bureau and, giving the thermometer an almost professional shake, replaced it in its case. Then she came back and sat on the bed. Now, she needn't have done that!

"You're going to get well, Tom," she murmured. It struck him that her face had softened in a way he found some difficulty in understanding. And, however emotional she might be, there was an intent, slightly distrait expression about her eyes.

"What time is it?" he asked impatiently.

"Nearly five."

"Good Lord! See here, Beth, if you'll be so good as to step out of the room, I'll ——" Almost defensively he finished this: "I've got to get into my clothes."

He was up on an elbow again. And again, a strangely matter-of-fact young person, she pushed him down.

"But," he cried weakly, "if it's five o'clock . . . Look here! What's been happening, anyway? Has somebody beaten me up again? First thing I know they'll be making me like it!"

"You fainted, Tom."

"Fainted? . . . Oh, I remember now. My head got heavy. But that was down at the police station."

"We brought you up here."

"Was that wise?"

"Oh, yes. I wasn't going to let anybody else take care of you."

"T-T-Tom! I Couldn't Help It! I Had to See You B-B-Before You Go! I've Got a Ticket Back Home on the M-Midnight"

That was a cool facer. He decided to ignore it. "But your aunt! Hasn't she ——"

"She's all right. I just told her you'd had an accident. She only thinks about herself anyway. Her stomach's upset. Thinks she ate too much at the dinner party." There was a silence that, to Burr, threatened to become rather absurdly embarrassing, until he noted that she didn't mind it in the least. She appeared to be thinking soberly. "You might have died, Tom. Doctor Braden was here most all night, what with you and dad. But since about daylight, I think, you've seemed to be just sleeping. More naturally, I mean."

"All night! Daylight! Beth, you don't mean —— Look here! What day is it?"

"Sunday."

"Sunday? Then I've been here twenty-four hours!"

She nodded.

"But what's been going on? Has anything ——"

"Everything's just as it was. There's simply nothing happened. Not a word from Dot or anybody. Ben's roses came." She giggled, but then, in hardly more than an instant, resumed that sober, intent appearance.

There was another silence—a long one. Burr struggled to bring his chaotic thoughts into some measure of order.

Beth was curled up on her feet. These modern girls simply didn't appear to have bones in their legs. She was gazing out the nearer window into the fresh green of the big elm, evidently lost in a reverie.

Musingly, without turning, she spoke. And her quietly phrased words, as they fell on his astonished ears, very nearly dazed him.

"Tom, dear," she was saying, "you make a good deal of money, don't you?"

He stared. His mouth, then, drew down firmly. The savage little cave woman! So she was out for him, was she! Unashamed! Naïve beyond belief. Simply grabbing, in the most unsporting way, at the advantage she held at the moment.

"I make enough to live on," he snapped.

"Don't be cross. It wouldn't be good for you."

He could have struck her. But she simply mused on. Her funny little mind was certainly full of something or other. Finally, however, she turned her head. "I said nothing had happened."

"But something has?"

She considered his question, meanwhile looking him thoughtfully over in her brand-new professional manner. Finally she nodded. "One thing. I'm wondering if you're strong enough yet to be ——"

"Oh, come! I'm as strong as a horse."

"Doctor Braden did say that if you ——"

"You've told me that already. What is it? Come out with it."

"Well, Philip wants to talk with you."

"Philip? . . . Oh, Cowden?"

(Continued on Page 34)

The gleaming City of Sunbrite

"I USED to dread cleaning the stove. But it's child's play, with Sunbrite. That's because Sunbrite destroys odors while it's taking off spots. Oven, drip-pan, burners, outside . . . all done in the time it formerly took to do one part!"... There's the secret. Sunbrite's unique "double-action." Cleansing and *purifying* in one simple process. Let Sunbrite cut your cleaning costs . . . save your hands. Order a supply today.

Swift & Company

Rinse your silver in Quick Arrow White Soap Chips' hot clean suds. It will shine like new! No taste of soap, either.

(Continued from Page 32)

"Yes. Judge Bisbee thinks he's ready to tell it all. But he won't do it until you can be there."

"That's funny."

"Isn't it? Judge Bisbee doesn't understand, and neither do I. But that's how it is."

"There's a queer thing," said Burr, thinking aloud in a puzzled way. "There's something about —— I knew the minute I ran into that fellow, when I came, that I'd seen him somewhere. I can't seem to remember. I was trying to figure it out when we had him in today—yesterday. Something about the way he carries himself. And there are tones in the voice —— I'm wondering ——"

"I believe you're all right," said she briskly; and hopped up off the bed. "I'll call Judge Bisbee." She went out in her quick, light way; and then Burr could hear her voice at the telephone across the hall.

"They're bringing him right up," she explained. "The judge thinks it will be all right. They're using a closed car. Aunt Alice is lying down in her room. I'm going down now and be ready to let them in. You don't need to dress, if you don't feel like it. Just put on your dressing gown."

"I'll dress," he said shortly. "Now, you get out."

The telephone rang. Beth murmured "Excuse me," and stepped into the hall. Idly, wondering about the man Cowden, he half listened. He heard her ask, "Who is it, please?" A pause. "I'll see, certainly, but I must have your name."

She came tiptoeing into the room and very softly closed the door. Her color was up and her eyes blazed with excitement.

"Tom," she whispered, from the foot of the bed—whispered ungrammatically—"it's him!"

"Him? Who?"

"Du Rut!"

"No!"

"Yes, it is! He asked for Dorothy!"

"What did you say? Oh, yes, I ——"

"I said I'd have to have his name, and he said to tell Dot that it was Jean. But don't you see, Tom, he thinks she's here! He thinks, this minute, that I've gone to fetch her! Don't you see? She didn't go to him! . . . Oh, what shall we do? Let me think! Wait! I know!"

She walked deliberately back across the hall. Burr, somewhat giddy in the head and shaking with excitement, got out of bed and stood behind the door.

Then he heard an astonishing thing. For the moment he thought it was Dorothy's voice, lower in pitch than Beth's. A piece of extraordinary mimicry.

"Please come!" said Beth in that deeper voice. Then: "No, it's safe. Everybody's away."

Apparently the man said something then. But soon Burr heard the receiver click on the hook as the girl hung up.

Quickly he closed and locked the door. She tried it, and then knocked. "Tom!" she cried softly, apparently down at the keyhole. "Tom, dear! I fooled him! Made him think I was Dot! He's at Worcester! And he's coming! Be here in an hour! Open the door!"

"You keep out!" he cried angrily. She simply wasn't safe when stirred up like this. She'd be pawing and kissing. And he felt too weak and shaky to manage her. "Keep out! I've got to dress!"

XIV

PALE, moving slowly, but erect and gravely himself, Burr entered the living room. Philip Cowden, handcuffed to an officer in plain clothes, stood by the window. The local chief—a quiet man—and another officer stood nearer the curtained doorway, talking in low tones with Judge Bisbee and Beth.

"Do you mind, chief," remarked Burr, after the general greeting, "if I take a rather active part in this business?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Burr. We are at your service."

Burr turned to Judge Bisbee: "Has Beth told you that Du Rut is coming within the hour?"

"Why, no." The judge's eyes kindled with quick interest.

"Well, he is. Beth did a good job on that." He hesitated, aware that the violet eyes were on him and that the girl was coloring with pleasure. "Better," he found himself thinking, "not to praise her too much. I don't want her getting all out of hand." In his brusque manner, therefore, he returned to their common topic.

"I'm going to suggest, chief, that we have our talk with Cowden across the hall, in the dining room. I would like to close the sliding doors all but an inch or so, and draw the curtains clear across. When Du Rut comes, Beth will let him in and show him in here. I will then come around through the hall and confront him."

"Hadn't you better take an officer with you?" suggested Judge Bisbee. "The fellow may attack you again."

Burr shook his head. "I don't think he will. And in any event, you should be able to hear all that goes on through the opening we shall leave between the dining-room doors. It is directly across the hall. But I am going to ask you to keep the curtains closed. I don't want him to see any of you. And, chief, would you be so good as to station this free officer outside among the shrubbery where he can observe anyone that comes along the driveway? The officer must not himself be seen, obviously. The thought in my mind is that Du Rut, when he finds himself in what we might refer to as a trap, may try to make a get-away. I want to keep him here until we're sure that we're through with him. I feel pretty certain that we've got him, if we decide to hold him, on charges of breaking and entering, and of whatever may be the legal term for murderous assault. Cowden, I believe, is ready to testify to that. Not so, Cowden?"

The chauffeur, with an excited gleam in his eyes, quickly nodded. Adding, as soon as he could find his voice: "Yes, sir. I'm ready to testify to that."

An odd moment followed during which Burr and Cowden exchanged what appeared to be a look of understanding, which Burr terminated with a crisp but not unfriendly

(Continued on Page 91)

"What are We Going to Do About Dot?" Breathed Beth Nervously. The Two Men Stood Motionless, Trying to Think

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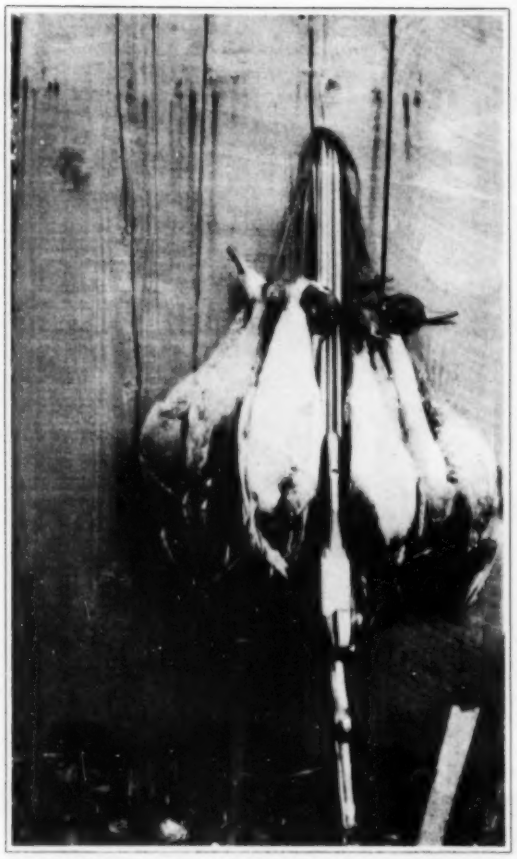


Fifteen Ducks—Enough for Any Reasonable Sportsman

QUACK! QUACK!

By Stewart Edward White

WHEN we find that too many ducks are being shot, we can remedy the situation in one of two ways: We can decree that less people be permitted to shoot ducks; or we can command that less ducks be shot by each person. The former is repugnant to the genius of our institutions. We are a people free and equal, and one citizen has just as much right to shoot the public game as any other citizen. We cannot legally take that right away from him, nor is it desirable that we do so. There are certain natural limitations that operate, to be sure. For example, it is increasingly necessary that a man belong to some sort of duck club, or be able to pay his fee at one or another of the privately run marshes. Open shooting of any account is practically nonexistent. Certain agitators thereupon cry out that this is a "rich man's pastime"; that all the machinery of game protection is maintained solely for the wealthy. I do not agree with this. There are rich men's clubs, to be sure, but in my experience the rank and file of the duck shooters is made up of the ordinarily well-to-do man of moderate circumstances who has to figure his budget a bit to indulge in this de luxe type of sport. Duck shooting has become a luxury, and luxuries must be paid for. That is a sample of the natural causes that limit the number of people who shoot.

But we have, legally, something to say about how many each shooter may be permitted to kill. When I first came to California there was no limit save what a man cared to impose on himself, and ducks could be sold in the open market. As a consequence, though hunters were fewer, possibly as many or more birds were killed.

Teaching the Young Idea

THIS was due more to the market hunting than to the greedy amateur; for the market hunter shot regularly every day and all of every day of a long season. The amateur was almost invariably a sportsman, and had his traditions and his taboos. Ordinarily he had been started out in the way he should go when he was a small boy, and he was taught carefully by his father such things as that he should never point the muzzle of his gun, loaded or unloaded, toward any living creature he did not intend to kill; that no matter how late the hour, he must not go to bed leaving his gun uncleaned; that he must break open the breech when crossing a fence; that birds should never be shot sitting; that cripples must never be permitted to escape, no matter how much good shooting was spoiled by their pursuit; that one must never shoot at birds out of proper range, both because it was discourteous to other shooters to alarm the ducks unnecessarily and because it was unfair to sprinkle spent shot to possible wounding.

These things and many others constituted a great body of things done and things not done, and they were inculcated so thoroughly that one brought up in their tradition could no more have gone against them than he could have bitten off his grandmother's ear. Men whose very fiber had become imbued with these conventions, so that they acted from them instinctively, were known as sportsmen. And your sportsmen had in common a certain hearty, deliberate, broad, tolerant and kindly good fellowship of humor that gave them more homogeneity than exists in the membership of most families. Whether his gun cost twenty dollars or a thousand; whether his business was cobbling worn shoes, or keeping a saloon, or running a railroad; whether at home he spent his evenings in the kitchen, or totally surrounded by butlers, or by intelligence, weighed not one feather's weight afield. Those things fell away completely. The group about the little red-hot stove were simply men of close kinship and sympathy. Why not? They had more in common than have most human beings—a common and absorbing pursuit, a common and heart-expanding enthusiasm, but above all a common body of high and sacred ideals which they wore, not self-consciously as hair-shirt compulsions, but easily as in the breathed atmosphere of life. In this finest way they were all gentlemen, even the "good-for-nothing loafers" among them, and inside the movements of their avocation they generally behaved as gentlemen. Ordinarily such men had their self-imposed limits on their day's shooting, not as a matter of conservation, for conservation's need was not apparent, but as a general rule-of-thumb notion that enough is enough. So when certain of the more far-sighted backed the law to establish the first limit of fifty ducks a day per man, the legislation met little opposition among duck shooters. That was pretty generally the average limit anyway. Nor did the market hunters particularly object. Duck shooting had long ceased to be fun to them. To kill, clean and ship fifty birds day in day out for several months on end, with all the labor of blind construction, decoy setting and the rest, was monotonous, hard work, and quite sufficient for the endurance of even the strongest. And, finally, the markets themselves were well enough supplied so that the larger commercial interests did not feel themselves cramped by such a restriction. So the fifty-bird limit was imposed and the principle established, and everybody was happy.

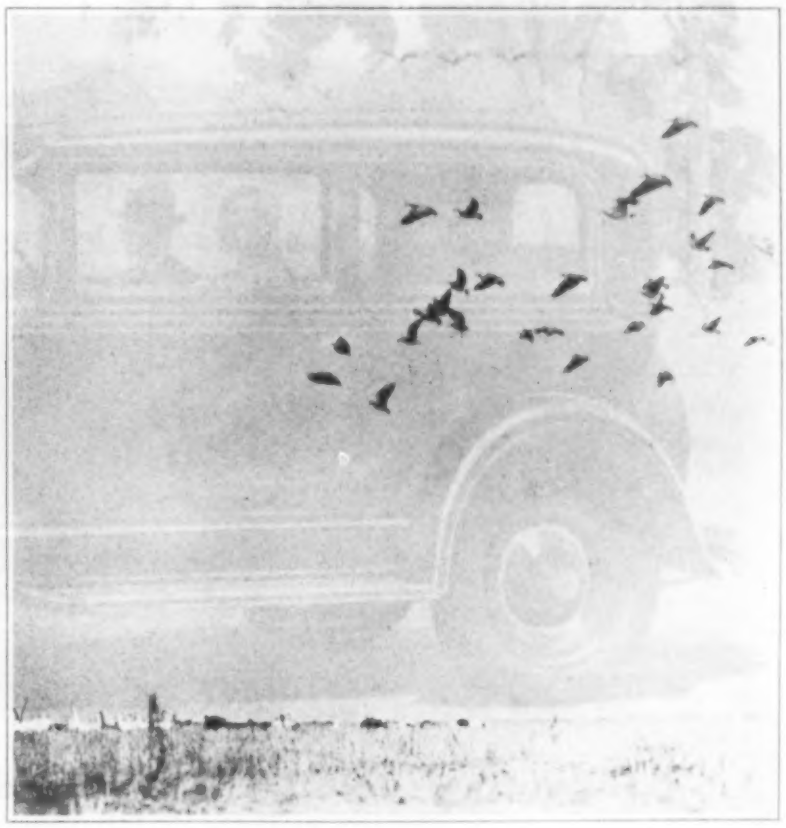
The real knock-down-and-drag-out fight took place when it was suggested, in view of growing scarcity, that game was not properly subject to sale at all. That hit commercial interests. There was a great deal of talk of depriving the public of its vested rights to eat ducks, in favor of the rich man who alone could afford to shoot, and all sorts of similar twaddle to camouflage the true reason—which was that the markets were going to lose money. The real issue was for a time completely obscured, and it took a lot of very hard work and floods of educational talk to get over a simple idea. Which was that, as there were obviously not enough ducks to supply all men, as it was patently necessary to confine their possession to a certain class of men, it was better to define that class by skill rather than purchasing power. In other words, since they both could not have it, it was more equitable to give that duck to a man who could hunt it rather than to the man who merely could buy it. But the idea was got over, and the duck was recognized at last to be rather an item of sport than of food. Theoretically, anyway. We discussed the bootlegged duck in a former article.

Duck Clubs of the Early Days

AND as changing conditions demanded it, the limit of fifty was reduced to thirty-five, and again to twenty-five, against growing protest. When it was recently cut down still lower—to fifteen—a bitter and determined opposition had to be overcome.

To understand why this should be so, we must take a look at the institution known as the duck club. There have always been duck clubs, of course. They consisted generally of a piece of natural marsh rented or owned by a small group of cronies. Sometimes there was a flatboat with a house on it; sometimes a few simple shacks on shore. Each member had a key, and brought his own food with him and cooked it. He made his own blind where his judgment dictated. It was what might be called natural shooting. That was the simplest and most numerous type of duck club. The larger established or more prosperous might run to a keeper to see that the property was not stolen, to attend to general upkeep about the place and to pole a boat and help with the decoys in case of a guest or a greenhorn. His wife cooked and made up the bunks and kept everybody in order. She was generally addressed as "Mother." Attached to such a plant was a boathouse, and possibly chicken-wire corrals for the dogs, if any. The matter of trespassers was not much considered, unless they had the nerve to usurp made blinds or to bang away so close as to spoil members' shooting. Then they might be ordered off, and would probably resent it bitterly. There

(Continued on Page 41)



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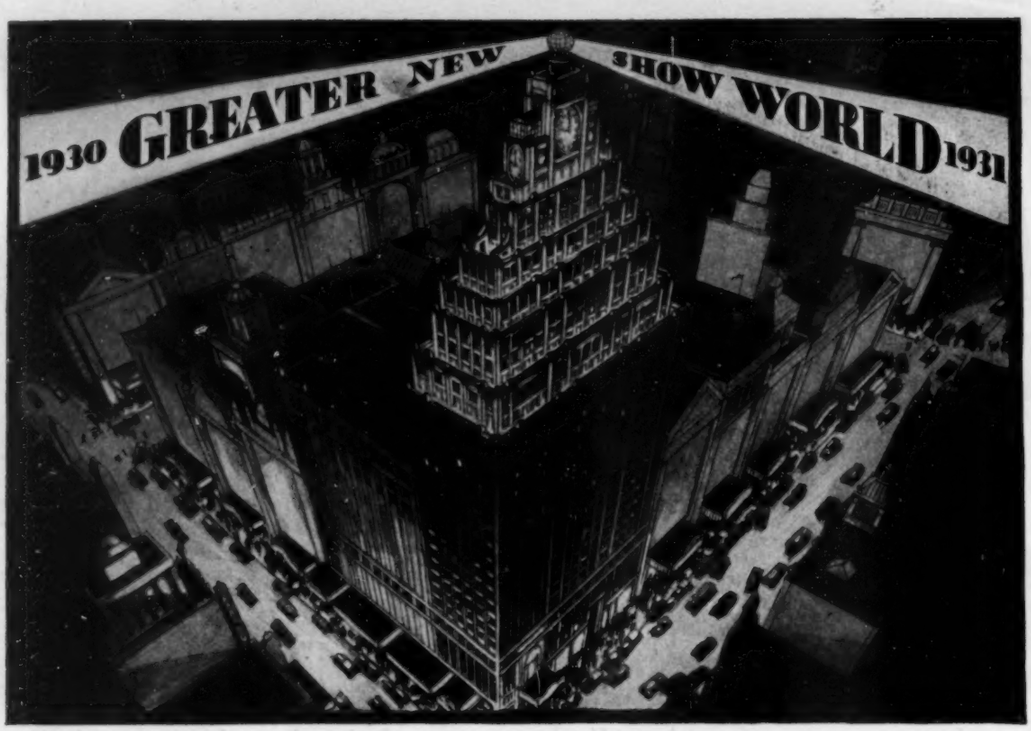

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Paramount Pictures

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(Continued from Page 37)

were plenty of ducks, and the duck clubs were formed more as handy headquarters than as preserves. The cost was ridiculously low; marshland was valueless, the running expenses negligible.

There are a few such places still, but the rapid development of the sport has submerged them into the minority. As the duck areas contracted, the centers of condensation became more and more valuable, and were bought eagerly. The money investment in shooting grounds alone became very considerable. The total area covered by clubs is now stated as from 300,000 to 350,000 acres, made up, from the duck shooter's point of view, of excellent, good, indifferent and the bunk. The first class rarely changes hands, and then only at figures that must make adjoining farmlands have the hiccups. Good proved duck land will bring from $50 to $100 an acre. Unproved land of the same type can be had as is for from $25 to $50 an acre. Seventy-five thousand acres have been sold to duck clubs by one firm within the last two years at about these figures. That sort must be improved—that is to say, it must have such things as dikes, or levees, or wells and pumping plants, or artificial ponds, or what not, which adds sometimes as much as $100 an acre to the original cost. For, be it remarked, very little of this modern shooting is natural, in the old acceptation of the word. With decreasing numbers the ducks have become choosy about their accommodations and go where they can afford the best. Running my eye over a list of about 200 California duck clubs, I find that in the amount of acreage six clubs have under 100 apiece; forty-seven have more than 1000; eight more than 5000, and two more than 12,000. The rest run, on a general average, somewhere about 500 acres, I should say.

Figures are dull things unless their interpretation is striking enough to lend them interest. The interpretation here is plenty striking if you happen to like duck shooting. It means that you will have to dig deep if you want the best.

Duck Shooting de Luxe

FOR "it isn't the first cost, it's the upkeep." When a group of men acquire anything that has stood them in as much money as all this, they are not going to be satisfied with a shack on a marsh. Some few of these organizations are astounding in the elaborateness of their equipment. Members or their guests drive to a clubhouse as large and as well-found as a small hotel or as a good city club, with planted grounds, garage, kennels, boathouses, stewards, dining rooms, card rooms, huge living rooms with fireplaces, gun rooms. They sit down to course dinners properly served. They sleep in individual bedrooms with individual baths attached. In the early morning they are aroused by servants who have laid out their equipment ready to assume. The club carryall transports them along made roads on artificial dikes that lead to within a few yards of their comfortable blinds, where they sit in chairs swiveled to swing to any point of the compass. They reach their blinds by little drawbridges, so that even rubber boots are unnecessary. Their decoys are placed by the Japanese assigned to them for that day, who then takes his place in a subsidiary concealment located at a short distance, prepared to pick up birds and run down cripples. The ducks come in thick and fast, because during the nonshooting days of the week skilled employes have accustomed them, by baiting, to come in for food. At the finish of the shoot the carryall picks everybody up and returns them to the clubhouse, where the Japanese dresses the birds and cleans the guns.

This de luxe type of thing is, of course, the exception. The facilities grade all the way down from this high mark, but even the average represents an enormous outlay of thought and energy, of planning and buying and executive ability, and, above all, of good solid cash. The old days when the cost of shooting ducks could be computed in terms of the price of rubber boots and canvas coat and railroad fare and cartridges have gone forever. A great many memberships of the very ordinary type of club run as high as from $5000 to $8000. In the majority of cases the matter of dues is an elastic provision by which the total season expenses are divided up. These in many instances run as high as $600 or $800 a member. The cheaper clubs are those with a membership list undesirably large, from a shooting point of view. Only rarely can you turn loose sixty or eighty men on one piece of marshland and give even a respectable percentage of them a good shoot. The limit clubs are those comprising only a dozen or so men, and that costs. Experts figure the capital investment as about $15,000,000, which takes no account of the necessarily very heavy overhead.

Now, the point is, this is an investment in ducks, and in nothing else. Eliminate the ducks, and not only will the enjoyment and reason for being vanish but the financial assets will almost vanish too. With a few notable exceptions, duck land is not nearly so valuable for any other purpose. Some of it is without value, and naturally the especial improvements and the especial equipments would go into the discard.

Decoys in Proper Position

Typical Goose Pits

Such being the case, one would expect these club members to stand back of intelligent conservation to a man. Suppose that last year, or the year before, rendered enthusiastic by the wonderful shoot you had enjoyed as a guest, you had bought a membership in one of these clubs for $5000. During the past season you have been lucky—you have been able to shoot once a week, and you have generally brought home your permitted number of birds. The club treasurer, at the first of the year, tells you your share of keepers, food, service, taxes, improvements, and all the rest of it, comes to $500. Your shells, your traveling expenses and the rest have come to $200 more.

When you do a little statistical work you find the ducks you have brought home, counting in the interest on your five grand, have cost you at least five dollars apiece! You conceal these figures from your wife, but, by gad, it was worth it!

And now, since you are one of the minority that do not insist on kidding themselves along, it is borne in on you that not only are the ducks alarmingly decreasing but that in a few years there is danger of there being no ducks at all! You see yourself left holding the bag; and it will not be a bag of ducks, either. You are going to lose not only the major part of that $5000 but also the good times for which you have not thought five dollars or so a bird excessive. Would you not think it worth while to do something about it? And—here is the point—would you not expect that, since their interests are absolutely identical with your own, your efforts would be backed solidly by every other duck-club member in the state? Of course you would. And, bless your confiding heart, that is where you would get fooled.

If there are too many ducks being killed, and it is not possible to reduce the number of people shooting them, obviously it becomes necessary to reduce the number of ducks each of these persons may kill. That syllogism conforms to all the principles of logic. Therefore, if anyone is to combat the idea, he must abandon logic, which is precisely what has been done.

Reducing the Bag Limit

TO THE further reduction of the bag limit to fifteen ducks a day there has been astonishingly violent and effective opposition. Why, I do not clearly see. Fifteen ducks in a day should satisfy any reasonable man. The opposition has come from the very people who should be most earnestly seeking protection of their own interests—members of duck clubs.

Undoubtedly this opposition constitutes a minority, but a minority united enough and powerful enough to block legislation so consistently that the fifteen-bird limit would be still an impossibility as far as anything the state has done. A Federal enactment has imposed it in spite of these men, under the Migratory Bird Act.

At the last session of the legislature a powerful lobby fought all such legislation. Let us look at some of their arguments; not with the purpose of bothering about them, but to get a laugh.

There are as many ducks as ever; with ingeniously selected local examples. With this side of the question we have dealt in the previous article. Incidentally, also, the Biological Survey has dealt with it rather thoroughly. The relative scarcity of birds in California, which is so evident that it can hardly be denied, is explained by an elaborate argument to the effect that the feeding grounds have been greatly contracted and impoverished. Ducks go where they can get the best feed. Therefore they are not less, but are somewhere else. As stated, the thing sounds plausible, or at least possible. Fortunately, the delta of the Colorado River exists—a wide extent of duck country, with all sorts of duck feed, and directly in the line of a fastidious bird passing by the starvation of California in search of a land of plenty. The human population is probably less there now than when Cortez first landed. Furthermore, there used to be ducks there literally in millions. If this theory is correct they should now be there in millions plus. They are not. The delta of the Colorado exhibits just about the same ratio of depletion as does the rest of the country. And just for good measure, what with extensive rice and other cereal planting, there is probably more feed in the Sacramento Valley now than twenty years ago. In fact, all statements as to the continued abundance of ducks are loose general statements of alleged opinion only. One never finds their proponents quoting from the U. S. Biological Survey, the Fish and Game Commission of California, Oregon, Washington or British Columbia. They never offer statistics available from Alaska, Mexico or some of the South American states. I could, but the references would amount to wearisome repetitions of the same fact. It is useless to stress the point further.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHIES—By Don Marquis

I THINK my fortune is made. I have discovered a new subject for autobiographical exploitation. His name is Goo Goo, and he is a gorilla. Not one of these gorillas who associate with the racketeers, or stand on guard at the grille of a fashionable night club. A real gorilla, who was born in tropical Africa and is now one of the ornaments of an amusement enterprise.

Goo Goo dresses in human clothes, which he wears with quite an air, carries a walking stick, smokes cigarettes, drinks champagne, and has his boots made in London.

As far as I can figure out, he is the only celebrity or near celebrity in America who has not written his autobiography in the last three or four years. Perhaps that is because he cannot write. But that shouldn't stop him. I have seen a good many other autobiographies by celebrities who can't write. And Goo Goo should have some very interesting comments to make on Life as I Have Lived It, or Civilization as I Have Found It. What thrills must have been exchanged between Goo Goo and the latest billionaire Socialist the day they met on the same lecture platform and Goo Goo helped him autograph books—you can autograph books even if you can't write.

Goo Goo should have a lot to tell, for he is nearly twelve years old. This gives him an advantage of three years, where the profounder mysteries of existence are concerned, over Little Essie, the baby star.

Little Essie's Life Story

I JUST finished reading Little Essie's Life Story, and I have not been so deeply moved by anything since I tried to learn to chew tobacco when I was six years old. Little Essie is nine, going on ten, and she has been with the silent drama and the talkies since she was three. She tells all. I was particularly awed and shaken by the chapter entitled: Making My First Million. Essie was slow, thorough, painstaking; she desired to master her Art thoroughly and keep away from anything like cheap showmanship; she toiled in comparative obscurity—but by the time she was five years old her long, patient endeavor was rewarded, and she had her First Million. Since then mere money-making has been easy for her and, in a way, she sees the hollowness of it. "Is it worth while?" she asks. But the deep, deep insight of this youthful star into the complexities of the human soul! As I read, I said to myself: "Is it possible that this remarkable child is only nine years old? Why, she writes with all the deep penetration and power of a girl poet of twelve!"

The new autobiographies are leaving very little for future generations to do in the way of exploring and mapping the polar wastes and tropic jungles of human existence. Pugilists tell about The Hardest Wallop I Ever Received, and tell about it with a cosmic vigor that makes Homer's strophes concerning the trouble that took place in the environs of Troy seem weak and pallid. And when Louis, or Ferdinand, or Henri, who has been chef at the Hotel Pazzaza for thirty years, turns himself loose on his life story, I palpitate, contract, expand and erupt with emotions as if I were something seismic. I shall never forget my agonies, exultations, doubts, despairs, triumphs, my sense of final spiritual victory, when I perused Henri's chapter on his discovery of a new omelet. I lived, during the hour I read that—lived in another sphere, lived largely, generously, intensely—almost too intensely, if you get what I mean. Columbus' discovery of America, Peary's conquest of the Arctic, were as nothing in comparison. I was lifted to a higher plane; I vibrated in unison with the cosmic all.

DRAWN BY H. V. CULTER

On Every Family Tree

WELL, Harvey is "out" again! Which doesn't really mean that Harvey has been a compulsory guest of the country. It simply signifies, in the family parlance, that Harvey has again lost his job. Harvey wasn't "fired," mind you. Dear, dear, no! Other people are "fired," but members of the family are merely "out." You see, Harvey is just naturally unlucky. Every time he gets a job his concern immediately embarks upon a campaign of economy and it always begins by letting Harvey go. Whether the campaign is kept up Harvey, of course, is in no position to know. Harvey has been "out" seven weeks this time. Ella writes that he has had plenty of chances but that Harvey says he isn't going to give anybody forty dollars' worth of ability for twenty-five dollars a week. And she adds that it is really Frank's turn now to try to work poor unlucky Harvey in somewhere with his firm.

Old Grandma Sykes says: "Well, with Harvey's 'luck' as it is, if he ever got a job as night watchman with the Standard Oil Company the firm would probably be in the hands of a receiver before the end of the month."

Actors, writers, fortune tellers, burlicue hoofers, pearl divers, football coaches, traveling evangelists, prominent real-estate men, head waiters, aged messenger boys, Panama Canal swimmers like Richard Halliburton, great artists like Rudy Vallée, telephone operators, party girls, vamps who are eager to lose their amateur standing, bank robbers, reformers, choir singers, button manufacturers, confidence men, prison wardens, United States senators, hijackers, racketeers, editors, ghost writers, college professors who have taken up taxicab driving, yeggmen, glass eaters, architects, private detectives—these and many more are telling the stories of their lives. Princes, jockeys, divas, divers, old pitchmen, human flies, property men, bartenders, prime ministers, hoary-whiskered hat-check boys, roller-coaster guards and state vice presidents of the Anti-Saloon League. I like it myself. I feel an enrichment of the mentality and the moral elements in my nature when I read and thrill. Hockey players, missionaries, bank tellers, confidence men, police sergeants, murderesses in and out of vaudeville. I love it all. I feel stimulated to brighter hopes and new endeavors. The inner records of the experiences of a ticket speculator, a press agent or a dog-faced boy in a side show will make me rise from the ashes of my defeat any day and soar through the azure empyrean like a phœnix.

I do not know when I have been so excited as I was last Sunday by the pathetic tragedy of a bearded lady. It was a dull, rainy day—one of those days that come to New York in the winter and make you wish for an open fire and a drink and a good book. A lot of good books, in fact. I seem to be on the free lists of a number of publishers, and so I don't ever have to buy wood for my fireplace. I have used nothing but autobiographies for three winters now. There is, incidentally, an art in making a book burn in a fireplace. It has to be ruffled just right or it will merely char and go out.

What Providence Has Joined —

WELL, anyhow, I was sitting by my fireplace with my books about me, doing the best I could, when I came upon this Life Story of a Bearded Lady.

She was a he—not a woman at all, but a man—and his name was Tim in real life. This repelled me a little at first, for I like all my heroes and heroines to be honest, even to the slightest details. But as I read I forgave Tim for this little professional deceit. He was an artist; I always forgive an artist.

Tim fell desperately in love with a pair of Siamese twins. Beautiful girls, both of them. They were in the same side show. They weren't fakes, either. They really were connected, along about the waistline somewhere, by a ligament. Nelly and Milly, their names were. And they returned Tim's affection. Both of them. That was the trouble—both of them. For they got jealous of each other. And you can imagine what jealousy might be between two girls who could not escape each other's society even for an instant.

Tim loved both of them, and he wanted to marry both of them—he was an ingenuous soul, unconventional and unlessoned in the ways of the more settled majority of humanity, for he had spent his life on the road. Nelly and Milly, being not only conventional but rather prim and puritanical, informed him that he would have to choose between them—they were not, after all, two hearts that beat as one. It was some time before Tim could grasp this point of view; he loved them equally; he thought of them as one; his mind misgave him—an inner voice told him that man should not cut asunder what Providence had joined together.

But he finally consented to an operation, slight in its nature, which should separate the sisters, and he plucked a daisy to see which one he should marry. But, alas! Poor Tim! He had failed to recollect that freaks are not just like other people, psychically or any other way. Anything you do is likely to change their minds. After the operation, which was beautifully successful, Nelly married an interne in the hospital and Milly ran away with an India-rubber man. Tim's heart was broken, and he shaved off his beautiful long golden beard, and put on trousers and went to work on the railroad—he was destroyed as an artist by this unlucky love affair. There was a pathos in the simple tale that still stays with me.

One half the world, I reflected as I laid the book tenderly on top of a dozen other autobiographies that were blazing in the grate, doesn't know how the other half lives. (This sort of reading inspires such original reflections.) But we are learning; we are learning rapidly. If this craze for autobiographies had not seized upon the public—or, at least, upon the publishers—I should never have known, for instance, what are the poetic reflections of

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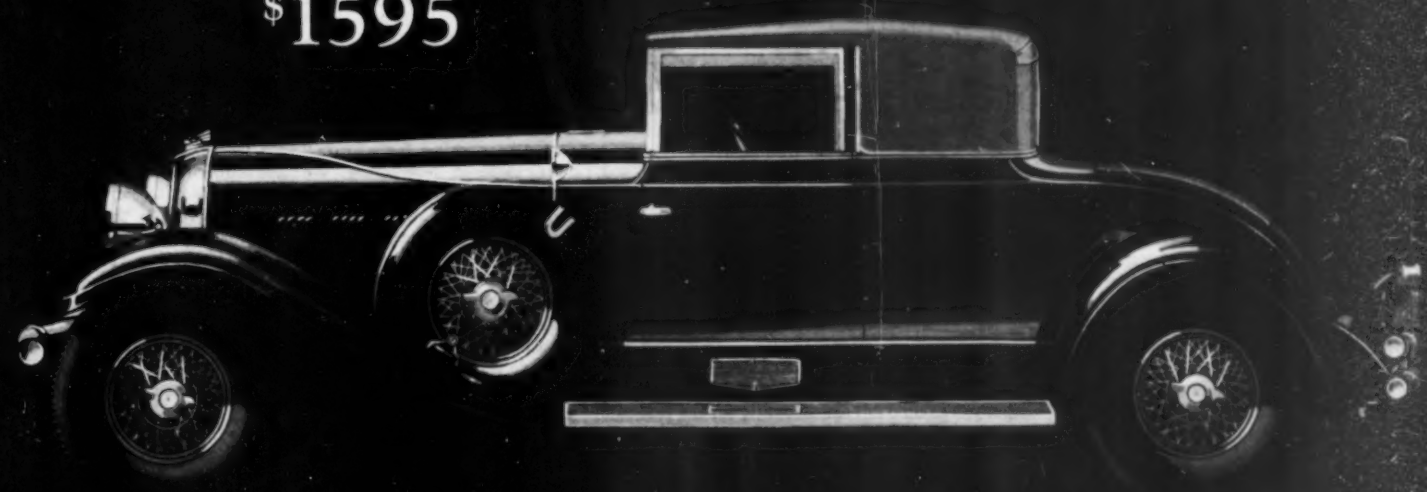

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American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

THERE'S a new wrinkle in titles in New York. Time was when the task was simply to recognize the merit of senior officers; so the vice-president idea became popular, and still is. But what to do with executives who had reached the title of president, especially when a merger of two or three companies or banks made it obvious that there could be only one president, was something which did not immediately bring its own solution.

For a while, especially if the merger were of two units, one executive would become president and the other chairman of the board of directors. Occasionally a third executive was moved into the position of chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors.

When the Chase National Bank recently merged with the Equitable Trust Company of New York, five top executives remained in the coalition. The merged institution was a focal point of attention not only because it contemplated resources of more than $3,000,000,000—the largest banking institution in the world—but the general query was whether the management of a bank of such great size would be intrusted by its stockholders to one man.

So an entirely new position was created—chairman of the governing board. I asked Charles S. McCain, erstwhile president of the Chase National, who became chairman of the board of directors, to explain the executive set-up of the new organization.

"We have always had," he said, "a chairman of the board of directors—Albert H. Wiggin—and Robert L. Clarkson has been vice chairman. In addition, John McHugh has been chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors. These men, together with the president of the bank, have really functioned as the executive management of the institution. Now we shall have a new office created by the stockholders—chairman of the governing board—and this new governing board will be an operating committee comprising the officers of the bank itself."

"But who will be the boss?" I inquired.

"All five," he replied with a smile. "By which I mean that in a bank as large as ours we need five men of executive responsibility, each of whom has authority to make decisions. The Chase National, of course, will always be the expression of the personality of Albert Wiggin, who is to be chairman of the governing board."

On the surface it might seem that the executive staff of five was an accidental combination brought about by the union of two large banks. Actually the five executives represent a combination of interests and groups which over a period of time have become integral parts of the enlarged institution. Thus, Winthrop W. Aldrich, previously the president of the Equitable, who has been selected to be the new president of the Chase, comes as the representative of the Rockefeller group. Before assuming the presidency of the Equitable he had made a distinguished record at the bar. Mr. McCain was originally president of the National Park Bank before it was bought by the Chase. Mr. McHugh was president of the Mechanics and Metals Bank prior to his connection with the Chase. Then there is the $130,000,000 subsidiary known as the Chase Securities Corporation, of which H. G. Freeman is president. And there are vice presidents in the Chase who can trace their ancestry to the presidency of other banks which have been absorbed in the last generation by the merger process.

The Chase has eighty-six vice presidents. This is made necessary by the fact that many departments require an executive officer with such a title. Also there are fifty-seven branches, many of which need a vice president in charge. The time may come when large institutions will decentralize into units, each one of which will have a president. The National City group solved its problem by having Charles E. Mitchell as chairman of the board of all three—The National City Bank, The National City Company and the City Bank Farmers Trust Company—thus giving opportunity for three executives each with the title of president.

Shakspere's query, "What's in a name?" might nowadays be paraphrased to read, "What's in a title?" Business is answering that question succinctly. It is the man behind the title, and not the title, that counts today. The dominating personality, the aggressive and assertive leader, who has the capacity to direct his associates and make vital decisions, will have the last word irrespective of titles.

P. & A. PHOTO.

Albert H. Wiggin

And few men in modern business care to assume too often the responsibility of that final word without the unanimous concurrence of their immediate associates, because, after all, the sovereign body—the stockholders—can remove the entire executive staff at will.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

What to do with relatives in business—probably many a business man is puzzled over this, not alone because of his own immediate family but because of the oncoming sons of business associates. William M. Ritter, chairman of the board of the W. M. Ritter Lumber Company, with headquarters at Columbus, Ohio, and timberlands in a dozen states of the Union, presides over one of the largest hardwood-lumber businesses in the world. His organization is far-flung. His philosophy on relatives in business has always been severe. He has given them a chance, but no more. They must make good or be dropped. If anything, he has been inclined to be more critical of their work than of others. And to department heads he has always suggested that if they wished to bring their sons into the business they could do so only by attaching them to other departments.

If it be inferred from this that Mr. Ritter had a heart of stone, this is the place to recall that a few years ago he made a Christmas gift to one hundred and thirty employes, giving them outright nearly a third of his holdings—worth at that time more than $3,000,000. It was his way of stimulating interest in personal management, which he has always regarded as a paramount factor in net profits. But not long ago he had an experience with management in which his own nephew played a conspicuous part.

For nearly ten years Mr. Ritter had a substantial individual interest in a coal company. He had never been in the coal business. Year after year the business failed to pay any dividends. The owners had not taken a personal interest in the management. He could not persuade them to do so, and decided to buy out the other stockholders and assume full responsibility for the coal company. For three years he struggled with a business entirely new to him. One day his nephew, who had shown himself aggressive in the lumber business, made some casual suggestions on coal production and was asked to put them into effect. The elder Ritter made up his mind that very day to give his nephew a chance to take over the whole property. The coal business was losing $150,000 a year and had been in the red for a long time before. In a couple of years of his operation, E. E. Ritter converted a losing property into a substantial earner, and today, at the age of thirty-seven, he stands out in the coal industry of West Virginia, credited with having accomplished a revolution of methods and an extraordinary increase in efficiency in coal mining. All of which proves, W. M. Ritter will tell you, that because the selfsame relative started at the bottom he knew how to manage when he reached the top—and ability, not nepotism, won the laurels.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Many a business man probably has wished he could control the destinies of the nation in the last few months, so as to accelerate the wheels of industry. If the speed of business recovery could be regulated, who is there who would not claim a place at the throttle?

I was talking the other day with Ferdinand Eberstadt, a young investment banker in New York, who is a director in a number of major industrial interests.

"What would you do," I asked, "if you were given your choice of factors to control the present business situation? Would you stabilize money rates?"

"No," he replied, "if I had my choice I would like to control the thermometer."

"Why the thermometer?" I inquired.

"Because," he said—and it was a raw day in April—"if I could bring spring weather quicker than it is coming, or if I could know just when spring would start in earnest throughout this country, I could tell more about the business outlook than by reading dozens of reports about production and possible demand.

"Why, think of it—if we had warm weather the motor business would pick up quickly. Better weather always brings greater use of motor cars, and this means that the rubber business would feel the effects instantly, and so would steel and nickel and cloth and all the other materials which are dependent nowadays upon the automotive industry. I needn't mention the retail trade or spring buying of shoes and its effect on the leather industry. The weather has become the greatest single factor in consumption of goods, and the study of the weather forecasts from week to week tells the modern business man more than he ever knew about the future. I am not mentioning agriculture, which obviously is dependent upon weather, but we all know that the purchasing power of the farmer depends upon the prices he gets for his crops. And, by the way, the railroads lost not a little during the past winter because of the severe weather. Switches were frozen, hauling became difficult, shipments were delayed—all because of the weather."

Seated in his laboratories in Washington, Dr. Charles F. Marvin, Chief of the Weather Bureau, recognizes that the average man, who thinks about the weather only when he gets up in the morning, or in the immediate twenty-four hours in which he wishes to make a journey or perhaps pursue his favorite recreation, is only an incidental beneficiary of forecasts. Knowing the weather and what the thermometer will do for many days in advance—in fact, knowing the length of the seasons—is something which is challenging the Weather Bureau, and some day the weather map may become as important as the stock-market table as an indicator of future business, particularly in these days when weather data are gathered by telegraph and radio instantly from all parts of the United States.

"We have made remarkable progress in the last thirty or forty years," said Doctor Marvin, "with short-period forecasting. We have reduced to an exact science the forecasting of weather twenty-four to thirty-six hours in advance. Beyond that, however, in the determination of weather for seasons or for years, we have not been able to do very much that is practical. There are, of course, many individuals who claim the ability to do long-range forecasting, but, though much effort is being expended in that direction, no real scientific solution satisfactory to us in the Weather Bureau has been achieved. Many hundreds of millions of dollars could be saved to this country if we could accurately forecast the variation in temperatures for the seasons."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The legends about George F. Baker, ninety-year old chairman of the board of the First National Bank of New York, are numerous, and they seem to increase with his continued reticence. The latest story grows out of the stock-market disturbance last October. Mr. Baker was at home and, so the story goes, was indisposed. Suddenly the break in the market came and he recognized it as a crucial point in his life. He wanted to go to his office. His

(Continued on Page 58)

849

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Heat Resistance—gives ability to last long under high temperatures of modern fast driving. Keeps down oil consumption.

Oily Character—protects precision metal surfaces from friction and wear. Keeps the first-year feel in your engine.

Oxidation Control—keeps valves from sticking and gumming. Keeps your oil system from clogging.

FULL-DUTY LUBRICATION REQUIRES DIFFERENT TYPES OF MOBILOIL

No *one* oil contains the essential properties in the correct proportion for *all* engines. The proportions must vary

A DEFICIENT OIL MAY
—pile up hard carbon deposits on cylinders, pistons and valves. You sacrifice power, and incur the expense of over-frequent carbon removal.
—oxidize. This results in valves gumming and sticking—restraining the action of your engine. Your oil system also is apt to clog up.
—lack sufficient oily character to keep down wear in your engine. Your car grows old before its time, and your engine begins to loosen up.
—lack heat resistance—"use-up" too quickly. With modern fast driving, to be efficient and economical, an oil must *last!*

found . . .

character can come from the same crude

with each type of engine. That's why there are different types of Mobiloil. The difference in these types of Mobiloil is more than a difference in "body," as is the case with most oils. It is a difference in the proportion of the essential properties as well.

Your car of today was designed with greater precision than the cars of yesterday. Finer adjustments call for finer distinctions in lubrication. The Mobiloil technical staff is the most experienced in the lubricating oil world. Its members have thoroughly studied each type of engine and they *know* its lubrication requirements.

When you go to your Mobiloil dealer, ask him for the correct grade of Mobiloil as shown on the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations at the right. With full-duty Mobiloil in your crank case, your engine is safe.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Mobiloil

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

You cannot lubricate your car with crude!

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...	...	...
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" *other models*	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc	...	...	...	...	A	Arc
" Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
" *other models*	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant 614	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...	...	...
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" *other models*	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford Model A	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	...	...
" Model T	...	...	...	...	...	...	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...	...	...
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	bB	Arc
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	...	...
Hudson	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
LaSalle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc	...	...	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
" *other models*	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moon 6-72	...	...	AF	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
" 8-80	...	...	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	...	...
" *other models*	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless 61, 81	...	...	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...
" 60, 69, 80	...	...	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc
" *other models*	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Plymouth	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...	...	...
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...
" President 8	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	...	...
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight	A	Arc	A	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...
" *other models*	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	...	...	...	...

RINGING UP ON ROLAND

I'M BUSY making direct hits at the wastebasket with the morning's direct-mail advertising when in pops Miss Daniels and parks a card on the desk.

The engraving lets me in on this:

H. COURTNEY JONES
DIAMONDS, WATCHES,
PRECIOUS STONES
MUSCATINE, IOWA
(Say it With Flowers,
But Mean it With
Jewelry)

The Zilch Plant Turns Out to be a Weary-Looking Stack of Bricks in a Landscape of Goat Fodder

"Never heard of him," says I. "He's just a Jones to me. What does he look like?"

"Yes and no," shrugs the office ornament. "What does Muscatine, Iowa, look like?"

"Tell the Hawkeye I'm in conference," I orders. "Say it with kindness, but mean it with finality. I'm too ——"

"What do you mean—in conference, you crook?" cuts in a reminiscent roar. "How long do you think I'm going to wait outside to see a low-down, moth-eaten ——"

"As I live and linger!" I exclaims. "Rusty Jones! Where have you been—up at the Big House?"

"Behave, bandit!" he growls, making a lap for himself. "Can't a merchant prince from the Middle West visit this Sodium Gomorrah without being insulted by a broken-down city slicker?"

"Merchant prince, eh?" I remarks, giving Rusty the north and south. "What is this jewelry gag of yours—a front for a beer-running racket?"

"The type may not be familiar to you, swindler," says he, "but in me you behold an honest business man ——"

"That's too bad," I interrupts sympathetically. "How'd you let yourself get into that kind of a jam?"

"Five years ago," explains Jones, "my sister's husband bounced off, leaving her a widow and a jewelry store. I've been running the layout for the old girl ever since."

"So that's where you disappeared to," says I. "Are you telling me you've been out in the sow-and-sorghum belt all this time peddling rocks and rheumatism rings to the silo stuffers?"

"Yep," replies Rusty, "and even winding their watches for 'em. Kind of surprised?"

"Kinda, sorta," I admits. "It's some jump from Broadway and the brights to Iowa and nine o'clock nights. You can't like it."

"Perhaps I can't," says the old side-kicker, "but I do. The business is profitable and the folks out there friendly. You don't know what a relief it is to be invited to places instead of being subpœnaed. We have our pleasures too. Greta Garbo comes to Muscatine with the same leading man you get here."

"Probably," I concedes, "but she doesn't stay as long. I suppose you're a big shot with Rotary."

"No," says he, "but I'm quite a roar with the Lions. . . . How about yourself? Still promoting?"

"As ever," I assures him. "You know me, boy. Always making grass grow on tin roofs. Like to see the prospectus of my latest ——"

"Mail it to me at Olathe, Kansas," he suggests. "I'm not known there. Suppose," he goes on, his face becoming serious, "you bundle up that hay-wire now and tune your ears in on me. I want to talk sense to you."

"Shoot," I invites. "I'm overloaded, at present, with sense, common, but I might be able to take on a block of the preferred."

"All right," grunts Rusty impatiently. "Wrap your listeners around this. When Joe Thatcher—that's my sister's late—rolled his hoop hence, he left behind him a son, a broth of a bust called Roland. I brought him to Broadway with me."

"Where is he?" I inquires. "Riding down the hardened artery with the mayor in a shower of ticker tape?"

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"No," says Jones, "but it's merely a matter of weeks. This morning he's probably at the Aquarium correcting the swimming technic of the fish, or at the Statue of Liberty showing the old gal how to enlighten the world. Perhaps you now know Roland."

"Yep," I agrees, "I now know Roland. How old's the laddie?"

"Twenty-five," returns Rusty, "and, in my mature opinion, at least that many laps behind his brains and losing ground all the time. He's figuring on pitching his tent in this settlement."

"He should do well here," I predicts. "They need birds like him down in Wall Street to write market letters."

"I don't know," continues Jonesy, "just what the sap of the family tree expects to do in this deadfall, but I'm under the impression that his program calls for becoming a man about town, a prominent figure in finance and a name to conjure with generally, in three easy lessons."

"An ambition," I observes, "not entirely unheard of at this fork of the creek, but has he the necessary green tickets?"

"Stacks of 'em," returned Rusty. "Two hundred and fifty grand that's never been spent and itching for action."

"Well, well, well," says I genially. "I'm glad you brought that up. I have just the thing for him. A small, conservative group with which I'm associated requires capital to exploit an invention."

"Lay off, crook!" yelps Jones. "Roland may be a rimless zero and a pain in the neck to me, but he's my sister's son ——"

"To be sure," I cuts in, "but wouldn't you rather have a pal apply the old farm relief than a glib who's a perfect stranger? My extraction work, you may recall, is painless. I always leave 'em smiling when the bank roll says bye-bye. I'll see that the kid has mad money left to get home with ——"

"Gosh," growls Rusty, "have even the sharpshooters in this burg been wired for sound? It may interest you to know that nobody's going to take young Thatcher."

"Why not?" I asks. "You planning to stick here and wet-nurse him?"

"I'm not," he comes back. "You are."

"Me!" I exclaims.

"You heard me," says Jones. "I'm hopping for home tonight, and I expect you to look after Roland and see that he gets at least twenty dimes for each of his dollars."

"That's nice of you," I remarks, "but just why am I picked to play paper weight to the punk?"

"Because," he returns, "you're such a grifter yourself you're bound to tumble to the grift in any deal the kid cuts in on. Besides, you'd never double-cross me or mine."

"No," says I, "I guess I wouldn't; but is Roland the sort who'd take advice?"

"Not if he knew it was advice," declares Rusty, "but I've painted such a picture of you, he's practically certain to sit in your lap and call you papa."

"How," I inquires suspiciously, "do I look in this daub of yours?"

"Like a cross between Diamond Jim Brady and the National City Bank," says he. "You gave every actress in town her start, no security is negotiable without you, and your name's the open Siamese to every door in New York."

"Quite a lifelike portrait," I agrees, "but what is this 'open Siamese' gazipe?"

"You must've heard the expression," comes back Jones. "It's from a fairy tale where Sinbad the Sailor or Goldilocks knocks on the cave and says: 'Open Siamese.' It means ——"

"Oh, of course," I interrupts. "Now that you mention it. . . . Tell me, what's Roland's line? What'd he do in Muscatine?"

"Nothing," replies Rusty, "in a big way. He was just a young blood around the burg. It was only a couple of weeks ago that he got his dough. Thatcher thought he'd reach the age of discretion at twenty-five. Thatcher has several more guesses coming to him, if they let you guess where he is."

"I think," says I, "you better let me put his jack into that invention."

"No," comes back Jones.

"That does complicate the plan a bit," I admits. "When am I likely to see this corn-fed come-on?"

"Roland'll drift in during the week."

"Yeh," says I. "Probably with a bill of sale for the Sub-Treasury in one hand and a first mortgage on Grant's Tomb in the other."

"If he does," grunts Rusty, "it's up to you to see that he unloads at a profit. That should

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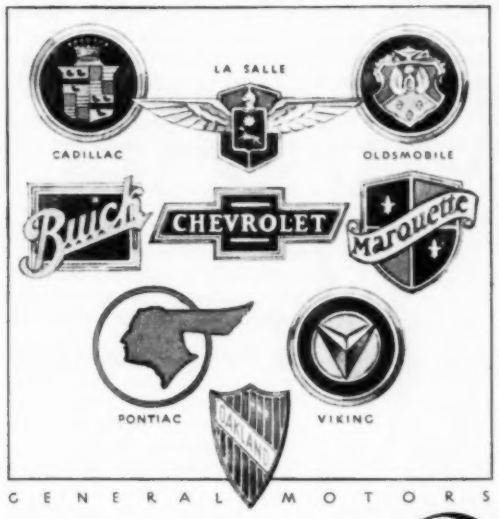
"Of Course You Know This Pile of Junk Has Been Condemned by the Building Department and We've Got to be Out in a Week"

LOOK TO THE BODY!



QUALITY that you can see and appraise for yourself prevails throughout Body by Fisher. It is evident in the staunchly durable construction of wood and steel, in the luxurious depth and weave of the costlier upholstery, in the advanced and graceful design that keeps its style from year to year. Because this visible quality is a fact, a Fisher Body car always *is* the extra value that it *looks*. That extra value is offered you, in every price field today, in the cars that bear the emblem, "Body by Fisher." General Motors cars, whose emblems also are shown here, are the *only* cars equipped with Body by Fisher.

BODY by FISHER

(Continued from Page 48)

be easy enough with the town full of native New Yorkers. . . . How about putting on the nose bag with me this evening?"

"Sure," says I.

"Oke," says he. "I'll call up and reserve a couple of trays at the automat." Rusty fixes a time and place for the get-together and beats it.

"Well," I remarks to Miss Daniels, who's been getting a pink earful, "I seem to have been let in for something."

"Something's right," she returns, "but a boy of twenty-five with two hundred and fifty thousand is a nice something for somebody."

"Go to it, girlie," says I, touring her slim figure and pretty face with a benevolent eye. "Roland could go farther and do worse."

"He could," agrees Miss Daniels, "and probably will."

II

TWO days later I wanders into the office for no reason at all, to find a pair of mauve spats dangling from my desk. In 'em's a slim, blond lad, splitting infinitives with my secretary. I'm suddenly too briskly businesslike even to notice him.

"Did the Exchange phone about the rate?" I snaps at Miss Daniels.

"Yes," she returns, without batting a lid. "I told them it would be 5 per cent. That correct?"

"For the present," says I, "but not for long now. I'm getting a bit worried about the gold exports and the falling off in car loadings. The unfilled steel orders are not what they might be, either. I just came from J. P. and he believes ——"

"This is Mr. Roland Thatcher," interrupts the secretary. "He's the young man ——"

"Ah, yes," I exclaims. "Nephew of my old friend, Courtney Jones. Pleasure to see you. Sit down. I'm never too busy to chat with a —— By the way, Miss Daniels, give Ziggy a buzz and tell him Daisy Delorme stars or the show's off. You might also reserve the Purple Room at the St. Moe for this evening. Sixty covers and the usual emerald trinkets for favors. . . . Well, Thatcher, how do you like our incorporated village?"

"It's quite a place," returns Roland, who's been absorbing my hoop-la in wide-eyed wonder.

"In Chemung County Alone Last Year Eighty-Five Hundred and Sixty-Three Children Gave Up Their Belief in Santa Claus Because Their Fathers Wouldn't be Bothered With Six. Take My Tip, Boy, and Keep Out of the Market"

"Quite's it, exactly," says I. "Never have I heard New York so aptly described in a word. But don't let the town nonplus you. All it asks is a break. Give the burg a break and it'll eat out of your hands."

"It's already doing that," declares the present owner of the Thatcher thousands. "I never saw such an easy city to get around. You can lose your way much easier in Muscatine."

"That," I hazards, "may be due to the fact that one wants to get lost in his home town. . . . Tell me, Roland, is there anything I can do for you? How about a bit of ready cash or ——"

"I don't need any cash," says Roland, "but I wonder if you could get me a good seat on the Exchange?"

"I might," I comes back, "but you know how it is—all the good locations are in the hands of the speculators. Would one on the aisle about twelve rows back be all right?"

"I guess so," he replies doubtfully.

"I'll see what I can do for you," I promises. "You figuring on taking The Wailing Wall for a ride?"

"Why, yes," answers Thatcher. "A feller with brains ought to do well in the market, oughtn't he?"

"He'd be a novel sight, at any rate," says I, "but his doing well or not would depend largely on whether he could replace the money before the bank examiner showed up and what floor of the hotel his room was on. Better stay out of The Street, boy. It's a tricky game."

"What's tricky," he demands, "about buying things when they're going up and selling 'em when they're going down? Anyway, I can't go wrong on my deal. I got a tip."

"Did you ever hear anything like that, Miss Daniels!" I gasps. "He's got a tip!"

"That's wonderful," says she. "You're certainly a lucky lad. I know lots of folks who've lived here for years without getting a tip on anything except their asparagus. Don't tell me it's an inside tip!"

"Yes, it is," asserts Roland stoutly.

"Well, well, well," says I. "This is perfectly astounding. In the metropolis less than a week and already the custodian of a tip. Is the tip, by any chance, from Morgan or Charley Mitchell?"

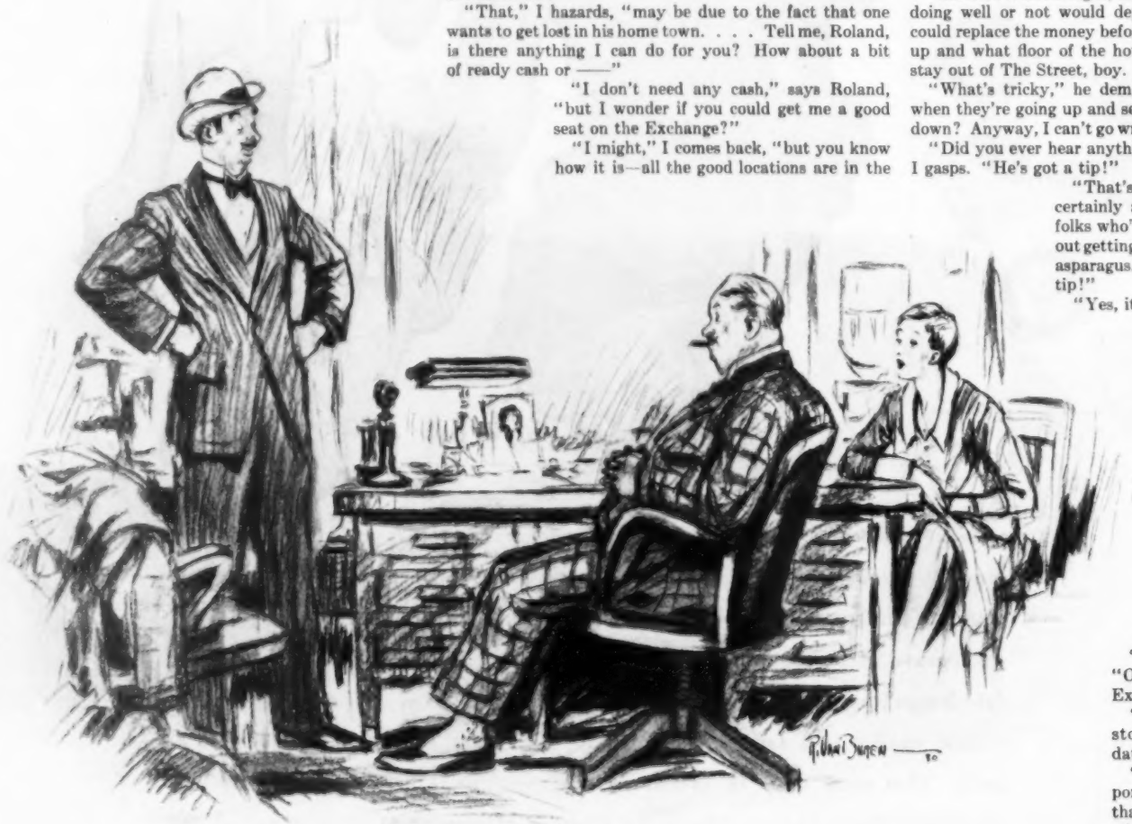
"No," he returns. "It's from a feller who's stopping where I am. And believe me, he knows what he's talking about. Nothing gets by him. He's one of the doorkeepers at the Exchange."

"Fancy that!" I murmurs. "One of the doorkeepers at the Exchange."

"Have you ever heard of a stock called Zilch Consolidated?" asks young Thatcher.

"As who on the poorhouse porch has not?" says I. "Is that the polecat you plan to play with? Zilch Con. hasn't earned enough in the last five years to

(Continued on Page 60)



"Not if He Knew it Was Advice," Declares Rusty, "But I've Painted Such a Picture of You, He's Practically Certain to Sit in Your Lap and Call You Papa"

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

Graham Standard Six Town Sedan. Four wide doors. Beautiful body design, upholstery and finish. Sixty-six h.p. engine; 7-bearing crankshaft; 115-inch wheelbase; full five-passenger capacity. Price at factory $845

The contrast at this *attractive price* is all in *favor* of GRAHAM

QUALITY IS THE BEST POLICY

EMPHATIC testimony that cars in massed production *can* rise above the commonplace in quality and still be held down in price is given by the Graham four-door Town Sedan and its companion Coupe at their factory list price of $845.

Buyers today are shrewdly evaluating cars by hidden as well as obvious quality, by size, and by efficiency of performance in relation to price—and by the reputation of the manufacturer.

If you will study cars on that basis, the contrast in favor of the Graham will speak for itself unmistakably.

The contrast favoring Graham begins with its six-cylinder engine. It is a six with 66 horsepower. It is a six with cylinders 3⅛ x 4½ and 207 cubic inches displacement. It has not merely a seven-bearing crankshaft, but a husky seven-bearing crankshaft, with 81.4 square inches of main-bearing area, and full pressure engine lubrication—ample insurance against ever replacing main bearings.

Here you have four wide doors, because the wheelbase is unusually long—115 inches—and the added comfort and riding ease of that wheelbase. In the Graham-built body is patterned broadcloth upholstery. It has complete safety equipment of shatter-proof safety *plate* glass at the lowest cost ever placed upon such equipment in any car.

Add to these outstanding features the hydraulic internal brakes, with big 12-inch drums, and a separate emergency braking system, with many engineering superiorities uncommon at the price, and you have an accurate high-spot picture of the Grahams' ideals of quality and value.

The price of these Graham cars is one of their great attractions; but the greatest attraction of all is that they are built—and that you can see and prove that they are built—on the Grahams' life-long conviction that quality is the best policy—for the owner as well as the manufacturer.

Graham Standard Six, Four-door Town Sedan, $845; Universal Six-window Sedan, $895
Standard and Special Sixes, $845 up. Standard and Special Eights, $1445 up. Prices at factory
Special Sixes and Special Eights equipped with Graham time-proved four-speed transmission

GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Graham cars will give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields. The more you study that one factor of protection for yourself and your family from an all too frequent and dreadful danger, the more surely it will lead you to the conclusion that it renders all the other attractions of Graham cars irresistible

THE THRILL OF THRIFTINESS

THE MARK OF QUALITY

BE SURE, when you buy lamps, to consider the importance of quality. Edison MAZDA* Lamps bring to you the advantages of every improvement that has been made in electric lamps since the beginning of their production fifty years ago.

In buying these high-quality lamps you are entitled to the thrill that comes with the practice of genuine thrift, because they give you the *full value of the current consumed.*

Light is one of the most important among your needs, and one of the least expensive. Use enough lamps to provide the good light that saves your eyes and adds to your comfort.

It is thrifty to look for the mark MAZDA upon the lamps you buy. Lamps bearing this mark have the quality that is an assurance of your money's worth.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

A WOMAN WITH $20,000

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. SANDS BRUNNER

A WOMAN WITH TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS wishes to invest her money in an established money-making project. Would consider some manufacturing plant or other legitimate business, or an investment where additional funds could be used for expansion. Give details in your reply to Box R* 13256.

THIS is the advertisement I put in the paper. It was as much a surprise to me that I should advertise as it could have been to anybody who knew me. The results were even more surprising. One day a check for twenty thousand dollars lay on top of my breakfast newspaper. It was a day following the late market panic, when the whole world was loss-conscious. The best investments in the world were looking seedy.

Everybody knows at least one woman who has tried to invest her money and has lost all of it. I knew of one semi-invalid, an unmarried woman of fifty, whose father left her twelve hundred dollars a year in good, solid 4½ per cents, but who was persuaded by a suave salesman to reinvest her money in a soap that was to be sold to every hotel in America. She is now living in the home of a second cousin who begrudges her maintenance. I know a widow with three children—but we all know them. The literature of every trust fund is full of these harrowing details.

If I have money to invest, it must be allied to ideas to make more money. But I had to know the value of the ideas, and this required experience. In search of ideas and of experience, there was nothing for me but to experiment with ideas and get experience, and not to lose my money if I could help it.

I turned the pages of the newspaper I had been reading when the morning mail brought the check. I could begin by making the experiment of considering other people's ideas. On a page labeled BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES there were seven columns of business opportunities. There were two more columns of INVESTMENTS. I counted the advertisements in one column of opportunities. There were sixty. Seven times sixty made four hundred and twenty places where you could sell your money, in one issue of one newspaper in just one city. In the other two columns one hundred investments of money were offered. And there were countless cities in the United States, all with newspapers in them. There ought not to be any difficulty in selling money, unless these advertisements proved to be places where you gave your money away, and did not sell it.

Together We Ran Over the Pile of Letters That Seemed to be From Small Business Men Who Needed Money. "These are the Pathetic Ones," I Said

What Happened When I Advertised

LITTLE business, big business—both needing more money; both promising big returns for the money. I scanned their advertisements for ideas.

DEPARTMENT STORE. For sale for $18,000; clear $7000 a year.

DAIRY. 9 acres, 60 cows, retail routes. For sale under cost. Net profit: $500 a month.

PARTNER WANTED, willing to invest money in chain stores nicely established. Experience unnecessary. Enormous profits.

PARTNER. I control national manufacturing and distributing rights on mechanical device of proved merit. Thousands now in use. Want partner with $10,000 to help organize and finance.

MANUFACTURER of hand-wrought iron works, employing number of men, requires $12,000. Fully equipped; good machinery; always made good income.

GAS STATION. One of the very best offerings, actually worth $10,000 because of its superb location. A positive sacrifice at $4000.

There seemed to be something the matter with all these advertisements of business opportunities. They made so much money and yet were so eager to sell. Here was a man advertising that he had a number of clients seeking businesses of all kinds in which to invest their money. This man had hotel and apartment-house leases to dispose of, and he could be helpful to industrial and commercial enterprises, and offered especial opportunities for those who had capital to invest. And here was another man who sold your business and secured you a partner in a new business if you did not happen to like what you had. He did it in five days, as there were many buyers with extra money and leisure who wanted something to do. He said so.

I looked over the two columns labeled INVESTMENTS. Steel and City Service. Oil and Electric Light. Copper Mines and Real Estate. I thought of the men I knew who were stockholders in big concerns. They might talk about the stock market, but they did not often talk about their own particular businesses, and they were not advertising here. Yet at some time their big concerns must have been little ones, and they must have needed more money to finance their ideas. But in all these four hundred advertisements there was not an idea that appealed to me.

It was at this point that I telephoned my own advertisement to the paper that had four hundred business opportunities advertised in it every day.

A WOMAN WITH TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS wishes to invest her money in an established money-making project. Would consider some manufacturing plant or other legitimate business, or an investment where additional funds could be used for expansion. Give details in your reply to Box R * 13256.

This advertisement appeared in the Sunday-morning paper, and at 11:30 Monday morning there were ninety-four letters in the box the newspaper put aside for me. I could not have believed it if I had not really confronted it. The very burden of reading so many letters was considerable.

At least half of these letters had been delivered in person. I supposed that this was to avoid the expense of the two-cent stamp or the delay mailing the letter would have caused. I supposed forty of these people wanted to get to that box ahead of the other forty. It did not occur to me, until later, that many of these deliveries in person were made to avoid the chance of arrest for fraudulent use of the mails.

As I read the letters I found myself unconsciously putting them into separate piles. They were capable of classification. There were the letters that courted investigation and offered proof of their integrity. There were the letters of small business men and women on the edge of failure who took almost any chance to get a little more money. They did not know they were confessing failure. On the contrary, each one of them spoke glowingly of the success of his undertaking. Those letters were surprisingly pathetic and surprisingly like one another.

Letters of All Kinds

I HAD not read ten of them before I began to think that if I had a great deal of money "to give to the poor," I should like to dispose of it this way. I should like to give a thousand dollars here and two or three thousand dollars there, to help these small business ventures that had a chance to grow into success if tided over their first difficulties. The trouble would be, of course, that the same causes of failure that made these men need money so desperately at this point of their venture would probably persist at later points. Either the men were not qualified for the undertaking, or the venture itself bore the seeds of failure. But I thought it would be pleasant, and I still think so, to weed out these cases and help the others to a chance of success. They would probably become successful in time without help, but this would shorten the time and bring the success before old age robbed it of its joy. But later on, when I put a specialist on these business ventures, I found flaws in all but five of them.

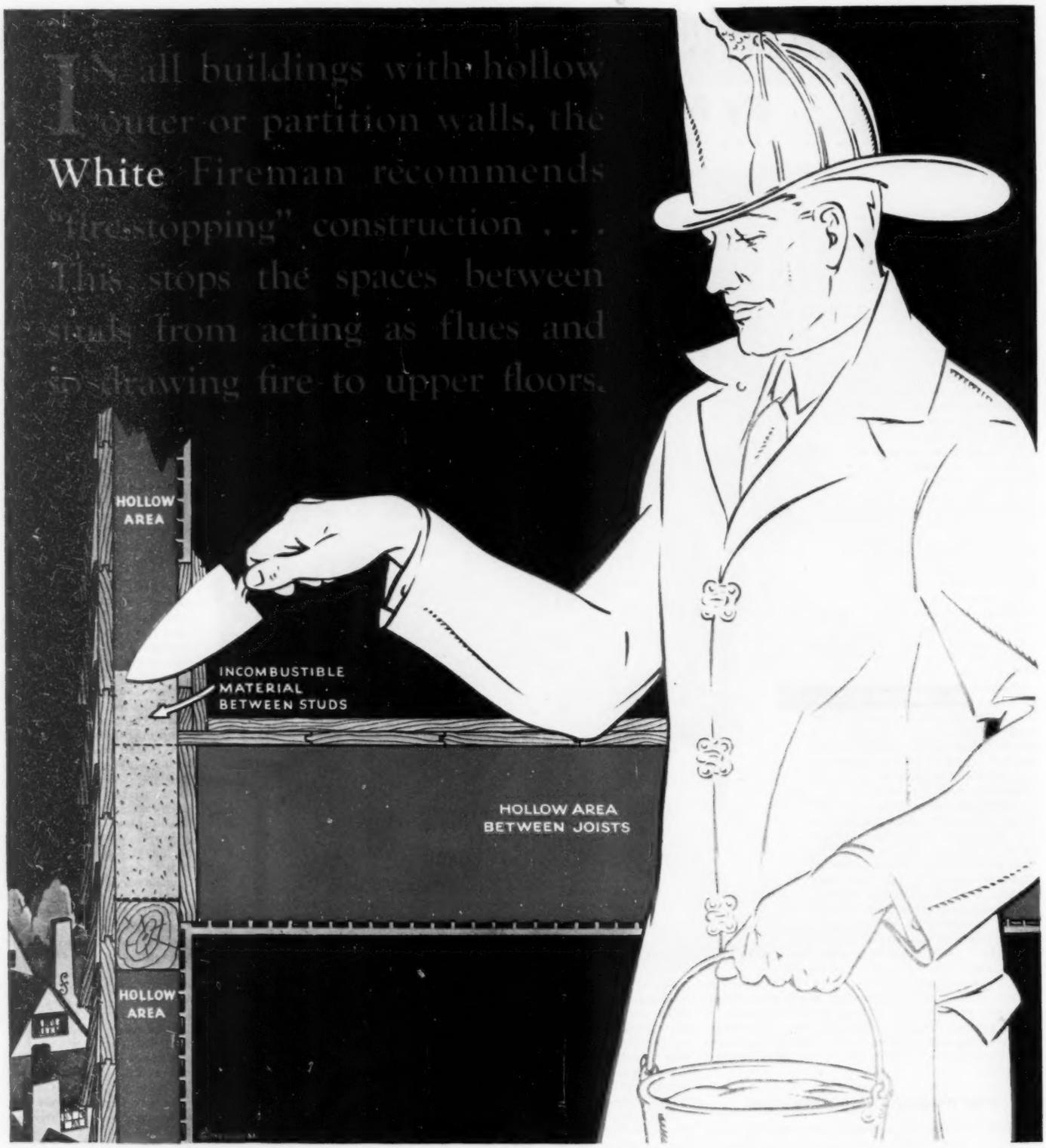
I found out that there were a number of these business men who had passed the first few rungs of the ladder and who could have climbed higher had they not been held back by something outside of themselves—by their families and their children, by dependents of one kind or another—hostages to fortune that kept them from daring. Had they been untrammeled they would have been less afraid.

There were the mysterious letters. These invariably had enormous returns close at hand that could not be revealed save in a personal interview. The writer did not like to put it on paper and asked for an immediate interview, giving his telephone number. There was always haste. And these were always the best chances, in the opinion of the writers, that I could possibly get. Some were my one chance in a lifetime. All the letters, however, asked for a personal interview, whether they were mysterious or frank.

There were the letters that frankly courted an adventure. They usually inclosed photographs, and were from men who wished companionship as well as a business venture on somebody else's money.

Out of the ninety-four letters there were eight proposals of marriage. These proposals described the men; some of them with becoming modesty, some of them with considerable vanity. They invariably spoke of loneliness, both

(Continued on Page 55)


In all buildings with hollow outer or partition walls, the White Fireman recommends "fire-stopping" construction . . . This stops the spaces between studs from acting as flues and so drawing fire to upper floors.
HOLLOW AREA
INCOMBUSTIBLE MATERIAL BETWEEN STUDS
HOLLOW AREA BETWEEN JOISTS
HOLLOW AREA

THE WHITE FIREMAN is used in this advertising to symbolize loss-prevention engineering service—a nation-wide service, supported by insurance companies, having for its purpose the reduction of loss-hazards. Its work comprises consultation on proposed structures, inspection of property, testing of materials and equipment, and many other kinds of technical assistance. This service may be secured through responsible insurance agents or brokers. Ask your North America Agent.

North America Agents are listed in Bell Classified Telephone Directories under the heading "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA"

The

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 53)

their own and the loneliness of a woman who didn't know what to do with twenty thousand dollars. They assumed that such a woman must be either unmarried or a widow, and without any male relations.

There were the letters that I classified as real-estate letters. They offered apartment houses without ever mentioning whether there were mortgages or not. They offered lots, invariably without encumbrance—lots that a little improvement would triple in value. They presented tracts of land that needed only twenty thousand dollars to make them into marvelous subdivisions on which a hundred thousand dollars could be realized in six months. There was one letter, in a big fat envelope, that inclosed a carefully worked out list of "increase in assessed valuation" of a hundred corner lots. This was supposed to be proof that if you invested in corner lots under the direction of this company, you could double your money in the shortest known time.

There was a small pile of extremely well-written letters on good writing paper, with letterheads that looked as if they belonged to bona fide and well-established firms. These letters invited investigation and offered only fair returns for the money.

In the whole ninety-four letters there was only one witty one—a debonair dash into adventure by a man who announced himself as impecunious and wondered what twenty thousand dollars would do to a human being who hadn't had enough to eat for a year.

There were only four letters that carefully and frankly stated the reasons that made the writers attempt to get money in this way instead of borrowing it in the usual business way. The largest pile of letters was the one in which it was quite obvious that the writers did not care how they got the twenty thousand, just so that they did get it. Nor did they care whether it was the last twenty thousand that the woman who had advertised had. She was just naturally on the sucker list. Somebody was bound to part her from her money, and it might as well be they. Most of them promised to do it painlessly, though that, of course, was not what they thought they were writing in their letters.

Beware the Well-Dressed Man!

To offset this there were a few letters from women and two from men that advised the woman with twenty thousand dollars against the crooks she would stir up by the admission of having that much money and not knowing what to do with it. One of these men advised the woman to go home and get the best lawyer she could find in her own home town to tell her what to do with her money. At that, I thought, it was good advice. The other man announced himself as a butler who hadn't any money himself, but who daily waited on the table where men talked continually of money and investments. The butler knew it was a crooked game and he took the liberty to warn any woman with money. The better dressed the man was, the more he was likely to fleece you out of your money, from the butler's experience. He was not naming any names, but the men he served got a good deal of money from people who should have had more sense, and these men took the greatest pains with their suits and their overcoats.

The women who wrote warning letters were more than interesting. They had been cheated out of their own money. They could not bear to see a strange woman lose hers. But four of them gave their telephone numbers and apparently had something to offer, and I could not help but wonder if they were not anxious for me not to be fleeced before they got to me. They warned me against every kind of man or woman who would want to help me invest my money. By this time I did not need so much warning as I might have needed before I began to read their letters.

While I was considering this my telephone rang. "Is this the woman with twenty thousand dollars who advertised in this morning's paper?" said a woman's voice.

I thought I had carefully protected myself from discovery. I had intended to accord personal interviews to any of my correspondents who offered me any chance of learning about money values. But I had not given my telephone number; and my address had been given only to the man at the newspaper office who took the advertisement over the telephone. I had to give him the address in order for him to send me a bill, but he had assured me it would not be revealed.

The Bunko Steerer's Nemesis

Therefore I replied: "What makes you think I might be the woman?"

"This is the woman detective of the bunko squad of the police of this city. I should like to talk to you about your advertisement. The newspaper has furnished me with your address. It has to do that. Will you be at home during the next hour?"

"Why do you want to see me about this advertisement?" I replied.

"It is part of my work on the bunko squad to protect the women of this city from bunko advertisements. From my brief investigation I conclude you are not trying to bunko. That does not release me, however, from seeing, if I can, that you are not bunkoed."

"I shall be glad to see you. Will you come right out?" I asked.

A bunko squad, organized by the chief of police to protect citizens from being bunkoed! A woman detective to protect its women! This was a real result from my advertising. What this woman must have learned by actual experience! If anybody left her his insurance, she would not be bunkoed out of it. If she had twenty thousand dollars, she might not know just offhand how to sell it, but she would certainly know how to keep it from being taken away from her. And if she could learn so much, why couldn't any woman? Or, what was more to my purpose, why couldn't I learn?

She drove her own car, with no police sign on it—not a conspicuous car, but a small dark one. She brought me credentials. "But I notice," she said, "you did not ask for my credentials."

"I didn't want to hurt your feelings when you were good enough to come all the way out here in my behalf."

She sighed. "It is the trouble with so many women. They sometimes do not even ask for references for the maids they take into their houses, because they do not like to hurt their feelings by doubting them. And when it comes to some slick promoter—it's a shame. No honest person has his feelings hurt by such an inquiry; just dishonest people."

"How could you have found out my name and address if you had not been the person you said you were?" I asked.

"I might be smart enough to present myself to the newspaper office as a policewoman and get your name and address. The man in the office has more to do than he can get done without being in a hurry. He might have accepted a hurried proof that I was a policewoman. And then I might have told you I was going to protect you, and gone right after your money."

"It sounds like a detective story; but it makes me uncomfortable about my own good sense."

"It's experience as well as sense. It isn't being suspicious-minded; it's merely requiring proof from strange people of their honesty, especially when they want something from you; even if it's only information that they want. Unless a servant has been trained, almost anybody who calls by telephone can get information from the servant. And it's a funny thing how people will answer questions."

"Will you permit me to attend to this error of mine?"

I did not even have to open the telephone book to get the number of police headquarters. It was right on the front of the book, and I called it. Up to that moment I had not known there was a bunko squad, but now that I did know, I called for its head and gave my name and address. Then I asked if they had a woman detective and what her name was.

"Will you be good enough to describe her to me?" I asked. "She is, I think, sitting in my drawing-room, but I wish to corroborate her statements."

Nobody in police headquarters had his feelings hurt by this.

"Certainly, madam," the officer at the other end of the telephone answered. "She is five feet three inches tall; she is quite slim and youthful-looking, with light brown hair worn bobbed. Under her blouse she wears the kind of police pin that I will describe to you."

The detective grinned at me when I returned to her. "Now," she said, "tell me why you put such an advertisement in the paper. Didn't you know you would stir up a mess of crooks?"

"But I haven't. I have merely got a lot of people who seem desperate for a little money. A good many of them don't want the whole of my twenty thousand dollars. They are sandwich men and grocery men and beauty-parlor women and real-estate men."

"You have only just begun. Tomorrow there will be another batch of letters—the letters of the men who have had time to plan out their attack. By tomorrow you will have the sharks who will tell you that for twenty thousand dollars they will make you a star, and the managers who will make you an actress, and lawyers and brokers who have a command of language. Where is your twenty thousand—not in cash in the house, I hope?"

"Undeposited. I couldn't even draw on it yet."

"But you could indorse it. Have you granted any interviews?"

"Not a one. I didn't even go myself for my letters; I didn't know who might be watching. But I intend to grant some interviews."

Reel Plots in Real Life

"Well, in that case perhaps you will let me go over the letters of the men and women you intend to see. There are two reasons for my asking this: One is to protect you, should you need it—which you may not—and the other is on my own account. It is my job to go over the advertisements each day and investigate those that seem phony. The same advertisements appear in different guises. It's a great help to me if I can get the addresses of these men and women who want to get money for nothing. Then, when some woman comes along who has been fleeced out of her money, if she's able to give any kind of description, we can frequently round up the men before the money is spent. If we want to get the money back, we have to be speedy."

"I should be delighted to have you go over the letters with me," I said. Then I ventured: "You certainly don't look like either a detective or a policewoman."

"I have found that my slender build as well as my youthful appearance has carried me through many cases where, had I been older and of a different type, I could not possibly have succeeded. Our police force has several kinds and types of detectives. For example, I frequently have to answer the advertisements that men put in the paper, as if I were a woman wanting the kind of job they advertise. I answered one yesterday—a man who advertised for women to go on the stage. He had an ordinary office, but his first questions were phony. He wanted to know whether I had any relatives and whether I was willing to leave the city. I said I had no relatives at all and I didn't mind where I went if I got enough money. He arranged finally for me to come around about nine in the evening and meet his manager. I went into the office at nine, with two policemen out in the hall who were to come in the moment I knocked

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MODERN FIVE CENT MIRACLES

Right alongside of The Saturday Evening Post . . . ROCKY FORD stands out as one of the five cent marvels of America. A five cent cigar . . . with a ten cent taste and a ten cent character.

Made entirely of the finest domestic long-filler with a selected Sumatra wrapper. As free of "scrap" as a 25¢ Havana. A full hour, net, of 10¢ cigar enjoyment . . . for five cents.

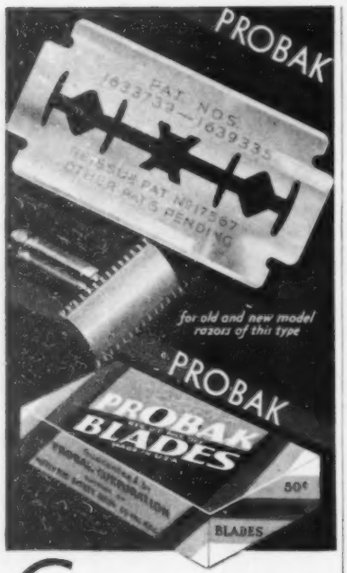
What greater 5¢ value has this Efficiency Age produced?

. . .

ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout.

When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough

ROCKY FORD 5¢
the better cigar



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PROVE by actual test that the guaranteed Probak blade makes your double-edge safety—old or new type—a vastly better razor. Buy a package today—before using all of your present blades—and see by comparison which is the best. Get quicker, cooler, more comfortable shaves—or your money back. If Probak isn't a better blade—return the package and your dealer will refund your full purchase price. Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel gives this super-keen blade the straight-edge principle. It glides through your beard and across your face without the least drag, pull or vibration. Probak quality is uniform. There's not a sour blade in a million. Ask for the striking, modern red, blue and green package—make the test. Buy Probak—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.

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PROBAK CORPORATION, Dept. P-95
Send me a special trial package of Probak blades for which I enclose 25c (in coin or stamps).

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City_____ State_____
Dealer's Name_____

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PROBAK BLADES

something over, or to come in anyhow after a certain time. At 9:15 this man and his manager were arrested. It was a scheme involving a gambling place in Mexico."

"This sounds like a motion picture," I said doubtfully. "Do you mean there are many advertisements like this—enough to keep you busy?"

"You have no idea how many bunko advertisements there are. We have organized a better-advertisement detail here in this city. There is a lot of similarity in fraudulent advertisements. They usually offer something for nothing. You have to train people to know that they can't get anything for nothing, no matter how honest the offer sounds. But my work of investigating the advertisements of men who wish to employ girls includes getting the men if I can. Such a man frequently answers an advertisement of a girl who wants a job and tells her that he has one for her. Should she accept his invitation to come to his office at an appointed time, she would find that he wanted either such little money as she had, or would find herself in an embarrassing situation. If she were a sensible girl she would report this to the police, for the protection of some other girl. But these men usually count on the girl's not doing that. It is a very easy thing to report such a matter to the police. In all cities the police department makes it easy, but women don't know this. So that is where I come in. When I find an advertisement that doesn't look quite right to me, I go to the place apparently seeking employment. Frequently it is an advertisement that calls for a companion or offers large wages for secretaries or stenographers. I have had any number of such men and women arrested."

"Will you tell me," I asked my visitor as I sorted out the letters I wanted her to look at, "why women with a little money fall for this kind of thing?"

"They are lonely. Usually they have passed the freshness of youth before they inherit money or before they have saved it. They find themselves approaching middle age without having had much attention. People they know have their own lives and are not personally interested in them. Widows who have had the attention of their husbands often find themselves left out of things because there aren't enough men to go around and they can't bring men with them to parties. Along comes a man who takes them to dinner and talks flatteringly to them. If he's a smooth crook he usually offers a new interest in life as well as something to buy that will double her income. He makes her feel she is about to become a woman of affairs under his guidance. A man may leave his wife money all tied up in a trust fund, but he cannot guarantee her not being lonely and feeling useless. And therefore he can't protect her against this kind of crook, who will at least get her income. One of the best gags is to offer her an investment that will occupy her in some way. Lonely women of fifty are afraid that they are no longer useful."

25 Per Cent, But Keep it Quiet

I put a pile of letters on the table before her. One of them was written by a man with a date farm, and another had a saw mill; there was one who wished to get rid of an apartment house, and another with a subdivision; and one with a new kind of cooking utensil. There was one from a woman who merely asked for money because she was in great need. The detective read this over carefully.

"Perhaps you would like to answer this one," she said. "You might like to help her."

"How do you know so quickly that it is real?" I asked.

"It's experience. It's a kind of sixth sense, just as you probably know when a book is sincerely written. You may not even know why you know it, or why you know when a man is speaking the truth. Sometimes hearing a good many people tell a good many lies helps you to know the truth when you hear it.

"Now, this letter is a fake; it has all the signs known to the police. It is without a stamp. It asks for an interview; it promises 28 per cent on your money; it wants it kept quiet. . . . This one is a social hall for refined ladies and gentlemen—bridge and dancing. It may be all right, but you would have had to have some experience with these social halls before you would know. . . . Here is a pippin! He needs money to advertise in all the papers of all the big cities for people owning worthless oil and mining stock; he will save their investments. He gets money from these people for doing this, of course. If you will give him the money to advertise, he will give you a share of the profits. But you notice he wants to know your age and if you have business experience."

A Chance to be a Bootlegger

"This one calls himself a ten-thousand-dollar salesman. But the trouble is if he were that he wouldn't be writing to ask you for money to buy large and impressive offices. He says he can sell stock to the most skeptical person. He can double your twenty thousand dollars, you'll notice, in three months. Here's a man who says he has mahogany in South America close to the Pacific. You see he has not sent his letter by mail."

"What are you going to do with these men whose addresses you take?" I asked.

"We can't do a thing unless we actually catch them defrauding people. But if some woman comes to us who has lost all her money, her largest need is to get some of it back at once. Perhaps she will need just the address you have furnished, and if we act quickly enough we can recover it. Look at this man. He has a business to sell that brings him five thousand dollars a month. Any child would ask why he wanted to sell it."

She examined this letter carefully. "Do you know," she said, "I believe this is the same man who had a ten-thousand-dollar business that brought him in five hundred dollars a month? I telephoned him this morning and he wouldn't say what his business was until he saw me. He invited me to a beach club. He said his business had something to do with the beach clubs that were failing; he knew how to make them succeed. Last year a man sold the property the new city hall was to be built on to a lot of school-teachers. They gave him three hundred dollars each for options on the lot. And all the while the city hall was to be built upon a park owned by the city."

"Why that's the same line," I said, "as selling the Suspension Bridge, isn't it?"

"A little smarter, for the man tells you in confidence that he is connected with the city council and that he knows ahead of time that the city is going to buy this lot. . . . This letter is bootlegging. You see he asks you if you would be interested in a business over the border. You will be secured by a mortgage on a five-thousand-dollar boat and have the opportunity of working up a good export trade. Twenty thousand dollars is needed at once to buy stock, but you can give valuable assistance in marketing the stock. Your money will be quadrupled in a year, and if you put it back into the business the market can be extended. The boat is well manned."

Together we ran over the pile of letters that seemed to be from small business men who needed money. "These are the pathetic ones," I said.

"Why don't you give some of them an interview? I think you would only have to see them. After all, these people have nothing to lose. You have."

"Why, they have their pathetic little businesses to lose that might go over big if they only had more money."

"That's the way they get women, and some men. Their businesses wouldn't go over any bigger. Most of them haven't any business. They are just before having one, but if you inquire, it isn't going yet. Or if it is, the reasons why it hasn't succeeded will be the same after you put your money into it. It's just throwing good money after bad."

"Some of them must be good."

"Do you know much about business? Any big city is glad to have business get on. If it's promising and a going concern, it can get money from the banks."

"But what if money was all it needed to become a going concern?"

"If you know what you are about, that's a good way to invest your money. Lots of fortunes have been made that way, but not by men and women without business experience. If you're a good picker you might get your business experience this way, but you must also know how to investigate."

I made up my mind that I would not be many days older without knowing how to investigate. "Here is a letter I should like to answer." I had opened a heavy gray envelope. The letter was a polished one, the handwriting sophisticated. The writer offered me his knowledge of the stock market as well as his knowledge of the city socially. He concluded that I was a stranger in the city, and that knowing the right people would increase my pleasure in investing my money in the city. He offered to present me to people who would be delighted to hear of my success after I had made it, and he wanted permission to offer me his credentials.

"Smooth," said the detective.

"Here," I said, "are letters of people who warn me against being swindled."

The detective read them rapidly. "Both of these gentlemen who give you this advice also give you their addresses and telephone numbers. They must expect to be thanked. If you'd like me to telephone for you, I'll bet they have something to sell, and that they are anxious that nobody should swindle you out of your money before they have a chance at it. Look here; here is a list from the Central Detective Bureau of one million, three hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars lost in 1928 in the swindling activities of this city. You will see that the list of swindlers composes loan brokers who swindled workingwomen out of two hundred thousand dollars in stocks, securities and cash. These brokers are now under arrest. Here are two men who are stockbrokers who forfeited ten thousand dollars' bail rather than appear at preliminary. They are wanted. Here is a man at the head of a loan association who swindled a woman out of eight thousand dollars in cash and an automobile. Here are three men who got twenty-five thousand dollars for worthless mortgage notes on an alleged subdivision. Sometime or other we'll get these men. But we haven't much of a chance with many of those that are writing you, and they do fully as much damage. Even if they are not crooks, they have something to sell that it is unwise for inexperienced people to buy."

How to Know the Wildcats

"Will you make me a list of the letters you think I will do well to answer? I should like to answer this one where the writer assumes that I am a widow and that I may want to communicate with my dead husband. Look, he says my husband has passed from a natural plane to a spiritual plane, and that he can direct me in my investments."

"Oh, don't waste your time on him. Try some of these that look absolutely straight. You really want to invest this money, I gather, and you probably want more than the usual 4 or 5 per cent, or you wouldn't have advertised; you would have gone to your banker. Why don't you go after these people who offer you 10 and 12 per cent, and see what it turns out to be?"

"You don't think I will find anything very straight, do you?"

"I don't know. But I do know this: After you have interviewed six or seven of these people, you will begin to learn the earmarks of the crooked proposition. And that is such an important thing to know that I wish they would teach it in school.

(Continued on Page 182)

DODGE BROTHERS
SIXES AND EIGHTS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

You can own a Dodge Six today at the lowest price in Dodge Brothers history. A Dodge Six of typical Dodge Brothers dependability and economy. With strong, safe, silent Mono-Piece Steel Body and weatherproof 4-wheel hydraulic brakes. With vigorous, smooth performance. With smart style and beauty. With exceptional roominess and comfort. A car that has everything you want most in a motor car at a price almost everybody can afford to pay. Your local dealer will gladly show you the Dodge Six and its notable companion, the Dodge Eight-in-Line.

DODGE SIX
$835
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

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FINER
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CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

$590

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New low-swung smartness—new impressive full size—new larger high-compression engine—outperforms all other cars in the lowest-priced field. See it. Drive it.

PRICES

Now one of the lowest-priced cars in the world. 4-door Sedan, 3-window, $625; Coupe, $590; Roadster (rumble seat), $610; Coupe (rumble seat), $625; Touring, $625. F. O. B. Factory.

SOLD BY
CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND
DE SOTO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

FULL Plymouth SIZE

AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 44)

physicians remonstrated—the weather was bad, the strain would be too much—but Mr. Baker persisted in his determination to go downtown.

"Let me go," he said. "I must go. This is my ninth panic, and I have made money in every one of them."

It was the same Mr. Baker who on another occasion was asked what he thought of the constantly rising resources of other banks as the merger spirit seized the banking world.

"There may be other banks much bigger than ours," he soliloquized, "but we shall always have the best bank."

During the hectic days of last October, Mr. Baker sat in his office and made individual loans involving many millions of dollars. He knew the customers of his bank; he knew their potentialities and their characters; and several stories must remain unwritten of how many businesses were saved in those feverish hours when sanity fluctuated with the ticker.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

(Continued from Page 42)

a human fly three hundred feet above the street level, or what a gunman thinks when he pumps lead into the heart of an inoffensive bank clerk on the other side of the paying teller's window.

And these reflections are valuable; they go to the enrichment of the human soul. My soul has been so enriched by them, in fact, that I'm afraid it is getting a little gouty.

I have been very much interested lately in the story of a taxi driver who is really a college professor in disguise. Taxi drivers always talk to me, as they do to anyone else who encourages them, but what they usually talk about is the way New York traffic is increasing and the utter imbecility of the drivers of all private cars. This college professor is "seeing life" as a taxi driver. I suppose the autobiography-of-a-college-professor stuff has been so overdone that he wants a new line of copy.

I should have thought myself that a college professor might have as many opportunities as a taxi driver to peer into the mysterious nooks and corners of the human consciousness.

But it is gratifying to know that in a year or two more we shall all learn everything about everybody else. And I know what is the matter with people nowadays when a certain kind of dreamy look comes over their faces and they interrupt their immediate occupations—they are planning the next chapter in the autobiography. The plumber now sends his helper back for the notebook and a soft lead pencil as well as the bag of tools, and the man you have sent for to decorate the front bedroom now scribbles notes and new ideas on the wall paper before he pastes it up—all on your time at so many shekels an hour. We pay twice for these autobiographies—or you do; I get mine free, as I told you, and use them to keep warm by.

At the same time, I have a suspicion that now and then we miss a story. There was a small, shiny, colored cook who worked for the family of which I am nominally the head a year or so ago, whose full story I would like to get, for I think she has seen more than some people who rush into print. I overheard her one day at the telephone, and her side of the talk went like this:

"Hello, Jeff. This is Ellen talkin'. . . . Yass, Ellen. . . .

"Say, Jeff, let's we-all go over an' call on Lizzie tonight. . . .

"What? Ain't you-all heard—heard about what happened over to Lizzie's flat? . . .

"Why, theah was a man come into Lizzie's flat Satuhday evenin' and laid hisse'f down on Lizzie's sofa—what? . . . Yass, a man—and laid hisse'f down on Lizzie's sofa and died theah. . . .

"Yass, that's what I'm tellin' yo'—died theah. . . .

"Bright—yass, a bright-complected man. . . .

"Yass, both—cut and shot both. . . . Oh, yass, slashed and shot. . . .

"Yass, Lizzie knowed him. . . .

"Yass, she was quite worried, Lizzie was. Elmer come home jes then. . . . Elmer—you know Elmer—Lizzie's husban'—that Elmer. . . . Yass, jes as that bright-complected man passes on, in comes Elmer. . . . What? . . . Oh, some kind of a pahty, I reckon. . . .

"Was he? I'll say he was! He ain't got over bein' that way yet, neither. Claimed Lizzie mus' 'a' been monstrous well acquainted with that bright-complected man. . . .

"'Bout nine o'clock, yass. Thought it would be kind of fun if we-all went over an' called on Lizzie tonight. . . . Yass. . . . Well, good-by, Jeff!"

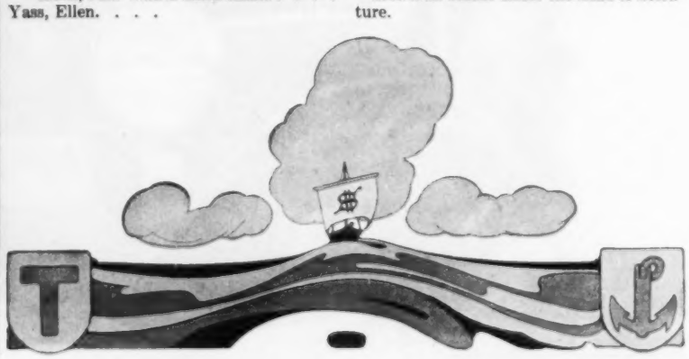
Now, Ellen's autobiography, it struck me at once, might really be more interesting than a good many of those I had been reading. But I couldn't get her to write it, or even to let me write it. She seemed to take the point of view that these private and social affairs were no one else's business. She wasn't a celebrity, and she refused to become one.

So, if I want to get in on the autobiographical game, even vicariously, it looks to me as if I would have to fall back on Goo Goo, the gorilla.

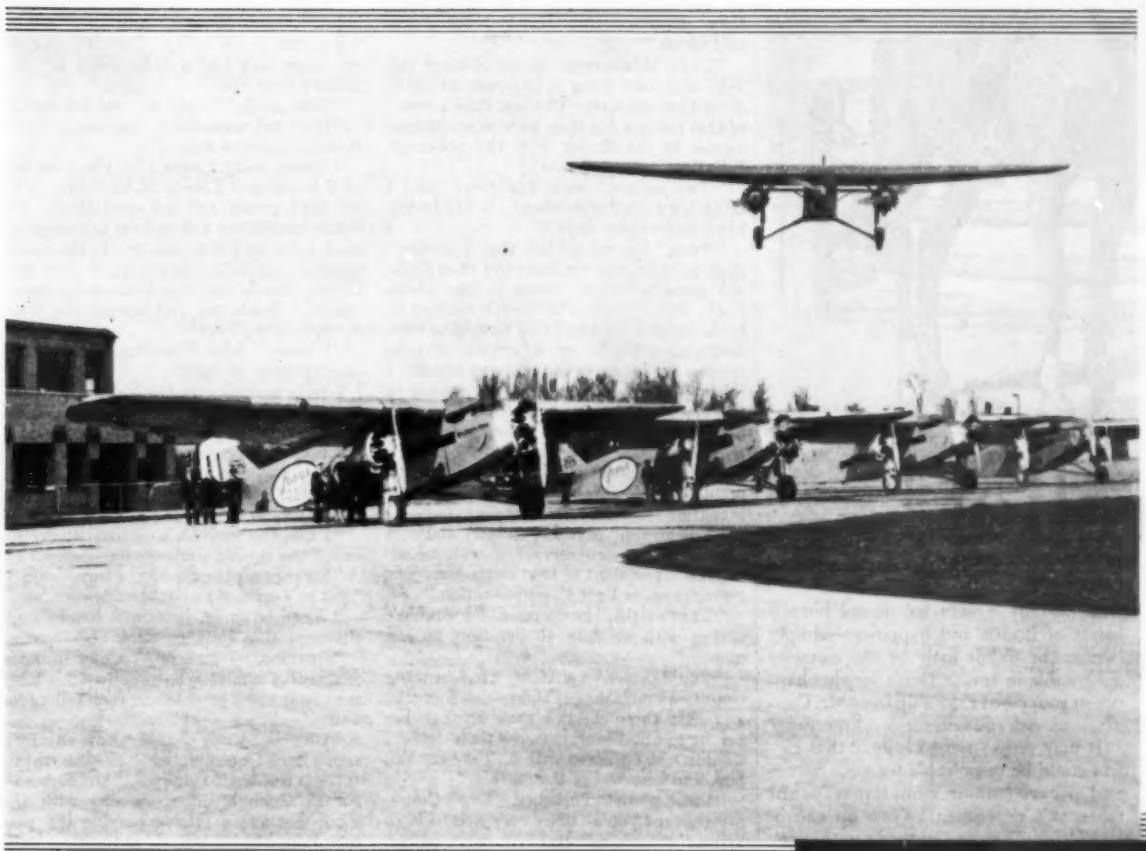
If I write his life story for him I shall have the additional advantage of not being too much hampered by facts. I can interpret his grunts as I choose.

I imagine that the ghost writers who help with these autobiographies have to do a lot of that anyhow—interpreting grunts in a free, liberal way.

And it all comes under the head of literature.



1,000,000 MILES... STOUT AIR LINES!



The Ford Plane

The Ford plane is planned, constructed and operated as a commercial plane. Built of corrugated aluminum alloys, it has great structural strength, unequaled durability, and is most economical to maintain in operation. The uniformity of its material is determined by scientific test. All planes have three motors in order to insure reserve power to meet and overcome all emergencies. The engines may be Wright or Pratt & Whitney, air-cooled, totaling from 900 to 1275 horse-power. Ford planes have a cruising range of from 580 to 650 miles and a speed range of from 55 to 135 miles per hour. Loads may be carried weighing from 3670 to 6000 pounds.

The capacity of these planes is 13 to 15 passengers and a crew of two (pilot and assistant). Planes can be equipped with a buffet, toilet, running water, electric lights, adjustable chairs.

The price of the Ford tri-motored, all-metal plane is exceptionally low because of its highly scientific methods of commercial production. Price is $40,000 to $50,000 at Dearborn.

Ford branches will be glad to give you information on the Ford tri-motored, all-metal plane in all models.

●

On scheduled service Ford planes frequently fly in two or more sections to meet the demand for swift, comfortable transportation.

ALMOST incredible is the achievement of Stout Air Lines, operating the Detroit-Chicago-Cleveland routes. Up to the end of 1929, well over a hundred thousand passengers had been carried eight hundred and forty thousand miles without the slightest injury to a passenger, and with an extraordinary record both for reliability and the percentage of scheduled trips completed! *Ford all-metal tri-motored transports only are used on these lines.*

The first operating route of Stout Air Lines was between Detroit and Grand Rapids, beginning in August, 1926, using Ford Liberty motored ships. Since then new lines have been opened . . . schedules extended . . . rates cut almost in half!

Four round trips a day are flown between Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland. One-way fare is $10. Two round trips daily are flown between Chicago and Detroit, one-way fare being $18. On this route stops are made at Battle Creek, Kalamazoo and South Bend. The demand for passage on these lines is so great that on one occasion, at least, it was necessary to run eleven sections of Ford tri-motored, all-metal transport planes.

Ford planes are used on these lines with the steady dependability of trains and busses. They are recognized by every one as a permanent form of swift transportation between the great cities which they serve.

All classes accept transportation by Ford planes with the same confidence that they accept rail transportation.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Visitors are always welcome at the Ford Airport at Detroit

Farm relief!..

and it works just as well in town

"The man whose life is spent outdoors is supposed to be free from the minor complaints that assail his less fortunate brethren. And, as a farmer, there has never been a time when I was not ready for mealtime, caffein going to make up a good share of that meal. Two and three cups with occasionally one at bedtime. Harm me? Not a bit of it.

"So I thought. But eventually, I began to notice things. A chance bump with my chair would bring forth remarks that caused the children to look at their father in an odd sort of way. Let me be cheated of one hour's sleep, and I'm 'nice' to have around the house.

"Nerves! Common sense told me this could not go on. I tried Postum. It satisfied my taste, and a steaming cup on a cold morning gave me just as pleasant a glow as anything else. It grew on me until, today, I am a consistent user of Postum. The nerves? Down to par. Par? The best I can remember and constantly getting better."

CHARLES R. CUNNINGHAM,
Ripley, New York.

THIS man was fortunate—or perhaps we should say, foresighted—in realizing that "nerves" are not to be trifled with. Many a man has found himself bereft of health and happiness—simply because he didn't look for the cause of his trouble in time. Don't let this happen in your case! Take a tip from Mr. Cunningham. Ask yourself—*is the cause caffein?*

It may seem hard to believe that caffein could be responsible for your nerves and other "minor complaints"—but make this experiment! Give up caffein and drink Postum, instead, with your meals. Do this for thirty days—*then* decide if you ever want to go back to your old habits!

You'll find that *your* nerves, too, have gone down to par. What's more, you won't know the sleepless nights—the indigestion and headaches—that so often follow the use of caffein. You'll want to keep right on drinking Postum with every meal, as millions of other people are doing!

Postum contains *no* caffein. It is made from whole wheat and bran, roasted. A cup of hot Postum, plain or with cream added, is a real man's drink—hearty, smooth and mellow, *distinctive*.

Postum costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—S. E. P. 5-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
Fill in completely—print name and address

If you live in Canada, address *General Foods, Limited*, Sterling Tower, Toronto

RINGING UP ON ROLAND

(Continued from Page 50)

get a set of secondhand blotters for the second vice president. If I'm not mistaken, they manufacture last year's calendars or ——"

"You must be thinking of another concern," cuts in Roland. "This company makes radio stuff ——"

"Have you taken on any of the stock?" I remarks.

"Not yet," he replies, "but I'm figuring on buying a lot of it short or selling some long. I've forgotten exactly what I was told to do."

"That," I observes, "is just so much velvet. The next thing is to forget all about Zilch Consolidated. The last time I heard of that cat and dog they were papering henhouses in the Bronx with the preferred. What's it quoted at now?"

"Two dollars," says Thatcher, "and I think it's a swell investment. Every family has a radio these days."

"True," I admits, "but they just don't seem to be buying 'em from Old Man Zilch. His name's too far down in the phone book. By the time a prospect's reached it, he's changed his mind and bought a hemstitching machine or a couple of polo ponies. As for everybody having a radio, I might point out that everybody's going in for breathing these days, too, but that doesn't seem to create a demand for air pockets."

"Why," chimes in Miss Daniels at this point, "don't you interest him in your invention?"

"I'm afraid," says I, "Roland wouldn't care about a conservative widow-and-orphan investment of that character. The young man, as I get it, craves action."

"That's right," he declares. "I wouldn't bother with no 8 or 10 per cent on my money."

"You'd better," I advises. "In Chemung County alone last year eighty-five hundred and sixty-three children gave up their belief in Santa Claus because their fathers wouldn't be bothered with 6. Take my tip, boy, and keep out of the market."

"But," persists Thatcher, "Uncle Courtney tells me you've done very well in Wall Street."

"Ah, yes," I replies, with a touch of sadness, "but at what a sacrifice! Do you, for a moment, think that my millions and my yachts and my Park Avenue penthouse make up for the things I've lost—unselfish love, friendship and a fast game of kelly pool in back of Heine Hufnagel's denaturing plant? Be well advised, Roland, be well advised. Don't become a ticker tapeworm. Not only will you lose love and friendship but also that snappy piece of shirting you have on."

"Not me," he brags. "I know what shell the pea's under. You seem to forget that I have inside information ——"

"Don't be such a sylvan," I snaps impatiently. "Inside information's so thick in this here town, they're using it, instead of good intentions, to pave hell with. You lay off that Zilch Consolidated. It's selling at two dollars, not because it's worth two dollars but because of sheer flattery. Why should it go up?"

"Because," says Thatcher, "they're switching things around in the company and they got a new patent ——"

"New patent, eh?" I grunts. "What's it supposed to do?"

"I don't know what it's supposed to do," he returns, "but it's going to revolutionize the industry."

"Sure," I sneers. "That's another thing the Broad Street bravos are always fomenting—revolutions in industry."

"Well," says Roland, "they have 'em, don't they?"

"Yeh," I comes back, "but they usually end with the stockholders pushed up against a wall and shot. That's how Wall Street got its name. You've been down there, haven't you?"

"Yesterday," says the youngster.

"Then," says I, "you saw the cemetery. . . . Tell me about this tipster of yours. How does it happen that a laddie on such intimate terms with the horse swings a door for his flops and chops?"

"He doesn't play the market," explains Thatcher, "on account of him having promised his aged aunt that he'd never gamble."

"I see," says I. "How'd you two get so thick?"

"I was kind of lonesome around the hotel," returns Roland, "and I got to talking to him in the lobby. Then we went to my room and had a little game of two-handed stud ——"

"How much," I cuts in, "did you lose?"

"Oh," he comes back carelessly, "only about a hundred dollars."

"Listen, baby," says I. "I'm your uncle's friend and I want to be yours. Can the card games and the quotations. I'll watch out for you and as soon as something good turns up I'll let you in. In the meantime play it safe. Shove your jack into Liberty Bonds and then have an insurance company guarantee you against the Government going blah."

"I guess," grins Thatcher, "there's not much danger of that."

I talks seriously to the kid for the next fifteen minutes or so, and he's apparently impressed when he leaves. Nevertheless, I can see lots of work ahead for me in the nursery.

"Well," I remarks to Miss Daniels, "what do you think of it as far as it's gone?"

"I like the way his hair curls above his ears," she replied somewhat absently.

"He may be oke above the ears," says I, "but he's certainly a flat tire between 'em."

"When he smiles he's quite handsome," observed Miss Daniels.

"Imagine," I goes on, "a guy losing a century to a bozo who promised his aged aunt he'd never gamble and then falling for a tip ——"

"Do you, by any chance, know anything about Zilch Consolidated?" she interrupts.

"Not a thing," I returns, "but Roland's got as much business messing with the stock market as I have playing the bass tuba from a flying trapeze at the New York Symphony. If I don't keep an eye on that punk he'll be going back to Muscatine in a mixed freight."

"Maybe," says Miss Daniels, "but you never can tell. It seems to me it's the clever lads in this town who leap from windows and just miss hitting the moron in the de luxe car below. It's hard to figure out whether brains are an asset or a liability in this burg."

"There's something to that," I admits. "Well, I guess I'll call it a day and ——"

"Where," inquires the secretary, "can I reach you if Andy Mellon or the Bank of England calls up—at the yacht or the penthouse?"

"Behave, beauty," I growls. "How'd you like to split a couple of seats at a show tonight?"

"Can't," says she. "I'm going out with Roland."

"H'm," I scowls. "The hick'll probably take you to a husking bee."

"That'll be lovely," smiles Miss Daniels. "How do you husk a bee?"

III

I'M TOO busy looking that way the next few days even to think of Thatcher, but the Monday following his visit I reads something in the paper about him. At any rate, I think it's about him.

"Seen anything of Roland lately?" I asks Miss Daniels.

"Not since the night we stepped," she replies. "Why?"

"I just happened to be looking at the market page," says I. "There's been a rise in Zilch Consolidated. It's gone to three and a half on a turnover of twenty-five thousand shares."

(Continued on Page 62)

Talk?

Forget talk.

Try . . . action.

Demonstration.

Not conversation.

Give yourself

A road.

Rough. Rutted. Mean.

One a broncho'd hate.

Then

A concrete stretch

Flat. Dry. New.

One a racing driver'd love.

Then give Hupp

The gun!

Do 80

90

More—if *you* can stand it.

Hupp can!

Get the thrill

The kick

The lifted pulse

That comes

When 8 cylinders

Sing their song.

An 8 cylinder motor

born of 6 straight

years of building

straight-eights.

●

Hupp pioneered.

Engineered.

For six years.

Will you judge

For six minutes?

Or six miles?

Or as long

Or as far

As you wish?

Supple.

Smart.

Parisian lines.

Long.

Low.

It fits

The Ritz

Entrance.

Doormen stand a bit

Straighter

When it whirls up.

Try it

And see.

Inside

The luxury

Of a living room.

Not anybody's living room

But one that

some famous

Paris designer

Might have created.

A Paris designer

Did create

The luxury of Hupmobile.

One single modern motif

Keys its decoration

Inside and out.

The power . . . speed

Dash and flash

Of a mighty 8 motor

Sheathed in

Suave correctness.

Like that

Famed French

Tennis star—

Steel and dynamite—

In a silken

Tennis costume

from the

Rue Royale.

"MEN without women" would choose Hupmobile — for its magnificent, masculine performance. Its engineering integrity, long life, trade-in value, attractive price. Women would choose it for all these things . . . and a something else. This thing called style. Luxury. Richness. A harmonized beauty throughout the car. Men and women are choosing it . . . together!

133 HORSEPOWER . . . . . EIGHT
100 HORSEPOWER . . . . . EIGHT
70 HORSEPOWER . . . . . SIX

PRICED FROM $995 TO $2755
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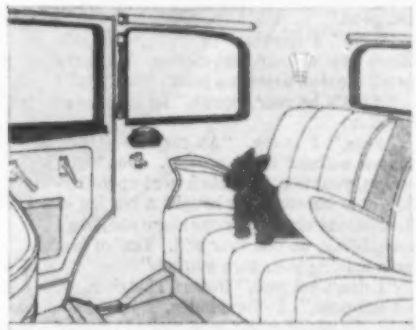
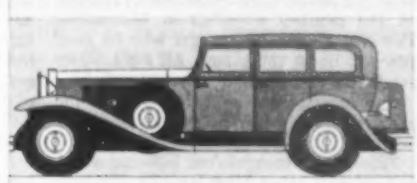
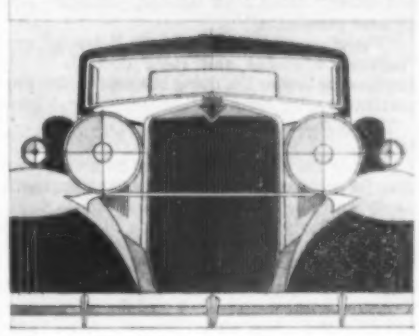






Hupmobile
SIXES AND EIGHTS

(Continued from Page 60)

"How interesting!" clucks Miss Daniels. "What am I supposed to do—put on my pink organdie and dance a berceuse?"

"I have a feeling," I goes on, "that our boy friend has junked my advice and taken his assets down to Adios Alley."

"What gives you that idea?" she inquires. "Can't a stock move up or down or sideways without the assistance of Roland?"

"It could," I returns, "but it hasn't. I've been watching the dog lately, and there haven't been as many as eight shares dealt in it in a week."

"Why don't you ask Thatcher?" suggests Miss Daniels. "He's coming today to take me to lunch."

"Better get all the lunches you can quick, girlie," says I. "It won't be long now."

Roland drops in shortly before noon, looking extremely well satisfied with Rusty Jones' nephew. The boy's acquired a gardenia for a buttonhole and lots of *savoir-faire* for himself since his previous call.

"What do you think of my inside tip now?" he demands amiably.

"So you bought Zilch, did you?" says I.

"Twenty-five thousand shares of it," he answers. "The reason I jumped in without telling you was that I had to act quick. Another feller was thinking of forming a pool in it, so I beat him to it and formed one myself."

"Who," I asks, "is in on the pool with you?"

"Nobody," says he. "I'm the pool myself."

"Have it your way," I shrugs, "but you know the old adage—a fool and his pool are soon parted. You're not going to buy any more of that junk, are you?"

"All the ways up to ten," replies Roland. "Then I'll unload for a profit of about a half million. Not so poor for a starter, eh? I'll be having one of those Park Avenue posthouses myself pretty soon. I'm already somewheres near forty thousand to the good."

"Yeh," I growls, "in changeable ink. Black now, red the next minute. You have to sell the stuff to make a profit, don't you?"

"That'll be easy enough," he grins comfortably.

"Sure," I snaps. "As easy as getting shaved without being present. Don't you realize, you rube, that Zilch went up yesterday only because you bought a big jag of it. Nobody else fell for one share and, in all probability, no one ever will. You've just been making your own market."

"I don't get you," frowns Thatcher.

"Suppose," I illuminates, "you were suddenly seized with a wild desire to corner all the monkey wrenches in Muscatine. The stores carrying 'em get wise to your yen and boost the price. All right. You get the whole supply. What then? Nobody else in Muscatine cares one hoot for monkey wrenches. Who you going to sell 'em to?"

"He might convert 'em into improved real estate," offers Miss Daniels, "or into Chinese porcelains."

"There's some difference," says Roland, "between wrenches and radio doodads. Anyhow the broker I'm doing business with guarantees a big clean-up."

"There'll be a clean-up all right," I agrees.

It being the lunch hour, I have no more time for palaver with the kid, but I do plenty worrying while he and Miss Daniels are out. Rusty's counted on me to save the sucker, and I'm a flop from the jump-off. After some thought, I decides to take the problem by the ear and lead it to Dan Grayson, a stock-and-bond peddler I've had a lot of dealings with.

"Zilch!" he exclaims, when I recites my piece. "The foot of the class any way you look at it!"

"That's a great help," says I. "Can't you stir up a market for it? Can't you make the boys and girls Zilch conscious?"

"Not a chance," returns Grayson. "I'd be bounced off the Bourse if I was even seen looking at it on the tape. I hear the layout's going into the hands of a receiver just as soon as they can find something for the receiver to sit on."

"What," I asks, "would the brains of Broad Street suggest in the emergency?"

"Well," says he, "you might have the kid declared incompetent—the buy's sufficient evidence—or you might go short twenty-five thousand shares and even up ——"

"Using what for money?" I cuts in.

"You've used lots of things for it in the past," comes back Dan. "Why the wonder now? If I were you," he goes on, "I'd let the boy take his beating. After all, the loss of fifty grand won't put him on the town and may, in the long run, save the rest of his jack."

"You may be right," says I, "but I certainly didn't have to traipse down to Trinity churchyard and sit at your feet for that advice. . . . What's good in the market these days?"

"Tri-Continental Suet," he replies promptly.

I snorts. "That concern's been on its last legs for ——"

"It was," interrupts Grayson, "but they've switched things around in the company and they've just developed a new patent that's going to revolu——"

"Good night!" says I, rising hurriedly. "Let me get out of here before they open fire on the patriots."

Thatcher's in the office when I returns, looking more contented with himself than ever, and apparently waiting for me.

"Didn't I tell you I'd take Zilch for a ride?" he announces exultingly. "It's up to four."

"On the strength of what?" I inquires, with a sinking feeling.

"I don't know just what pushed it up today," says he, "but when I put in my order for another twenty-five thousand shares ——"

I gives up. That night I wires Rusty:

ROLAND UP TO HIS NECK IN ZILCH AND OUT OF CONTROL STOP BETTER COME ON STOP LOVE

In the morning I gets an answer:

WHAT'S A ZILCH AND WHAT DO I CARE? IF IT'S A WOMAN LET HIM MARRY HER STOP WHY BOTHER ME WITH YOUR TROUBLES? LOVE

"For crying outside the cathedral!" I yell, tossing the telegram over to Miss Daniels. "My troubles, he calls 'em!"

IV

I'M IN hopes that the activity in Zilch created by Thatcher'll cause other comeons of the same caliber to climb aboard and thus give the kid a chance to get out, but nothing like that occurs. There's quite a turnover in the stock in the next few days, but it's all stuff that's been graciously and gratefully turned over to Roland. A high of 5 is reached. By the end of the week I estimates young Thatcher has about seventy-five thousand shares of the tripe and is in the bag for something in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand berries.

"Do you still like the way the hair curls over his ears?" I inquires of Miss Daniels.

"More so than ever," she comes back promptly. "Roland's a sweet boy and I'm sure he'll come out of the deal all right."

"What makes you think so?" I asks.

"I've noticed," said Miss Daniels, "that drunks stagger through the heaviest traffic without ever being hit. I've observed that children fall down a dozen flights of stairs without being injured. I've seen utter fools ——"

"And Roland?" I cuts in.

"Roland," she returns, "combines the mental outlook of all three. He just can't get hurt."

However, as events eventuate, even Miss Daniels loses a bit of faith in her theory. The very next day Thatcher dashes into the office, his excitement at a new high for the movement.

"What do you think's happened?" he demands.

"Brooklyn's been admitted to the Union," I hazards at a venture.

"I'm the owner of Zilch Consolidated," announced the youngster with a fatuous grin.

"How splendid!" exclaims Miss Daniels. "How come?"

"Well," says Thatcher, "it seems there's a law or something in this state that says that anybody who owns 51 per cent of the stock in a company's really the owner ——"

"Judas and his brethren!" I groans.

"You see," goes on Roland, "there are altogether only a hundred and fifty thousand shares of Zilch and I have seventy-six thousand. So just a while ago a feller comes to me and says: 'Were you ever in the radio business?' 'No,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'you are now.' Isn't it wonderful?"

"Weird," I growls. "You're certainly in good, boy."

"I'll say I am," crows Thatcher. "I can do anything I want now with Zilch Consolidated. I can declare big dividends ——"

"Out of what?" I interrupts. "The bills payable or the amount due to the Government for taxes?"

"Whatever you declare 'em out of," says Roland.

"Where," I inquires, "is the Zilch plant, if any?"

"On Long's Island," he answers. "I'm going out now to take a look at the property. Like to come along?"

"I'd love to," says I. "I've always wanted to see a bedtime-tale factory. How about you, Miss Daniels?"

She's willing, and the three of us buzz across the Fifty-ninth Street bridge in my oil can. The Zilch plant turns out to be a weary-looking stack of bricks in a landscape of goat fodder. Nobody's in the front office, but in back eight or ten men are loafing around.

Thatcher walks right up to 'em like the freshly laid captain of industry he is.

"I'm the new boss," says he, "and ——"

"Oh, yeah?" grunts one of the hands. "You going to take care of the pay roll?"

"Pay roll?" repeats Roland dumbly. "Oh, yes, to be sure. Why aren't any of you fellers working?"

"Can't, without power," is the curt reply. "The electric company cut it off this morning."

"Why?" I asks brightly.

"Because," says the journeyman, "their bill hasn't been paid for over six months."

"This," I whispers to Miss Daniels, "is what you call a going concern—with the accent and the obbligato on the going."

"I'll take care of all that," promises Thatcher. "Zilch Consolidated is scheduled for a big ——"

"Where," inquires the workman, "is the new factory to be? Of course you know this pile of junk has been condemned by the building department and we've got to be out in a week."

"Of course," mumbles Roland. The realization that Zilch is a lemon plucked from the tree of trade has begun even to percolate the vacuum on his shoulders, and it's a rather silent, thoughtful lad who completes the tour of the plant with me and the girl friend."

"Listen, boy," says I, when we're crossing the bridge again. "There's only one thing to be done now. Tomorrow begin unloading your stock with a devout prayer for supersuckers in a buying mood. Don't throw a lot on the market at once. Take it easy and you might get a little of your sugar back before they close the plant down."

"No," he comes back stubbornly, "I still think it's worth holding on to. Zilch was an inside tip ——"

"Suit yourself," I barks in disgust, "and sleep in the streets." Hardly a word is spoken the rest of the trip, even Miss Daniels finding it difficult to spread any salve for the youngster.

There's no movement in Zilch the next day or for several days thereafter. Nor do I see the kid. I'm expecting any moment to read a piece about the radio layout under the head of business troubles, but Miss Daniels is still hopeful that Roland'll make an out with great credit to himself.

"I have a feeling," says she, "that something'll happen to help."

"What can happen?" I demands. "Think the Government's going to take the plant over?"

"I don't know," she shrugs, "but Roland's too nice a boy to be wiped out before ——"

"Tell that to Wall Street," I cuts in, sarcastic. "They'd never think of taking money from a nice boy."

On Monday I have a visitor. It's that Broad Street boulevardier, Dan Grayson.

"Know where I can get in touch with that friend of yours in Zilch Consolidated?" he asks. "I might be able to do something about that stock of his. I hear he holds control. That so?"

"Yep," says I. "Miss Daniels, will you call up the hotel and see if you can get hold of Roland?"

"Talking about me?" pipes up a cheery voice, and there's the young man himself.

"Thatcher," opens up Grayson, when I've introduced 'em, "I'm authorized by Universal Communications to offer you four dollars a share for your Zilch stock. It's a take-it-or-leave-it proposition ——"

"What does Universal want with it?" interrupts Roland, with more acuteness than I'd suspected of him.

"I'll tell you frankly," returns Dan. "It's that triplex-control patent. As you know, it's in litigation, with the chances heavily against Zilch winning, but Universal is willing to gamble on the off chance. There should be a profit for you in the deal of about a hundred thousand ——"

"Nope," says Thatcher. "My price is 10."

"Very well," snaps Grayson, getting to his feet. "I'm not here to debate the matter. Universal doesn't like to employ such tactics, but it'll be quite simple to force Zilch to the wall and buy the stock in for practically nothing. The patent suit'll probably go on for years. Good day!" And he starts to take it on the lam, when Miss Daniels places a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Just a moment," says she. "Roland, if I were you I'd accept his proposition. Won't you do it for me?"

Thatcher hesitates, looks long into her big blues, and nods. In a few minutes a cast-iron agreement for the transfer of the stock is drawn up and Dan takes his departure.

"Gosh!" I exclaims. "What a break for you, boy! Another day or two and you'd ——"

"Oh, I don't know," shrugs Roland. "I could have got a whole lot more in the long run."

"In your velour hat!" I growls. "You'd have a swell chance fighting Universal. Like Grayson said, you'd probably lose the suit."

"We have lost the suit," says Thatcher quietly. He pulls an afternoon edition, still wet from the press, out of his pocket and holds it before me. I catches this:

SUPREME COURT DECIDES
TRIPLE CONTROL CASE
AGAINST ZILCH FIRM

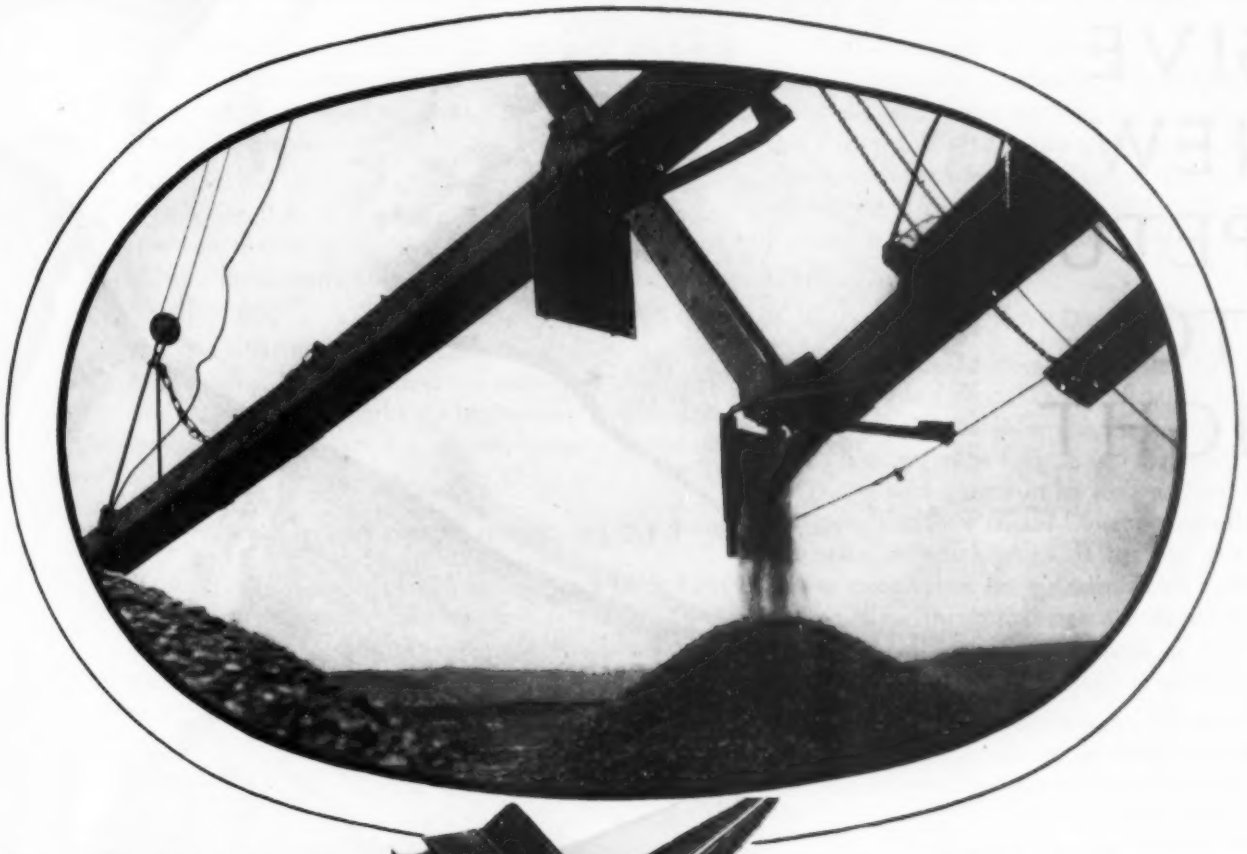
"Good grief!" I gasps. "And you almost let Grayson get away!"

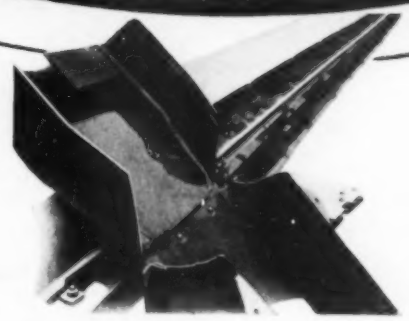
"Why not?" comes back Roland. "What have court decisions and such things got to do with it? Zilch would've gone to 10 anyway."

Rubber

Soft, velvety, yielding . . . yet 10 times more resistant to abrasion than steel! That's Armorite . . . a B. F. Goodrich development.

THAT OUTWEARS STEEL *ten* TO *one*





GOODRICH DEVELOPMENT

saves loss through Grinding Wear of Thousands of Tons of Steel . .

TAKE an ordinary kitchen knife . . . a piece of sandpaper. Rub the paper briskly back and forth across the blade. First tiny scratches . . . then a shiny polish . . . surprisingly soon the blade shows wear.

"Naturally," you say, "sand on steel . . ."

Sand, gravel, coke, ore and similar abrasive materials destroy literally hundreds of thousands of tons of steel each year. Tough as it is, metal cannot stand up under the constant bombardment of tiny, sharp-edged particles.

To this problem, as to others, Goodrich engineers found the answer. Not in a harder substance, as might be expected, but in a softer one.

They discovered a way to impart to rubber almost unbelievable resistance to abrasion. Such rubber is soft and velvety. It *yields* to sharp particles of sand, stone, gravel, instead of resisting them. It permits them to roll . . . but not to gouge.

Goodrich engineers tested this new material on a sand dredge in the Ohio River. Ton after ton of wet sand pours through the chutes of this dredge. Once the chutes were simply steel. Now they are *lined with this amazing new Goodrich rubber.*

And the new material, trade-named Armorite, stood up under this test ten times as long as steel!

For years Goodrich engineers have been engaged in discovering and applying just such unthought-of solutions to industrial problems. The result of their studies is carefully catalogued in Goodrich laboratories in Akron.

Special Research Committee

This compilation of data . . . the experience of years in laboratory and field . . . is available to industry through the Special Industrial Research Committee maintained by Goodrich.

Executives are invited to address the Chairman of this committee. Goodrich is glad to undertake special investigation and research in their interests whenever practicable. Goodrich, Established 1870, Akron, Ohio.

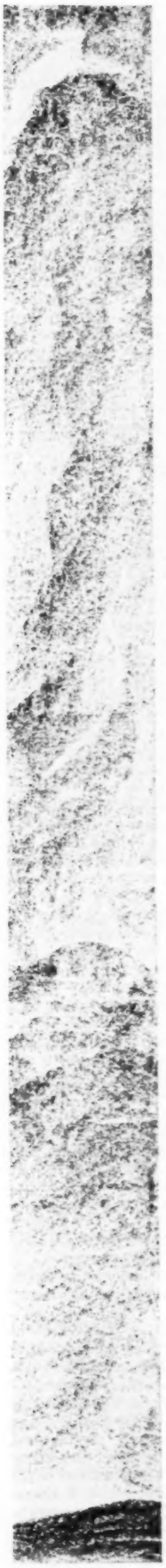
ARMORITE

Another **B.F. Goodrich** *Product*

Goodrich now manufactures over 32,000 rubber articles, representing more than a thousand distinct rubber products—Goodrich Silvertowns · Zippers · Rubber Footwear · Drug Sundries · Soles · Heels · Hose · Belting · Packing · Molded Goods

TO GIVE NEW IMPETUS TO FLIGHT

Again, with the aircraft Diesel, Packard proves its right to the title, "Master Motor Builders"—and logically. The experience, talent and resourcefulness which, with the perfection of the Packard-Diesel, has revolutionized aircraft power was developed through the years in the designing and building of fine automobile engines. Compared to the difficulties presented in solving *the* great engine problem of the century, the finest car motor of today is elementary. So what greater assurance of supreme excellence could be asked by the automobile buyer than the Packard crest? It distinguishes that car of slender, graceful beauty and luxurious comfort, powered with the famous eight in-line motor which has contributed most to Packard's reputation for engineering leadership the world around.



The PACKARD-DIESEL AIRCRAFT ENGINE

To a world already rapidly turning "air-minded", Packard introduces a supremely important engineering achievement, destined to give a new and tremendous impetus to flight.

Packard, the designer and builder of more aircraft horsepower than any other manufacturer in America, now contributes to air transportation the far greater reliability, economy and safety of a radial *Diesel* Aircraft Engine.

But this is far more than the mere introduction of another engine. It is a conservative statement to say that this announcement marks the beginning of a new era in world aviation—an era of enormously increased air travel.

PACKARD PIONEERING ALOFT

Packard has built aircraft powerplants since 1915: First the forerunners of the famous wartime Liberty, then the Liberty itself and, since the war, its many improved successors. For the Army and Navy Packard has constantly developed aircraft engines of increasing size and diminishing weight—all water-cooled to meet the requirements of such super-power.

When the epochal flights of 1927 focused the attention of the world on the air-cooled engine and civilian aircraft began to exceed Army and Navy planes in hours and miles flown, motors of less power and lower cost were demanded by a vast new market.

Packard had foreseen this demand but did not care to add but another conventional gasoline engine to the long list of those available. Immediate profits held no lure. But the opportunity to make a truly noteworthy contribution to the science of flight was an attraction and a challenge to Packard engineering genius.

So, equipped with the finest of facilities, adequate resources, the best of materials and machinery and an engineering staff of unsurpassed ability and experience, Packard set out to accomplish "the impossible"—to adapt the *Diesel* principle to radial aircraft engines. The goal if achieved was worth the years and millions it would cost, for the engineering world had long known that the Diesel engine was the *ideal* aircraft powerplant. But Packard, in 1927, was embarking upon a course strewn with the wreckage of others' failures. What the engineering talent of the world said could not be done, Packard confidently undertook. And Packard has succeeded brilliantly.

A PACKARD TRIUMPH

In the Packard-Diesel engine Packard has for all time eliminated the principal causes of motor failure. It can almost be said that like the simple, old waterwheel, which had to run as long as water flowed over it, the Packard-Diesel must run as long as fuel flows to its cylinders. For the Packard-Diesel has no carburetor, no magnetos, no spark plugs. It has but one instead of two or more valves per cylinder. Each cylinder has an individual fuel pump, making it an independent operating unit. The fuel is ordinary furnace oil fired spontaneously by the heat of the compressed air in each cylinder.

There are three major advantages. *Greater reliability* because of extreme simplicity of design. *Greater economy* because of lower fuel cost plus lower fuel consumption, the latter permitting greater pay loads with longer range of flight. *Greater safety* because the fire hazard is *removed* through the use of *fire-safe* fuel, and the absence of electrical ignition equipment.

These three advantages mark *the greatest advance in aircraft power* in the history of aviation! Designers and builders of aircraft have been quick to seize upon them—operators and pilots to demand them. Already many leading aircraft manufacturers offer the Packard-Diesel engine as standard equipment.

After exacting tests by the United States Army, the Department of Commerce has approved the Packard-Diesel (Certificate No. 43) with an official rating of 225 horsepower. With a weight of 510 pounds this means *but 2.26 pounds per horsepower.* Packard has written a new chapter in the annals of air transportation.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

JEANETTE LOFF and Other Beauties

Who help to create the greatest musical picture of all time which may be properly termed Art Class Entertainment of the highest possible order.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S "KING OF JAZZ"

This remarkable production, directed by John Murray Anderson, is one continuous panorama of beauty—one continuous stream of such melody as you have never heard on the talking screen.

The world's Kings and Queens of music, dancing, novelty, flanked by settings which dazzle the eye, by choruses, groupings and unprecedented creations such as "The Bridal Veil," the first dramatization of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Melting Pot" will in this picture carry the name of Universal throughout the world, and so the leading critics have said.

In past years I have been enthusiastic over some productions, but never in twenty years have I seen anything to compare with "King of Jazz."

I want your views on "Captain of the Guard," that beautiful musical operetta starring LAURA LA PLANTE and JOHN BOLES. Are you one of my correspondents? If not, why not?

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

WHY MILLIONAIRES DON'T

(Continued from Page 29)

away down a highway skirted on one side with a canyon, and lined on the other with five strands of barbed wire. "The situation," he says, "is both exhilarating and uncomfortable. There's the thrill of power on the one hand, and the constant threat of disaster on the other." Factors which, I believe, are the underlying fascinations of wealth; one inspiring, the other challenging.

My first million has now grown to several. At threescore and ten I am wealthy beyond any of my youthful expectations. And yet I am not so wealthy as most people believe me to be. I was associated in my career with a man, a world leader in our field, whose wealth when he died was known to exceed $20,000,000. Somehow, I seem to get credit for his fortune. People forget that in our lifelong association as business partners he was Robinson Crusoe and I was Friday. I merely shot the ducks. The feast was his. I got the wings and necks—of which there were plenty.

Apologetic Plutocrats

The fact obtrudes, starkly, that I am what I used to refer to before the more tolerant current era as "one of those despised creatures called millionaires." A man is accused, it seems, of having $1,000,000. Rather, should I say, he is indicted. Before the bar of public regard he is, to all intents and purposes, a defendant. Nothing bearing on the question of how he uses his wealth to help others is "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

Because he is forced to a defensive attitude, the man of wealth, when he attempts to explain the personal principles that govern his benefactions for individuals, nearly always sounds as if he were apologizing. This is true also partly because, as I've said, people invariably overestimate the amount of one's wealth. Since more is expected than a man can accomplish, nearly all his explanations must strike at these misconceptions. The result is the characteristically apologetic tone, which, somehow, always sounds so insincere to the man who has not a million.

Among my friends is a millionaire merchant who is, and has always been, an altruist. One of his greatest concerns is seeing that he uses his wealth in a way to remove any stigma which may attach to the fact of one's having riches. I am going to repeat here—and these be strange words from a millionaire!—what he said to me several days ago on the golf links. He rather states the case for the plaintiffs.

He said: "I think that the acquisition of wealth tends to promote selfishness. Not that wealth is miserly or mean, but it has a philosophy of the splendid accomplishment there is in amassing a fortune. Those who have the capacity for large business are seldom satisfied with gaining a reasonable competence. They want more in order to have power. They may give in an ostentatious way, but in the main they purpose to build up their fortunes in a larger and larger way. They like the game. They do not get educated into the habits of giving, nor do they understand the need of giving. They are oblivious of the great streams of altruism flowing through the world, because they have narrowed their vision and their reasoning and their feeling by their absorption in business.

"Really, I am sometimes ashamed of myself for being a so-called rich man. I don't enjoy the company of the rich as much as I do those of scant means. I personally find more grace and beauty in the people who work hard for a living than I do in those who are in a surfeit of wealth.

"But on the other hand," he said hopefully, "I do not feel that wealth necessarily hardens the heart, and I feel sure that when it is wisely used it is a means of self-culture and also of a rich overflowing into the lives of others."

Now, here is a man who states the general impression perfectly. What is back of his allegations? Disillusionment! He has discovered that money never changes the fundamental character of a man; it merely exposes it. As a young altruist, he expected much of the man of money. Becoming wealthy himself, and still retaining his high ideals, he expected to mingle, in his new status, with men made benevolent and kind by the acquisition of the power of wealth. He finds that, wealth notwithstanding, a man is still the same man for a' that.

What are the demands made on millionaires by individuals seeking personal aid? Keeping in mind that we are talking of the attitude of the average person as an individual toward the millionaire, and that we are taking no account of institutional and organization or civic requests, I believe I can summarize under six headings the various types who appeal to wealthy persons for help.

1. The clear down-and-out—persons helpless because of physical disability, old age or personal misfortune.

2. Young men and women who want help in getting an education or in attaining some other form of self-improvement.

3. Men who want to go into business, or who have business propositions they want to put over, but who haven't sufficient credit or standing to get backing through regular business channels.

4. Heads of families who feel economically oppressed, and who want a lift toward the heaven of leisure and pleasure which they believe their millionaire friend inhabits.

5. Persons cursed with terrible, burning ambitions, or aflame with notions which require capital to be projected, but which are not practical enough to enlist financial aid in the cold marts of business—such as lecturers with messages who want to be subsidized, persons who want funds with which to carry on investigations to prove themselves heirs to gigantic lost estates, young reporters who know what's wrong with the newspapers and who want to start a new style in journalism, seekers after lost mines who want grubstakes, inventors, natural-born scientists with startling new ideas, and so on.

6. In this last division I list, for brevity, two groups, numerically small, which are not strictly representative or typical but which, nevertheless, do exist. These are, first, persons who believe there is something cockeyed with the world, that they have been handed a misdeal, and that, therefore, they are entitled to demand from every wealthy man they meet, without explanation or apology, a part of the living which they are convinced the world owes them; and, second, the chance takers, or try-anything-for-luck group.

The Problem of Where to Give

The man of wealth is criticized more severely for his attitude toward the entirely helpless than for any other thing. That he can pass the maimed beggar in the streets without so much as a glance seems positive proof of his heartlessness. But I believe there is not anywhere a man of wealth of normal reactions whose heart has not many times been wrung by a pity which has caused him to give lavishly—and in secret—to needy individuals. I do not know a single wealthy man—and I know scores of them—who is not attended by a long train of satellites whom he helps secretly. Often the obituary of a man of wealth will refer to his hundreds of "nameless acts of secret charity." Of course there are those who will say the donor was a hypocrite, and hoped his charitable acts would become known—but they are wrong. Secret giving is the first law of the wealthy man's preservation of his peace of mind. If it becomes known a man is aiding individuals, the demands increase out of bounds.

My friend Henry Ford has said he gets as many as 1500 begging letters a day. I once went to the private office of Andrew Carnegie—to ask him for a public library for our town, by the way. On seeing about a dozen stenographers and secretaries at work, I asked Mr. Carnegie's private secretary what they were doing. He told me they were answering requests for money, most of which were being turned down. Not even the wealth of Carnegie could meet the demands made upon him—and he gave away millions.

I have given away—mostly to institutions and civic enterprises—half of every dollar I ever took in, yet if I had acceded to every request my own fortune would have been given away fifteen times over. And the requests on me are only about 100 a week, because I am known as a stingy man!

Begging Becomes a Business

Most thorough investigations and studies have shown it is never a good policy to give to street beggars. There must, because of the very pressure of the demands from the helpless, be some system in caring for them. The institutional plan may often lack a certain human warmness. But, nevertheless, it remains the most efficient way to help the down-and-out.

In a foreign city last year I saw ten times as many beggars as on the streets of American cities. There is very little of institutional charity in Mexico. The people give freely to the maimed, halt and poverty-stricken street mendicants. Begging, as a result, has become an industry—even as it is in parts of this country.

No, my dollar goes to the institution, not into the hat of the uninvestigated beggar. If he is too proud to go to an institution equipped to study him and his special needs, then he should be too proud to beg in the streets.

Young men and women who want help in getting an education have always found me highly susceptible to their requests. There is no pleasure like matching dollars with ambition. Fortunately, means of getting an education are more numerous now than ever before. Student-loan funds have put the getting of an education on a business basis. I have put many young men and women through school, and I consider the money so spent the best investment I have ever made.

To those harassed and worried heads of families—often the mothers—who ask me for help, I have never been able to turn an entirely deaf ear. But before I help them I like to know that they have learned something of the real values in life. It concerns me more that they have well-behaved, hard-working children and a happy state of affairs within the home than it does to be told that I will some day get my money back.

I want to know that they realize that the essential thing that money contributes to the individual is not contentment and happiness directly, but power. It makes the machinery of life move in the general direction one desires it to move, but it does not guarantee satisfactory destinations, and it does not give the driver any better spiritual eyesight with which to view the passing pageant. The question I always ask myself in considering such a request is: How is this power going to be used?

I will later outline and explain in detail other questions in my personal catechism of philanthropy.

Those who come to us with burning ambitions—the stargazers, the eager-eyed altruists—how can one make clear to them any principle which ultimately denies their requests? They reason in high or, at least, remote planes of logic. It is difficult to see eye to eye with them. The reformers are the most difficult to handle. Sometimes one must even admit that this or that one

(Continued on Page 68)

CLEVELAND'S NEW SKY LINE IS J-M ROOFED

*Roofs applied by Industrial Asbestos Products Co.

Only skilled application of the right materials will produce a good roof

Every Johns-Manville Roof is applied by an Approved Roofer selected because he has the necessary skill

The owners of these buildings in Cleveland wanted, as you do, roofs that once laid can be forgotten. Such is the assurance that Johns-Manville—together with your own local J-M Roofer—offers you.

Whether for re-roofing, or for a new structure, we believe you will be interested in our method of ending roofing expense. Johns-Manville, one of the world's leading producers of roofing, makes and guarantees the materials which will be used for your roof.

But equally important, your local, authorized J-M Roofer applies these materials in accordance with methods proved correct by years of experience. He sees that flashings, the main danger point, are properly applied, that the asphalt is spread evenly, that the felts are carefully laid. And to help him, a Johns-Manville Roofing Inspector checks each important step of the job as it goes along. When the right materials have been laid by real experts, Johns-Manville and the National Surety Company will guarantee the roof for an agreed upon term of years.

Here is complete protection. You deal with a local business man, a business neighbor of yours chosen to work with Johns-Manville because of his proved reliability. The men he selects apply correctly materials made by a manufacturer of nation-wide standing. Then careful inspection, and in addition—a bond in writing backed by a powerful surety company.

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(Continued from Page 66)

is absolutely right, and that something should be done toward putting over the eager one's favorite yen. But then there is the inertia, the disinterestedness of the great mass of mankind to be overcome. How often is the weight of this underestimated! The problem is just as formidable to the millionaire as to the penniless dreamer.

I know one very able millionaire right now who is financing weekly meetings in a small room at which tax problems of the nation are discussed. To these meetings come poverty-stricken philosophers, theorists, writers and students, as well as a few taxpayers, and valiantly they thrust at the social ills set up before them. A courageous undertaking, and rather dramatic, considering the business history of the man who backs it—and yet, I am sure he would admit, privately, a rather hopeless venture from a national standpoint.

It is Not Easy to Give Wisely

Pointedly, how many genuine reforms have ever been put over in a nation-wide way with the money and fortune of one man? I never try to move impossible mountains. In this I may be confessing a lack of something I should have in my character. So let it be!

Those who feel a malignant fate is to blame for their conditions, and that they are entitled to try to collect from any susceptible millionaire the living they insist the world owes them on account of past efforts, are another group who reason on a far-removed plane of logic. They know the answers to all the arguments concerning the value of individual effort and the satisfactions that come from solving one's own problems. They involve you in complex and indefinite controversies when you try to reason with them. They are blunt. They want money; you have money; give it to them. About one request in every 200 is of this type.

And the chance takers. They are jovial, long-odds gamblers—a postage stamp and a clever letter against a chance in a million that the letter may bring a handout. Their philosophy is: "If you don't ask, it's a cinch you won't get anything; and if you don't get anything, what have you lost?" They ask for handouts ranging up to $100,000, or even more. One woman once asked Mrs. E. H. Harriman for a huge sum "because it would make me famous." "Just to bring consternation to those who are running after you all the time, send me $5000, and announce you did it because I had the nerve and the initiative to ask you for it without camouflaging my reasons for the said request," suggests another.

These persons seem to believe that some morning they may catch their millionaire in an aberrant mood during which, having thrown overboard his lifelong instincts of caution and his business thinking habits, he'll throw two or three millions out of the window just to hear the dull thud on the sidewalk below. A few wastrels, in occasional bursts of prodigal lavishness and the indulgement of a love of display, may give justification for such hopes. But the old leopard of the business jungle never changes his spots.

But when a man does give aid, what are his main considerations? The answers must be given in broad terms, since every case has its special considerations. I've mentioned one general consideration—the question of how the power, represented by the money, is going to be used.

My own thoughts in considering a request can be summed up broadly in the following questions—and I am sure that though the terminology may not be the same, some such thoughts and questions as these pass through the mind of every thoughtful man of wealth when he is considering a request for money:

1. How is this individual going to react if this request is granted? What will it do to his incentive?

2. If I extend the requested aid will the individual, encouraged by receiving the money—if for a business proposition—attempt something beyond his ability, such as an executive job for which he is not trained, or a business with which he is not familiar?

3. If the request is based on some personal or family situation or condition, is the lending of money the best possible solution of the problem? Is there no way by which the individual may solve the problem himself and thus retain for himself the feeling of pride that comes to those who solve their own difficulties?

4. Should the individual fail in the objective for which he asks financial aid, will he have to come to me or go to someone else for more help?

5. Considering all other requests now pending, the possibility of setting a troublesome precedent, and in view of obligations already established, can I grant this request with fairness to all concerned?

Helping Others to Help Themselves

The question of effect on a recipient's incentive is more important from the individual's standpoint than it is from mine. Money does disastrous things sometimes to the ambitions of some people; it works miracles for others. The man of wealth has a responsibility here; he must decide to which class the person he is considering helping probably belongs. We live in a world of motives and motivations. We want things. Satisfying one another's wants keeps us busy—and, believe it or not, happy. Our collective wants constitute the driving force behind all our progress, commercial, economic and æsthetic. Incentive is a force hidden in the individual in the social organism, just as electrical energy is something hidden in an ion. Disturb incentive in the individual and you strike at something fundamental to his very happiness. Why are educational endowments so popular with the wealthy? Because those who will benefit must possess the incentives which drive them to the endowed institutions. It is a matching of resources.

The thought that Mr. Millionbucks may have enough relatives and intimate friends of his own to take up whatever available current resources he may have is startling to some persons. They can't imagine a fortune of $1,000,000 is a finite thing. Millionaires do have relatives. Even to the fifth and sixth degree of consanguinity. And toward his relatives the conscientious millionaire feels a bounden duty. Many are likely to be poor. Some will have large families. Family pride binds the millionaire to all their ambitions. Family pride also keeps him from mentioning his benefactions for his relatives. Invariably these demands are considerable on every man of wealth.

Watchful relatives keep the millionaire consistent in his policies of lending money to individuals outside the family. He must draw a line somewhere. He can't help everybody. All the money in the United States, leveled off, would give us a per capita holding of less than $3000. So how far may one man with one fortune go?

The Luxury of Being an Idealist

Why are millionaires so partial to institutions in their philanthropies? In addition to the reason I've set out for their favoring educational institutions, I suspect it is for reasons of efficiency. Using money in quantities involves detail. Your millionaire has generally had a life of detail, and he doesn't want any more. Investigations, conferences, a consideration of alternatives so best results will be obtained—all these are details. Through the institution, efforts as well as money are pooled; millionaires may collaborate in their objectives. The modern, efficient merger idea again.

I am sometimes amused at the evident lack of forethought in some of the arguments advanced by individuals in asking me to help them. Nearly all seem to imagine the wealthy man thinks only of money. They tell me of the cash dividends I will reap, for instance. Suppose a proposition should return $1000 or $10,000? What would that mean to a man whose income is $600,000 a year? No, your millionaire usually wants other considerations besides cash.

One thing he would like to know is whether, if he helps you once, he may have to help you again. Few situations are more embarrassing than that in which the once-helped person tries to explain why he failed, and then asks for more help. "How long is this going to keep up?" the man of wealth can't help asking himself. "Am I helping to turn loose on the world an individual who will become a chronic aid requester?"

And it must have been these chronic aid requesters whom the philosopher had in mind when he said that gratitude was a lively expectation of favors yet to come.

Absence of the necessity for considering the money angles explains why your millionaire may turn down coldly the little business proposition you thought so sound, and, as his very next act, place $10,000 at the disposal of some feverish-eyed youth whose sole ambition is to find out what will reduce the ravages in the pine forests of the terrible Dendroctonus. To the man who believes the millionaire thinks only of his money, nothing can seem so illogical as the reasoning of the man of wealth when he is lending his money power to others.

At times millionaires can really afford to be idealists in the use of their money. And that's one of the compensations for being "one of those despised creatures called millionaires."

PHOTO, FROM A. B. DUNN

The Tetons, Wyoming

Is there a Jekyll-Hyde coming to work for you?

There's a dual personality in most of us—a good and a *better self*—or a good and *weaker self*. All "trusted" employees are not trustworthy. Those who are, welcome a Fidelity Bond as a sign that all's well. Why wait then to bond your employees, until, under stress, somebody makes off with the cash-box?

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ÆTNA-IZE

"In Two Weeks—

the fed grass was a rich green in color and *unusually* thick"

ONE of the most interesting tests showing the value of lawn feeding was conducted last season at Monroe Station, Lexington, Mass., by Breck's Nurseries.

"We divided a section of the lawn at the Nurseries with a stretched cord," reports Mr. Luther Breck, who checked the demonstration. "To one side of the lawn, Lōma was applied at the rate of five pounds per hundred square feet. The other side was left unfed. The entire lawn was given the same watering treatment during the following two weeks.

"At the end of the demonstration period, the Lōma-fed grass was a rich green in color and unusually thick—so thick, indeed, that the caretaker could hardly push his lawn-mower through it.

"On the unfed side, the lawn was very spotty, with one or two green areas, but many patches of brown and thin grass.

"As a result of our experience, we recommend that you first sow good grass seed, then feed it at regular intervals and you'll have an unusually fine lawn."

You can get these very same results on your own lawn with Lōma. If you like, you can make a test of it in this way: Cut the grass on a small area, divide it in two and apply Lōma to half of it, at the rate of five pounds per hundred square feet. Then wet the entire area thoroughly. In less than a fortnight you will see a marked difference between the fed and the unfed sides of the lawn.

You'll find Lōma equally good, too, for your vegetable garden and for your flowers. Lōma is a *complete* plant food—a carefully balanced combination of richly concentrated nitrates, potash and phosphates.

Lōma comes in six sizes, from one-hundred-pound sacks to five-pound cans for use outdoors, and one-pound canisters for potted plants. It is obtainable from any dealer in lawn or garden supplies. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, New York, N. Y.

"The quickness of the results surprised us," says Mr. Charles DeMenna, Manager, Bassi Frères de Paris, Inc., Nurserymen, Florists and Seedsmen, New Rochelle, N. Y. A Lōma demonstration was made on begonias in their vast nurseries. The Lōma-fed begonias became more than double the size of the unfed plants, and they bloomed much earlier and much more profusely. In fact, they were simply hidden with flowers. "We were delighted with the wonderful results obtained with such a small amount of Lōma," says Mr. DeMenna. "We found Lōma better than anything we had been using, and are recommending it as equally beneficial for all flowers, indoors or out, as well as for lawns."

Lōma

Treat now ✣ to beautify Lawns and Gardens

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MILLIONS NOW SHAVE WITHOUT BRUSH OR LATHER

Physician Discovers a Totally New-type Cream That Adds Amazing Speed and Comfort to the Shave. Note How Results Are Guaranteed

A LEARNED physician—a skin specialist—has discovered and perfected a new-type shaving cream, called MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay').

It makes no lather. Requires no brush. It ends shaving discomfort. So outstanding are its advantages that the manufacturer guarantees you the best shave in all your life or your money back. Here is the guaranty:

"Buy a 50c tube from any druggist. If you don't get the best week's shaves you ever experienced, return the balance and we will refund the purchase price."

Apply With Finger Tips
No Brush—Remember

1. Wash your face thoroughly—leave it wet.
2. Apply soothing MOLLÉ over beard with finger tips.
3. Shave—with your favorite razor.

Simple—saves time—and the after-feel is delightful.

Great for Tough Beards!
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Tough, wiry, horny beards are removed like magic. No scrape, no pull. It's almost like wiping your beard off with your hand! MOLLÉ is the ideal beard softener. We *guarantee* it.

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THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

LONGHORN

(Continued from Page 21)

"No time at all you used to have for that—that Wertheimer," he choked. "Och, changed you are, Leah!"

She turned now. Her hands were clasped tightly together and her voice was queer. "Changed?" she cried. "Changed! You it is where are changed, August. Och ——" Her voice caught. "Why are you so dopplig turned that the whole township is laughing at you? You where used to be the smart August Eberhardt! Why do you let Oswald Wertheimer get so ahead of you now in everything?"

"You have heard, then?"

"That you are not yet graduated I have heard, certainly." Her voice fell sadly. "My pop has met yours in town tonight and he—and he ——"

"It makes some difference to you, Leah, that I am not a good farmer?"

"Difference it makes to me that you are"—her lip trembled—"that you are called dumb. Och!" Her hands were outthrust in a gesture of distaste. "Always, always it makes a difference to me if folks are dumb. Three years I have taught in the township school and tried always to like the dumb ones, but I cannot. Pity them I can ——"

"Leah"—there was pain in his voice, incredulity—"you would pity me? Listen, Leah. Listen!" He caught her hands. "I—I—it isn't like you think, Leah." Words struggled to his lips, but her hands remained unresponsive, her eyes would not meet his. His mouth closed in a line of stubbornness and he dropped her hands.

He swallowed painfully. "You would like a man because he can breed hogs," he said.

"The smart ones only I can like in the school," she told him, "and it is like that on the outside of it too. You who used to be the smart one are now changed. Oswald, where I once thought dopplig—look at him now! 'The smartest farmer in the county,' some say. Last winter didn't they come from all over to see how with artificial sunlight he could make his hens lay? Och, August!" she cried. "I like a man with some success in him! Any girl does. She can't help herself that she does."

"Here he comes now." August's mouth was still set. "Your successful hog breeder. Glad I am, Leah, that he is getting on so good, but I cannot yet forget how all the school was afraid of Oswald and hated him. Good-by, then." He turned stiffly and went down the steps.

"Changed Oswald is," she called after him faintly. She twisted her fingers and bit her lips. "Good-by, August."

August walked down past the big car with doggedly bent head.

"Hi, Longhorn!" his cousin called patronizingly. His new siren ripped over the silence of the hills. "Want a lift?"

August turned back with clenched fists. "What's that you called me?" He advanced menacingly.

"Och"—Oswald backed down visibly—"it means nothing, August," he said. "Longhorns they called us always in the Ag. School."

August stiffened again. He turned and walked rapidly away, cutting across by the Leidendecker barn. He climbed a hill and on its summit hesitated. "I can't feel any worse," he thought gloomily. "I'll cut over by grandpop's."

Grandmom Rupprecht was a dried and faded little person now. She sat all day in the window with her plants, her head nodding gently from time to time as though in agreement with some inner and secret train of thought. Yes, she was old and had come to the age of uselessness. She was good only for picking the browned leaves off her gloxinias, for reaching fumblingly for her spectacles, her Bible. Yes, Jacob was old, too, but sharp-eyed still, and his cane could be heard tirelessly punctuating his comings and goings about the farm.

"It comes somebody onto the porch, Jacob," she said.

He listened. "That August," he said coldly.

They looked up at August as he stood in the doorway.

"Well?" There was no friendliness in the old man's nod.

"It's August, ain't it?" The old lady peered.

"It's August, all right." He sank miserably into a chair. The warm welcome that had used to await him in his grandfather's house was here no longer. He sat, and felt the chill of their disapproval, and the weight of woe he had carried with him over the hill pressed down.

"Pop has been over?" He stirred at last.

"Even," said his grandfather.

The silence lasted. He became aware, finally, that something more than their disappointment in him was holding the old couple mute. There was something of grief about them, something of bewilderment.

"Speak out to him oncet how it is," grandmom suggested finally, nodding her head in August's direction.

"What would he know of it," the old man asked scornfully, "when Oswald knows nothing?"

"But a blood relationship to the farm August has in him," she remembered. "Rupprecht blood from his mother he's got ——"

"Him!" The old man snorted. "No Rupprecht he is! Oswald where is a grandson to me off a stepdaughter is more a Rupprecht than him! . . . They are pushing us off our farm!" It burst from him then, involuntarily. Having uttered the words, he could not believe them, but sat motionless, his eyes lost in contemplation of a fact which could not be true.

"Out of our house and off our land," the old lady confirmed, nodding in greater agitation.

"Och, but they can't do that." August summoned a laugh. "What ever put such an idea into your head, grandpop?"

"The state, or whatever," grandmom said confusedly. "The county, maybe. I don't know. Show him the papers oncet, Jacob."

"What could he do?" the old man asked briefly. "Dopplig as he is?" He went, nevertheless, to a side cupboard and took from it a tin box. His fingers trembled a little as he spread a map down before August.

"What is it, anyhow?" August frowned. He stared at the paper.

(Continued on Page 74)

"Well"—He Stood Up—"I Thought I Would Maybe Walk Over There This Evening"

Never Before Have Tires Stood Such Tests

(1) 3261 miles in 69 hrs., 31 min., New York to Los Angeles on LEE Super De Luxe Tires

The fastest trans-continental road record ever established. Never before on any one of his 97 cross-country trips had Cannon Ball Baker fewer than 5 tire changes. Averaged 46.89 miles an hour, night and day, through beating rain, snow and high winds. *November, 1929.*

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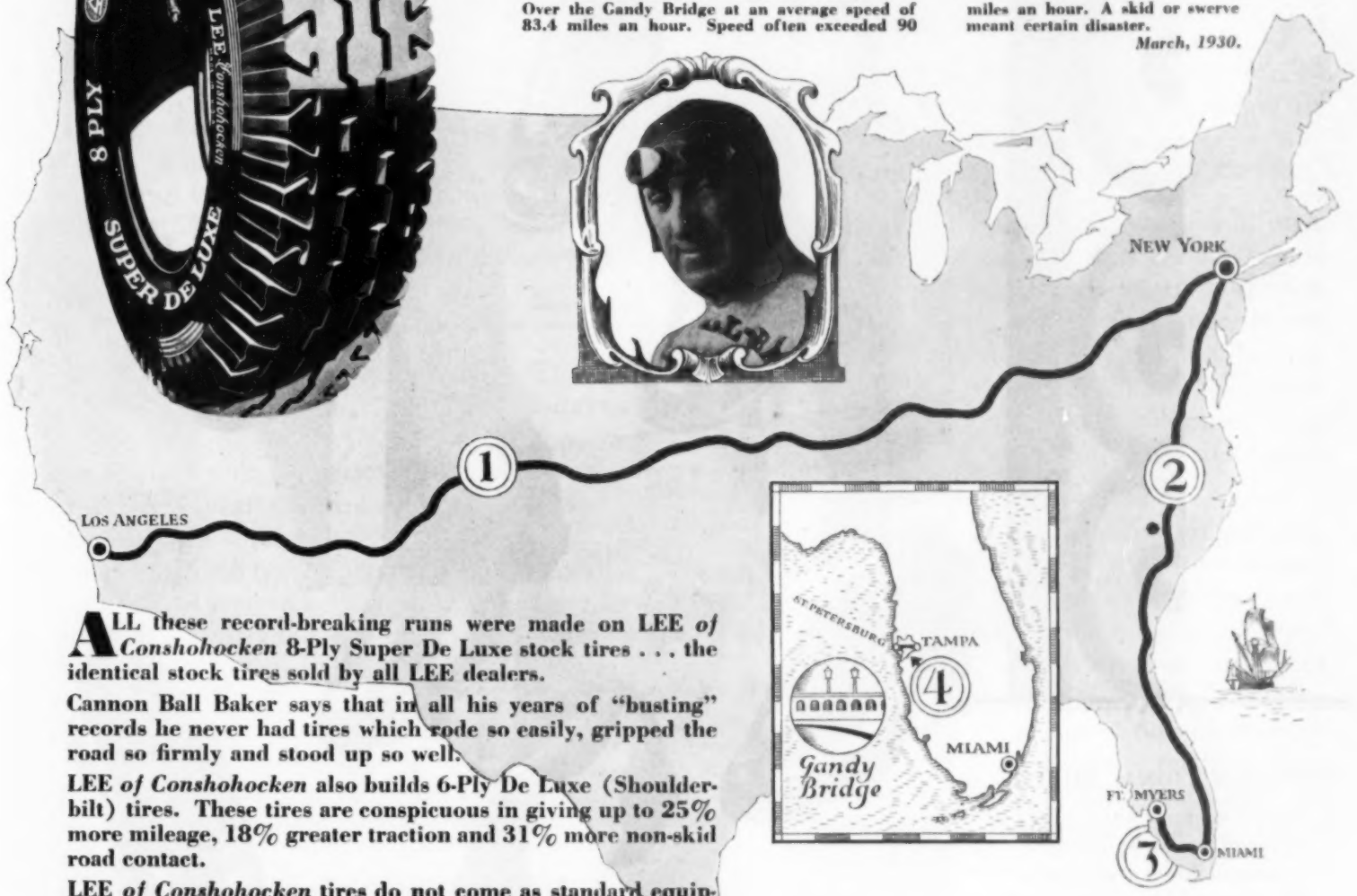

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FOR one reason or another, a good many men still seem to feel they have to pay a high price to get a good pair of shoes. But there are millions of others who could tell them to the contrary, for *they* have proved that it isn't true.

Many of these men could afford to pay most any price, yet never have to spend as much as $10 to satisfy their most exacting demands. Others may limit themselves to as little as $4 or any price in between. But all of them, naturally seeking the most for their money, have convinced themselves that, regardless of what they pay, International Shoes give the greatest values they can buy.

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For your next pair, ask to see an International Shoe. Look for the dealer who identifies his store with one of the names of quality below. Wherever you are, one of them is near you—ready to treat you to a brand-new experience in value.

The Producing Units of International Shoe Co.

- **44** ***Specialty Shoe Factories*** ~ each making just one particular type and grade of shoe, together producing 50,000,000 pairs a year.
- **14** ***Tanneries*** ~ each specializing in one particular type of leather, producing 25,000 sides and skins a day.
- **1** ***Rubber Heel and Sole Plant*** ~ producing 135,000 pairs of heels and 35,000 pairs of soles a day.
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SEALRIGHT
LEAK-PROOF
FOOD CONTAINERS

(Continued from Page 70)

"What is it?" old Jacob cried. He roused from his lethargy. "What, anyhow, then? Robbery is what! Thieving oncet! Lunkheads we got on our legislatures! Doppleheads fur commissioners!" The pounding of his cane punctuated the rise of his fury. "I'll show them oncet!" he shouted thinly. "They can't put me from my house out! Does this farm where my great-grandpop cut from the forest out belong to me or don't it? Is this house where has fur two hunert years stood mine, or does it come down to let such a road pass through?"

"A road!" August looked at the map and enlightenment came to him. "Grandpop," he cried, "not such a road through your property?"

"Even," said the old man weakly. His anger died as swiftly as it had risen. "Look"—his trembling finger pointed—"on the map oncet. The concrete road they would straighten out. It gives nothing we can do. To lawyer Obermeyer, Oswald has gone a'ready, but it does no good. That folks should get ten minutes sooner to such a pitcher show in Marleysburg, we are pushed from our farms off," he said, bitterness coming into his voice. "All over this country it goes that way now. Such speedways we got, and nothing else. Speed. Speed only. To get no place quick, to do something where means nothing ——"

"It can't be so," August protested. "There's no sense to it. Look here ——"

"Such damnation proceedings," said his grandfather dully, "is a'ready gone through. Old we are, and they take off us what we got. It gives nothing we can do. Oswald said it. That Obermeyer fur twenty dollars said it too."

"Och, that Oswald!" August sprang in torment from his chair at mention of the hated name. But he was, after all, a Rupprecht. He paced back and forth in the solid big-beamed room and the grief that was bearing down upon the old couple was communicated to him too. He came back to the map. His brows knit as he bent over it, followed with his thumb the line of the proposed cut. "Through the house to avoid this dip by the barn." He studied it. "Here to cut off the creek. By the old Dunkard meetinghouse it comes in. Why is that anyhow on the map, grandpop?"

"To the Rupprechts the land belonged always," old Jacob explained. "For a hunert years it was leased over only, and is a long time since transferred back."

August paced again, up and down in the heavy hopelessness that had settled down on the room. "Look here, grandpop," he attempted at last, with forced cheerfulness. "You're not to worry, grandmom. Money you will have and a home with us always. With us or with those—those ——"

"No money I want," said the old man lifelessly. "No home I want with anyone. Here I want to be or in the churchyard, and no other place between. Och, August—August ——" He came pathetically nearer to the boy. Dumb this grandson was, certainly, and a disappointment, but he was by blood a Rupprecht. "Come tomorrow over oncet, and I will show you where on the farm that new road cuts. Give me such a promise over that you will come." He followed August to the door.

"Come even ——" The old lady's head had taken up its sad nodding. "Come and walk with him some, August. Nothing else he does all day but walk up and down, down and up, where that there road will cut."

August gave his promise. He went again into the scented June night. "Old they are too," he thought, shaking his head. "It is some harder, maybe, to have sorrow in old age." Or was it? Could anything in the world be heavier than this weight that was pressing down his own heart?

"You are early back from Leah's, August." Rachel was sitting on the porch steps. She stood up as he approached.

"Och, yes." He twirled his hat about on one finger and looked off to where the blue of the low ridge of hills seemed to be spilling forward. "She—she had a date with that, with that ——" The name caught in his throat and would not be uttered. He stood in silent misery.

"I thought maybe so," Rachel said. "Did you tell her, August?"

"Nothing I told her," he said shortly. "Nothing I will tell her ever." His jaw set. "So ready she is to believe what they say of me. Let her! Let her! Nothing I care about it either here or there! No trust she has in me, no memory of how we have from grade school up been friends, of how ——"

"Och, August. A mistake you are making, maybe. Leah would keep such a secret for you."

"She would keep such a secret for me when she is maybe already engaged to that Wertheimer!" The sentence ended on a tormented cry. August rushed away from Rachel and into the house.

The fear that was in him was acknowledged now. It had found words and had risen up to slay him. Leah was, perhaps, engaged to Oswald Wertheimer.

"Leah! Leah!" Her name was in his heart like an unbelieving cry.

"Nothing he tells us any more—your grandpop," his mother lamented. "It is Oswald now where he speaks out to always. Och! A road even would run through my home and I would hear nothing of it."

"Now, don't go over there crying around, mom. Trouble enough they've got." A frown was set on August's forehead this morning. He took a particular pleasure in taking all the bumps in the road. "There isn't, anyhow, any help for it," he added.

He left his mother with old Mrs. Rupprecht and went with his grandfather out to the fields. "There isn't any help for it." This thought was in his mind as a rueful accompaniment to the old man's talk. "Here it goes through the middle of my Mamma Beams and my York Imperials," old Jacob said woefully in the apple orchard. He walked slowly and pointed with his cane. The new road had taken on a personality for him. It was a monster which would come, spreading destruction and havoc on his acres, laying waste his house. "Here it takes this fence row of cherries, August, and goes on into the wheat." His voice mourned the cherry trees and the wheat as though they had been living things. "The barn it touches not, but what good is a barn ever without some such house to it? Through the corn and cabbages, through the potatoes, the tobacco." On and on the old man hobbled, with August in his wake. They had started where the mythical road entered the farm and had followed it in a transverse line. Now the old man's voice trembled in anger, now it broke under sudden stress of grief. They reached the ruin of the old Dunkard meetinghouse. "Here it comes in," he said simply.

"And nowheres else could it get in without some trouble," August observed. "Look. There is the shoulder of the old stone quarry, grandpop, and there the creek. Twice it would have to cross that creek if ——" He kicked at the high weeds in the deserted churchyard. "Why, anyhow, did you never plant here?" he asked idly.

"On such sacred ground we do not plant," said old Jacob, "with the dead on it still."

"With what?" August stared. "With what, grandpop?"

"Over such a graveyard we do not plant ever," he repeated dully.

"Graveyard! A graveyard, once!" August had stopped kicking. Excitement came into his voice. "Look here. Was there ever a cemetery here, then?"

"Dunkards, yes. Some was by relations to the new burying ground moved, some was left lay. Come oncet." The cane was moving with difficulty through the brush. "No good it does to stand here."

But August didn't come. He was kicking about in the weeds again, with some sort of feverish purpose about his actions this time. He was tearing at the brush with his hands, peering intently here and there.

"Look! Look once, grandpop!" he shouted at length. "Come here. Read it. Och, read it!" He danced excitedly. "'Peter Jung,' it reads, '1703-1769.' Look beside it: 'Mathilda Jung; 1710-1780.'" August had unearthed two head boards of rotted wood. He had found another one, face down, blackened, its German script all but indecipherable. His hands were scratched and his collar was awry.

"Are you coming along or ain't you?" his grandfather called impatiently. "I told you oncet a'ready it gives an old burying ground there. A paper I got telling off who is buried at if you got to know."

"A paper, even. Och!" August leaped completely over a tangled heap of bushes and landed like a cat at the old man's side. "Grandpop!" he cried, laughing aloud. "Listen. Look here!"

The old man didn't listen, however. His vacant eyes were fixed on the far distance from which that ribbon of destruction would come. His head was nodding sadly.

"Och!" August subdued his enthusiasm with an effort. "Better it is to wait," he counseled himself, "than to give him a disappointment." He fell into slow step beside his grandfather. "Why don't you get out that paper which shows where the old graves are?" he suggested. "I am some interested in it. I've got to"—excitement bubbled in his voice again—"to go in town and see someone this afternoon. A notion I've got to take it with me."

He tried to walk slowly, but a fever of impatience had him. He leaped ahead of the old man and waited. He hurried back and caught his arm and propelled him.

"Leave me be," old Jacob grumbled at last. "What has anyhow got into you, August?"

August sat in the office of Amos Barr Holzinger and mopped his forehead and smoothed his hair back and grinned. It was the first time he had grinned in twenty-four hours, the first time since Ruth Fronheisen had hailed him on the road.

"I thought so," he said jubilantly. "I thought it was some harder to condemn a cemetery than a —— Do you think, then ——"

The shrewdest attorney in the county tapped the old Dunkard burying-ground map with a pencil and likewise smiled. "We can't be sure," he said, "but there's a possibility. If your grandfather wants to fight it, I'd be glad to handle it for him. It's vandalism—this wanton despoiling of our farms, this sacrifice of everything to straight lines and speed." The lawyer frowned. He got up impatiently. "'The garden spot of the world,' they call this section," he said. "It was that, fifty years ago. What it will be in another fifty years, I can't say. The beautiful drives are all going. 'Fifty minutes from here to there'—that's the slogan." Holzinger paced up and down in his office. "What matter if you are passing through beautiful country? Hurry! Hurry! Cut a curve here! Slash a view there! Chop off this bit of woodland drive! Go like something shot from a cannon from one town to the next. You see"—the lawyer sat down again and smiled apologetically—"they ruined my farm last summer. Oh, I'll enjoy this case. We may fail, but I'll tell them a few things. . . . You're a smart boy, Eberhardt," he added as his visitor turned to go.

"Wh-what's that?" August stopped short at the door. He turned.

"You're a smart boy." Amos Barr Holzinger followed him to the door and shook his hand. "Come in to see me when you've finished that law course," he invited.

August drove the car back from the courthouse in late August. His grandfather was beside him, his father and mother in back. The old man nodded his head and chuckled from time to time.

"'The proposed improvement to the highway does not justify off such a'—such a what, August?" He bobbed his head in August's direction.

"Desecration, grandpop."

"Och, yes—'such a desecration of a cemetery! Does not justify it off!' Them's words fur you, August! Och! They will

(Continued on Page 76)

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This floor equipment, modern • cleans and polishes floors for you. The new Improved Johnson Household Polisher may be rented for $2 a day. Your dealer will deliver it • If you decide to buy one, the price is only $39.50, including an applying mop, floor duster, and supply of Johnson's Wax (paste and liquid).

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(Continued from Page 74)

laugh now on the other sides of their faces, maybe." His head bobbed again, gleeful, triumphant. "Stop off at the office of that there Holzinger again, August," he directed. August parked the car in the shade of a tree and he and his parents waited, fanning themselves, while the old man went alone into the building. He came out again, as gleeful as before, but quieter. They let him off at his own farm, where Minnie Swartz was busy preparing a dinner that would fitly observe the occasion. Grandpop and Grandmom Rupprecht would sit down to it alone, safe in the sunlight of security now, removed from the shadow that had threatened.

"Wait oncet!" old Jacob called after the Eberhardts. "Esther, August!" He summoned them back. "I have made off my will in there by Holzinger's today," he said slyly. "To young August this farm goes, after all. This farm and this house and that there barn and all. A good farmer or a bad one—that makes not. It makes only that he is such a Rupprecht, and a smart one."

"Och, pop." Mrs. Eberhardt expelled her breath helplessly.

"You will live to a hundred and ten, grandpop," young August growled. "Why are you making up wills?"

Old August had been impatient to get back to the work that was pressing, but he seemed unable to start. He paced up and down in his own sitting room in his best clothes and pulled distractedly at his upper lip.

"You—how did you know oncet?" His perplexity burst from him at last in a sentence which pinned August, helpless, against the wall. "How did you know a farm could by such a dopplig means be saved?"

"Och, pop"—August shrugged—"anyone would know."

"He knew because ——" Rachel started up. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes blazed blue with pride. "He knew because ——"

"Rachel!" August implored her.

"Because he is off there at school studying the law!" she cried triumphantly. "Because he is the smartest boy in the county or the state even! Because he will be some day as good a lawyer, or better even, than Amos Barr Holzinger himself!" she finished. "There. August is studying such laws for himself." She sank back, a little frightened.

"August!" His mother sat down suddenly.

August attempted speech, but his voice failed him. There was nothing to say. He looked from his mother to Rachel and back again. He dared not look at his father's back, looming there at one end of the room. Old August had been stopped dead in his tracks by Rachel's outburst.

After an eternity he turned. "Is that true, August?" he asked thickly.

"True it is," August said.

There was a moment's dead silence. Old Eberhardt's roar of laughter burst free then and rumbled. Plates shook in the open cupboard, cups shook on their hooks and lamp shades rattled under its force. August stared.

"Fooled your old pop some, did you?" The old man paced now hilariously. He came up to his son and administered a pounding on the back that left him choking and blinking. "Fooled him, did you? Mom! Listen oncet, mom. Did you hear that there? Law it is he studies. Law yet! Like that Amos Barr Holzinger himself. Och!" He took out a blue handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "A smart man it takes to fool August Eberhardt"—he paid his son tribute—"and you done it oncet." He paced again. "First he saves off his grandpop's farm, and then inherits it off to himself!" He chortled with glee. "Say, mom, is our August some smart or ain't he? Lawing you would study, would you?" He poked his son affectionately in the ribs. "Well, I'll be swigged." He made his way at last to the stairway. "Look here, young fellow——" He turned to wag his head knowingly. "I suspicioned all the time you was up to something."

"Och," Rachel said weakly. She fanned herself with her apron on the side porch. "Heart failure I had almost, August." She leaned against him for support. "You can see that everything works itself out for the best sometimes when you have the least expectations of it," she opined philosophically.

"Anyhow," August agreed feebly. He was getting his breath again slowly.

"Leah you could tell now too," Rachel reflected.

"Leah?" His grin faded.

"Och, she just happened to come into my head," Rachel said lightly. She hummed a little. "Anyhow, that she is broke off from that Oswald Wertheimer a long time back I have heard," she added.

"H'm." August's mouth was a straight line. "Hot she blows and cold," he said stiffly. "A man would never know where he was with such a one. Nothing I care about her one way or the other," he finished savagely.

Rachel slipped away. August lifted tormented eyes to the hill which hid the Leidendecker farm from view. In ten more days he would start back to school, and with no warm, glowing memories to take with him. Other summers it had not been that way. Leah's laugh, he'd had, other summers; the flash of her milky little teeth; the flirt of her bright skirts; the soft pressure of her fingers. This summer had been an empty time. "Och!" Pain mounted in him, but he fought it down. He'd go out and throw himself into the farm work, as he had done many times this summer.

August shifted his bag from one hand to another and followed dip after dip of the road. His practiced eye noted the ripening of crops to left and right. The lush late September sweetness of apples was in the air. Fall flowers were coloring the dooryards.

"Yoo-hoo, August." Fat Ruth Fronheisen hailed him. She pressed down to the fence.

"Hello, Ruth."

"Back to your law school you go, maybe?" she asked respectfully.

"Even," he replied with dignity.

Nothing he cared about Ruth Fronheisen, nothing he had ever cared about her. One name only he had carried in his heart. That pain mounted again in him, and he had to shake it off with a determined movement of his shoulders. He set his bag down with relief in the little covered shed that provided shelter for bus passengers. He looked up and started.

"August," a low voice said. Leah Leidendecker stood up slowly.

He picked up his bag again and swung out into the sun, his ears crimsoning.

"August," she called faintly. "Wait. Wait a minute, August."

"I can wait outside as easy as in," he pointed out stiffly.

"But—something I want to say to you," she cried. She twisted her fingers frantically and her head sank down. "I want to congratulate you on the way you have saved your grandpop's farm," she stumbled, "and all. I ——"

"Thanks." He did not look at her.

A miserable silence settled down. August strained his eyes for the bus, but it was not in sight. Against his will his glance came back. She was in a green sweater suit, and a soft green hat was folded back softly from her forehead. She looked pale, and not happy.

August's heart came up into his throat and beat there, almost choking him. He picked up his bag and moved still farther away.

"August!" A little cry burst from her.

"Yes." Still his head was turned stiffly away.

"I—I've got to tell you how sorry I am to have said that to you, August, about—about being dopplig. Och"—woe was in her voice—"always, always in my heart I knew you were not dopplig, August, but—but it got into me something ——"

He had turned. He was looking at her.

"Dumb—dumb I was," she faltered. "Och, it was the worst summer ever I have lived through, August," she wailed. "Other times we had such happiness to think on all winter. Now—now we got nothing." Her voice broke.

The siren of the bus sounded from the other side of the hill. August caught her shoulders. "Is it true that you don't see that Wertheimer any more?" he asked roughly. "Is it true?"

"For weeks and weeks I have not seen him," she confirmed falteringly. "Since he kissed me on the night we were to get ourselves engaged I have not seen him. That I could never marry such a one I knew then."

"He kissed you then?" His grasp tightened.

"Och! Once only!" Tears were in her eyes now, and her trembling lips were very close. "It—it kreistled me some."

The bus siren sounded again. "H'm." August looked at her. A light which had for two months been absent from his eyes was back. A smile tugged at his lips. "If such a betrothal kiss has been set onto your lips ——" he said. A wave of happiness was tossing him up. He was on top of the world. He owned the world. "—— it can only by one means be removed, Leah," he finished sternly.

"By—by one means?"

"By process of law," he said pompously. "Only some such legal agent, or one who at the least will soon be admitted to the bar, can remove such a kiss. There"—he set his lips judicially upon hers—"there. There!" He set them a second and a third time, less judicially. The noxious caress of Oswald Wertheimer was completely eclipsed. The bus was upon them.

"Leah! Listen, Leah!" August laughed excitedly. "When I come back in June—— Listen! Amos Barr Holzinger has asked me to go into his office in June. Leah—Leah"—he all but choked in his haste—"could we maybe—you know—I mean—och ——"

"All the way to Marleysburg we got to talk that over," Leah said contentedly. She fastened her arm in his. "To ride that far with you at the least"—she dimpled—"I have come down."

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ALTER EGO

(Continued from Page 7)

"Is this," demanded Mr. Wagg, "a matter which embodies the element of humor? Because I abhor humor. I may say without fear of successful contradiction that I am at no time humorous. My mind is serious, and my purposes are serious."

"I think," said Randy, "that is highly commendable. I have been told so. Life is real and life is earnest, eh? But in this matter I am serious. I am serious to the extent of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, exclusive of your expenses, your clothes and your general upkeep."

"For which sum I, Smithfield Wagg, am to sink my personality into that of a young man whose sole attribute is the possession of immense sums of money. A mental inferior. And for how long?"

"For a year, shall we say, and if the experience proves a success, the agreement may be renewed."

"Mr. Wagg is educated," interposed the detective uneasily.

Mr. Wagg sniffed. "I have devoted my life," he said. "I estimate that I can achieve my purpose in, say, twenty years. The sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, if invested at six per centum per annum, will return me fifteen hundred dollars a year—a sufficient income. By enslaving myself for twelve months I gain a lifetime uninterrupted by the sordid necessity of earning my daily bread."

"Exactly," said Randy. "And may I ask this great objective?"

"I shall devote my mental powers to the writing of a monumental work of supreme value to mankind."

"A novel?" asked Randy with some interest.

Mr. Wagg bent upon him a glance in which scorn mingled with pity. "The tentative title of my work—which will be issued in ten volumes—is Some Preliminary Observations Upon the Pseudo-Psychology Which Has Rendered the Marital Relation Acceptable to the Human Race in its Several Ramifications."

"As I live and breathe!" exclaimed Randy. "Well, your year will not be barren, Mr. Wagg. Data for your book will flow in upon you. They will inundate you."

"What," demanded Mr. Wagg, "can you know of data for my work?"

"Really," said Randy, "I am quite bright. I could write a monumental work myself upon the topic of Side-Stepping Predatory Mammas."

"Absurd!" said Mr. Wagg.

"Quite!" agreed Randy. "Shall we, then, consider we have done a deal?"

"I think," said Mr. Wagg, "our minds have met."

"It is a great satisfaction," said Randy, "for my mind to meet a mind of the quality of yours."

Mr. Wagg nodded in acceptance of the compliment and said gravely, "Doubtless the association will not be without benefit to you."

"What-ho!" exclaimed Randy. "Fetch barbers and tailors and haberdashers! Fetch shirt makers and purveyors of cravats. Fetch artisans of boots and knitters of socks and architects of hats. Before we can commence, you and I must possess everything in duplicate. After which you must spend a time with my secretary mastering facts and necessities. You must learn to know my friends and acquaintances, my business incubi, my this and that. Are you resourceful?"

Mr. Wagg smiled.

"I may take it," continued Randy, "that you are moral, honest and without such vices as will bring discredit upon my fair name."

"Abstract morals have no existence. Honesty is the necessary expedient invented by wealth to protect itself, and I have no time for vices."

"It is," said Randy, "going to be frightfully difficult for you to achieve my general state of amiable mental vacuity."

"I shall," said Mr. Wagg, "in emergencies imagine myself to be you and—er—assume some such expression as you are at present wearing. It will suffice."

Randy coughed. Indeed, he coughed more than once.

"You wouldn't care to drink to our success?" he asked.

"I have no sympathy for alcoholism," said Mr. Wagg severely, "nor do I ever require a mental stimulant."

"Three cheers," said Randy, "for the red, white and blue!"

The period of preparation was brief, for Randy was impatient. It consisted in equipping Smithfield Wagg with raiment and with intimate information. Wagg studied photographs by the hour so that he would know their originals at sight. Certain of his manners were altered slightly for the better, and he learned how to behave in the presence of a butler and a valet. But most important, perhaps, he learned to answer to the name of Randy Hyde without pause or hesitation.

"You are no longer Smithfield Wagg," Randy repeated over and over. "Forget it. Forget you ever were anything but Randy Hyde. Sink yourself in the part. Lay aside for the year your undoubtedly superior personality. Do you follow me?"

"I do," said Mr. Wagg, and discovered that it was not so unpleasant to be a billionaire.

He did not know it, but he liked it very much, and, being a singular person with unquestionable powers of concentration, it was inevitable that he should arrive at the verge of an odd mental condition. As a matter of fact he came, quite speedily, to a state of mind where the distinction between himself and Randy became exceedingly hazy. In short, he was not far from forgetting all about Smithfield Wagg and believing himself actually to be Randy Hyde with all Randy's powers and opportunities. But that came later in the transaction.

"When you don't know the answer," Randy advised him, "be dumb. I have a rare reputation for dumbness, and nobody will be surprised. And tonight we'll have a tryout performance. I've got to put in an appearance at Mrs. Waverley's. It'll be terrible, so you'll earn your money."

"Must I dance?" asked Mr. Wagg.

"Like a he-Pavlova," said Randy inexorably.

"It occurs to me," said Mr. Wagg, "that a man in my position—er—your position—er—our position—could refrain from the more annoying forms of social decadence."

"Waggy, my lad," said Randy, "don't be eccentric. Reporters love it. That way lies publicity. Stick to the norm. The more norm in your cosmos the happier we'll be. So good luck, Waggy ——"

"My name," said Mr. Smithfield Wagg, "is Hyde."

"My error—excuse it," said Randy.

A few brief hours later Smithfield Wagg, accoutered and magnificent, made his ostentatious departure for Mrs. Waverley's in a limousine and accompanied by the bodyguard which had been a part of Randy's equipment since birth. Twenty minutes later Randy made his occult way out of the servants' entrance, unattended and unguarded for the first time in his life. He stood for a moment on the curb breathing the breath of freedom and then signaled a cruising vehicle.

"So this," he said with a sigh of satisfaction, "is a taxicab, the town car of the proletariat! There are odors and certain other discomforts, but it marches. It marches."

"Where to, chief?" asked the driver.

"What places have you?" Randy asked amiably.

"Don't wisecrack me, mister, I got a toothache."

"I was not exercising the nimble wit," said Randy. "Merely seeking knowledge. If, for instance, you were I with an evening on your hands, what would you do with it?"

The driver slackened his pace. "Well, boss, it's like this, you see: I'm married, so I don't have no evenin's on my hands. But us drivers sees things, believe it or not. We get wise. The things I've heard from where you're sittin' would curl your hair. What's the big idea, eh? Want to make whoopee and don't know where?"

"Something in that line of goods," said Randy.

"Nothin' rough, though."

"Not too rugged," agreed Randy. "But distant from Park or Fifth Avenue. I'd suggest the West Side, which, I hear, is interesting if not refined."

The driver gave the matter grave attention. "I just took a party down to the Peloric," he said. "It looked like they was startin' good too. Mebby it's an idea, chief. When they got out I looked back and seen an envelope on the seat, but they was gone. It was a kind of a ticket of admission, and I ain't got no use for it."

"Ah," said Randy, "merrymakings on ocean liners seem to be having a vogue."

"You're welcome to this here if you can use it," said the driver.

"Every cultivated man should experience everything once," said Randy. "Drive to the Peloric."

The engraved card—for which the driver was astounded to be given a tip of five dollars—passed Randy aboard the new liner, which had just completed her maiden voyage; but once there he was at a loss how to proceed. The matter, however, was taken out of his hands as he followed the milling crowd of arrivals and then, to catch his breath, stepped into a passageway. A cabin door opened almost in his face and a young man with a holiday face confronted him.

"Who goes there?" demanded the elated young gentleman.

"Friend," said Randy.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign. No, you don't need to. I see you are a friend. You have all the markings. Anybody could tell you were a friend if he met you in an impenetrable forest. Come in and meet the other friends."

Randy found himself drawn into a suite in which stood and sat and lounged a dozen young people in the act of enjoying themselves according to their lights.

"Friends," said Randy's guide, "meet my friend."

A lovely young woman on the sofa lifted her brows smilingly: "Would your friend be likely to have a name? It's more chummy to have a name."

"Certainly he has. He's all plastered over with names. He's in the Social Register and Who's Who and How to Know the Wild Flowers and Godey's Lady's Book. His name is Smith, spelled without the 'h'. Miss Rostand—Mr. Smith."

"I've heard the name before," said Miss Rostand, "which, naturally, admits you to full membership. Come and let's discuss our family trees."

Randy sat down beside her and acquitted himself very well, though presently his eyes and his attention traveled across the room to a girl with chestnut hair and the loveliest voice Randy ever had heard. It was her voice which arrested him first; then her figure, slender and extraordinarily beautiful; then her profile, which, somehow, suggested Scotland without the burr and ruggedness. It was an Annie Laurie sort of face, but modernized—though not too modernized. Randy noticed this girl had neither the readiness of attack nor the *sang froid* of his companion, and that for all her gayety, she gave the impression of being rather a delighted observer than a participant. She was detached.

"I don't blame you," said Miss Rostand, "if you're one of the gentlemen who prefer brunettes. I do myself. Who is she?"

(Continued on Page 82)

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Additional factors in the good performance and reliability of the new Ford are the aluminum pistons, torque-tube drive, chrome silicon alloy valves, chrome alloy transmission gears and shafts, three-quarter floating rear axle, and the simplicity of the ignition, cooling, lubrication and fuel systems. Unusual accuracy in manufacturing is another reason for the efficiency and economy of the Ford car. « « « «

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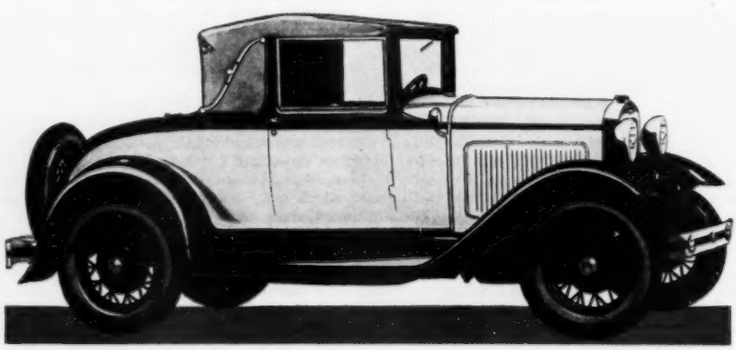

THE NEW FORD CABRIOLET, WITH TOP UP

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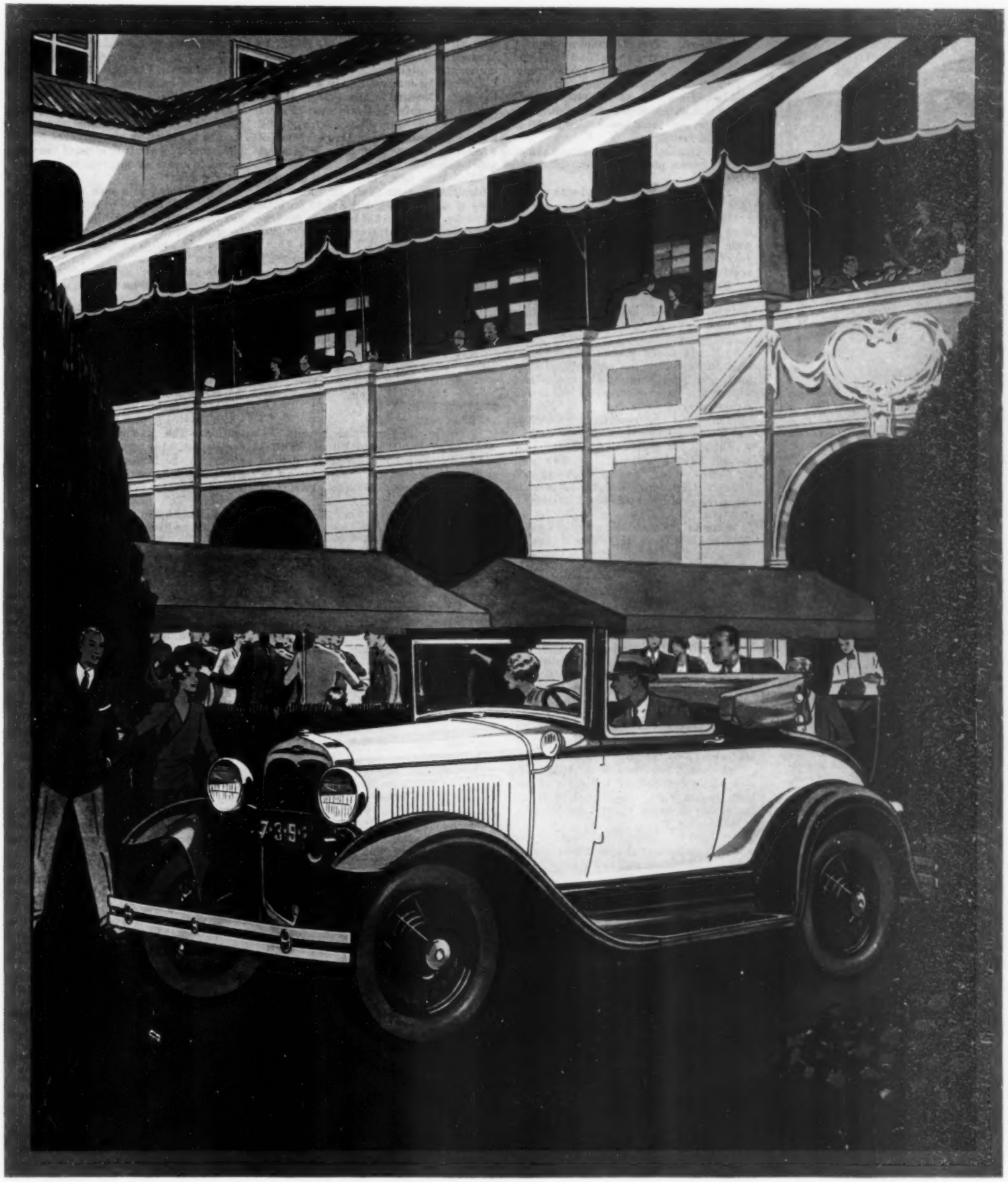

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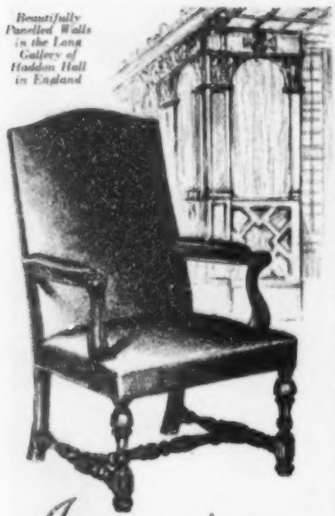

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SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA

SIKES

Chairmakers for 70 years

(Continued from Page 79)

"No idea," said Randy, not in the least embarrassed. "Probably another Smith."

"Being inquisitive I shall find out," said Miss Rostand, and called across the cabin. "Tom, we're simply shriveling to meet her and to hear her life's story. Pretty please."

Tom lifted his brows to the chestnut-haired girl who lifted her shoulders, and so they came across.

"Miss Smith," said the man named Tom, "let me present Miss Rostand and Mr. ——"

"Smith," said Miss Rostand with a little face. "It's a reunion."

Miss Smith looked up at Randy who had risen and her brows were bent in a quaint little frown. "There's something about your face," she said, "which suggests to me another name than Smith."

"Perhaps it's my nose," said Randy hopefully.

"They want to be alone," said Miss Rostand to Tom, "and tell secrets. Lead me gently away."

So Randy found himself seated beside Miss Smith, which was perfectly satisfactory, and being scrutinized gravely and with mental reservation, which was not so satisfactory.

"I'm sure I saw your picture recently, and the name was not Smith."

"I'll let you into a dark secret," said Randy. "It is not Smith. It is, as a matter of fact, Wagg. Smithfield Wagg, and I'm exceedingly erudite because I'm writing a ten-volume book about Marriage, et cetera."

"I don't think you could make up a name like Smithfield Wagg on the spur of the moment, but I'm not convinced. And how many times have you been married—to get data for your book?"

"Repeatedly," said Randy. "Oh, absolutely repeatedly."

"Which means you never have been married at all," said Miss Smith.

It was just at that moment that there entered a youngish man, graying about the temples and with a shrewd, financial face. Randy stiffened and his mind failed to register a question asked by his companion, for the entering gentleman was Van Cost, assistant to the president of the Hawkins Steel Corporation, which Randy—or his fortune—controlled.

Van Cost's head jerked as thus unexpectedly he encountered the owner of the Hyde billion and his lips parted to speak, but Randy looked at him without concern or recognition.

Van Cost came across the room. "I'm wondering if we've not met?" he asked.

"I wouldn't think so," said Randy. "I'm fresh from the Far West. My name is Smithfield Wagg."

"Ah. I am deceived by a resemblance, doubtless. Forgive me."

"Mercy is my principal attribute," Randy said, and Van Cost moved away.

"He knew you," said Miss Smith, "and Smithfield Wagg didn't deceive him a bit. Of course you know who he is."

"I'm not even curious," Randy said—but he might have been more interested had he followed Van Cost out of the room and off the ship, hurriedly, and to the nearest telephone, upon which he called up the town house of Mrs. Waverley.

"Mr. Van Cost speaking," said he to the servant who answered. "Can you inform me if Mr. Randy Hyde is a guest this evening?"

"'E is, sir," said the servant. "'E is hin the droring room hat this moment, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Habsolutely certain, sir."

Van Cost called quickly another number. "I want to speak immediately with Mr. Brandon," he said. Mr. Lucius Brandon was president of the Hawkins Steel Corporation, and his voice came presently over the telephone.

"Van Cost speaking. This may be important and useful. I have just met a man who looks more like Randy Hyde than Hyde does himself. No, it's not nonsense, but it is startling. His name is Wagg and he comes from the West. I verified Hyde's presence at Mrs. Waverley's. I tell you I've never seen such a resemblance. Yes, I'll try to arrange for you to get a look at him. It opens up possibilities."

During this interval Randy was becoming more interested in Miss Smith. He delighted in beauty, and acuteness of mind gave him a pleasure which his friends did not suspect. Also the girl gave evidences of a reserve and a certainty and a self-respect which charmed.

"You knew him," she accused. "I saw recognition in your eyes. Of course it is none of my business, but I dote on little mysteries. And I do not believe in miraculous resemblances—not exact enough to deceive Norton Van Cost."

"You seem to know him yourself," countered Randy.

"I know of him," she said with emphasis on the little qualifying word.

"By the way," said Randy, "and not meaning to be forward, and with simply oodles of respect and humiliation ——"

"The introduction," said Miss Smith, "leads one to expect something quite the contrary."

"—— I would like to know the local custom," said Randy.

"What local custom?"

"When a young man meets quite casually a young lady—whose name is Smith—and feels stirring within him a mad urge to meet her again—when her name may not be Smith at all—what does he do? I am from foreign parts, you know."

"Such a young man," said Miss Smith, "exercises his ingenuity, provided he has some, to bring about a future encounter which shall have all the appearance of being quite as casual as the first one."

"He doesn't ask her outright how, when and where?"

"Apparently he does, but he gets the same answer. Especially young gentlemen whose names are not Smith but may be Wagg. Everyone in this world needs a certain supply of credentials."

"I am asking none of you," said Randy.

"Because," said Miss Smith, "I am asking nothing of you."

"I had hoped," said Randy, almost seriously, "that I carried some credentials about with me."

She regarded him soberly, with cunning seriousness, and nodded. "Your appearance is satisfactory; your conversation is passable; your manners are better than average; you have a certain charm; but you give evidences of having been spoiled and of getting too easily what you want. You ring rather true, but not as Smithfield Wagg. Somehow you manage to give the impression of incognito. Therefore, sir, such credentials as you bear are invalidated by a foundation of deception. You cancel. Which leaves you at zero and with the necessity to establish yourself. Therefore the answer is: Find me, if you can; and earn the rest, if you are able."

"Cogent," said Randy, "and convincing. But appalling."

Miss Smith shrugged her shoulders. "And now," she said, "I must vanish."

But before she could disappear Norton Van Cost reëntered the cabin and advanced with intention toward them.

"Mr. Wagg," he said, "my name is Van Cost. This may sound unusual to you, but I am wondering if I may call upon you tomorrow. I incline to believe you will not regret it. May I have your address?"

"I wouldn't think so—offhand," said Randy.

"I dislike to appear insistent, but will you call on me—at my offices?" He gave the address. "Absolutely without prejudice. Almost anyone here can tell you who I am."

"I scent the element of mystery. Perhaps of high adventure. My curiosity itches. I might—mind, I say only might—make the call you suggest."

"I urge you to do so," said Van Cost. "You will find it profitable. My apologies for interrupting."

Miss Smith looked up at Randy gravely when Van Cost moved away.

"Shall you go?" she asked.

"I'm wondering myself."

"An honest man would not go," she said.

"Not even if he were curious?"

"I think Mr. Van Cost went out to telephone after he saw you."

"Really?"

She nodded. "He was positively goggle-eyed when he saw you. Either you are the man he took you for and managed to bluff him out of it, or you look so much like someone as to create an opportunity."

"For what?"

"Something that a man with eyes like Mr. Van Cost's would be capable of." She half closed her eyes. "I think he telephoned to verify the fact that you are not the man he thought you to be. Having verified it, he hopes to use you."

"Do you know," said Randy, "I rather agree with you. Which proves we are both smart people."

"Then," she asked, "what shall you do?"

"I shall call upon Mr. Van Cost," he said.

"I am disappointed," she said coldly. "Good night."

II

RANDY called for newspapers next morning with more than his usual interest and turned first to a certain gossip column which habitually paid him considerable attention. The gossipy gentleman whose name appeared at the top referred to Randy always as the Billionaire Baby or as the B. B., until those initials had become familiarized to a large part of the population of the land. This morning he chronicled the debut of Smithfield Wagg with some amazement and no little bewilderment.

"Possibly," it said, "the B. B. should consult an oculist, or maybe he was in a tantrum, but last evening at Mrs. Waverley's palatial Fifth Avenue hovel he exhibited signs of something which caused friends to elevate plucked eyebrows and wonder. King Cophetua went in for the beggar maid, but this time in horn-rimmed spectacles. As the college boys say, the B. B. gave Miss Anna Spack—with the accent on the Miss!—a grand rush. Miss Spack is a secretary or something and was present to count the sandwiches. But the B. B. danced with her, it is reported, eleven times and scuttled with her to cozy corners where he growled at all who approached. Has romance in gig lamps entered the life of our hero? The conversation is said to have been of deep and holy things! Breaths are being bated today by hopeful mammas and ambitious daughters. Is Social Secretary Spack to walk off with the prize for which the youth and beauty of two hemispheres have wrangled?"

Randy chuckled, and then he frowned. What was Wagg letting him in for, and just how ridiculous was he to be made to appear? The latter point is important to youth—and more important to maturity. Spack? Spack? He cudgeled his brains until he recalled the young woman vaguely as one recalls a piece of furniture noticed casually in the house of an acquaintance. He recalled her as a person whose age might be anything, whose hair was severely stringy, whose shoulders were narrow, and whose scant words were pedantic. He got out of bed, bathed, dressed, and sent for Wagg.

"Good morning, Alter Ego," he said, "and didn't you do grand last night! Didn't you! Are you, by any chance, myopic?"

"My eyesight is flawless," said Smithfield.

"Then it must be your taste," said Randy regretfully. "You know I'm supposed to have rather an eye for curves, lines and complexions, to say nothing of hair, eyes and ensembles. What was the idea? Has Miss Anna Spack a lovely soul, or what?"

"I found her an exceptionally intelligent woman," said Smithfield.

"Whom else did you dance with?"

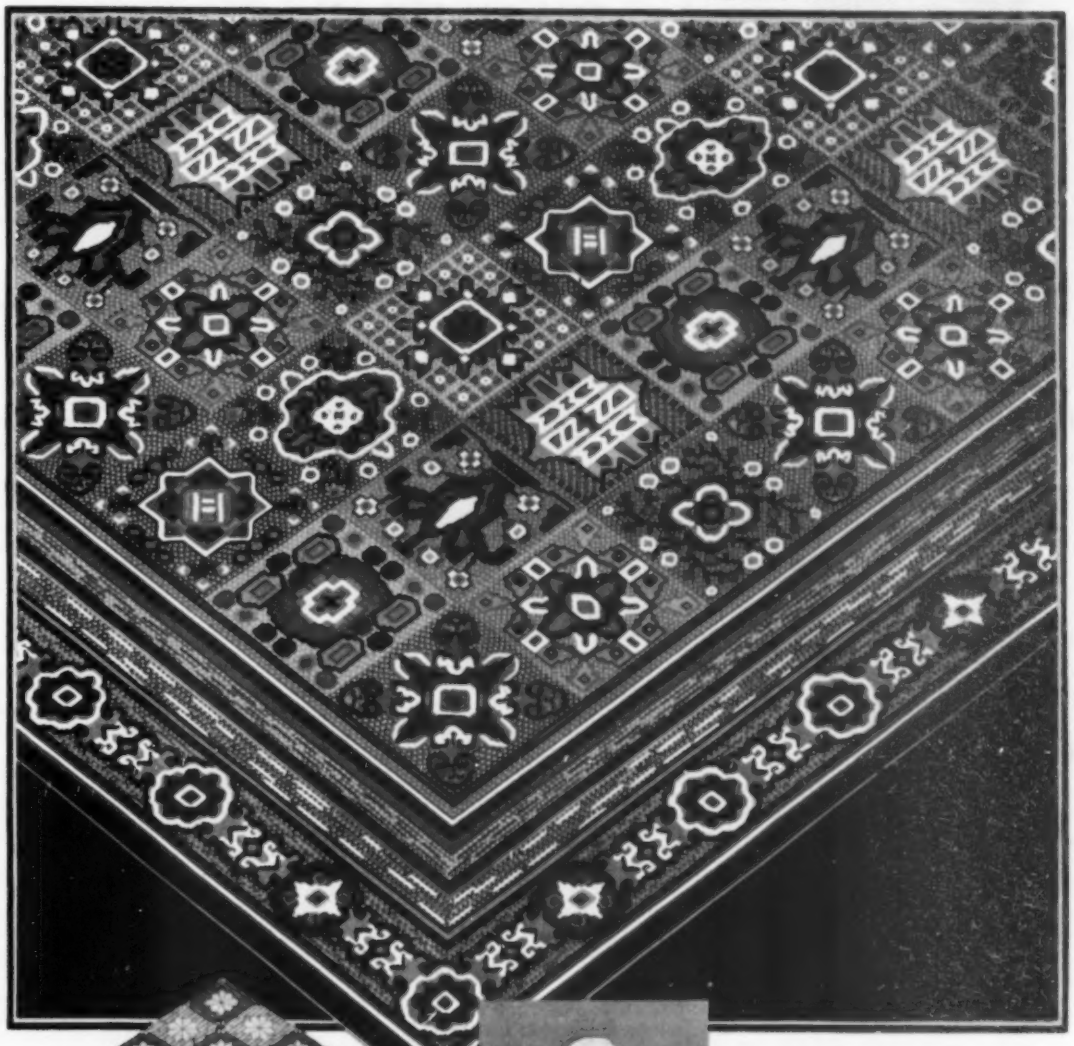
"None of the others," said Smithfield, "seemed worth my while."

"Ah, and nobody was there but the twenty most beautiful girls in society," said Randy dolorously. "Listen, friend, you're me, you know. You're not you. If you go

(Continued on Page 84)

Here they are . . .
The NEW RUGS
you hear about on the RADIO

New! Any room would welcome this modern rug with its rich oriental motif. This is Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series No. 4690.



AS you listen to the Friday night entertainment of the Armstrong Quakers, perhaps you wonder about Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. "Are they pretty?" "Would they go well with our rooms?" "Do they cost much?"

Well, here they are—just a few of the many new patterns—so you can see for yourself the freshness, the beauty, the cheer these new rugs bring to the home.

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are *especially* desirable this spring—with the introduction of a de luxe range of new-type patterns called the Decoresq Series. Here is beauty never before achieved in rugs that cost so little!

But it isn't *only* the new patterns, or the low prices that make Armstrong's Quaker Rugs so appealing. *They are so easy to keep clean*—that's what wives appreciate! Every Armstrong's Quaker Rug is surface-sealed by the special Accolac Process. It is this process that seals the beauty *in* and keeps stains and dirt *out*.

Actually, the rugs are water-proof. So is the sturdy felt base on which they are made. Wet-mop *these* rugs as often as you like. Dirt wipes right off!

Now, wouldn't you like to see the *actual* rugs in the stores? You can identify them easily by the Quaker Girl label pasted on the face of the rug—and *only* on Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. Not only does this label assure you a first-quality Armstrong's Quaker Rug, but full value and service as well.

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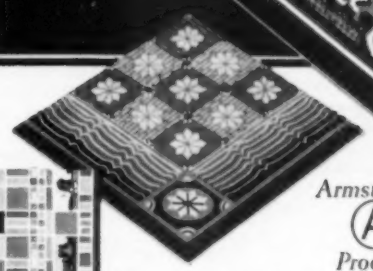
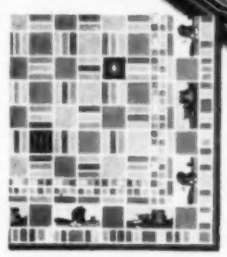
FREE SHOPPING GUIDE

Write for handy selection folder that shows *all* the new Armstrong's Quaker Rugs in their actual colors. Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 3005 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



Armstrong's (A) Product

(Above) New! Texture-effect in a neat, cool-colored pattern. This is Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Decoresq Series No. 20000.



(Left) New! "Spring is here" says this new-type tile pattern. It is Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series No. 4583.

HEAR THE ARMSTRONG QUAKERS ON THE AIR EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

10 o'clock Eastern Daylight Time

WJZ	New York	WHAM	Rochester
WBZA	Boston	KDKA	Pittsburgh
WBZ	Springfield	WJR	Detroit
	WLW Cincinnati		

9 o'clock Central Daylight Time

WSB	Atlanta	WTMJ	Milwaukee
WREN	Lawrence, Kansas	WEBC	Duluth-Superior
KWK	St. Louis	WKY	Oklahoma City
WHAS	Louisville	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
WSM	Nashville	WBAP	Fort Worth
WMC	Memphis	KPRC	Houston
KYW	Chicago	WOAI	San Antonio
KSTP	Minneapolis	WSMB	New Orleans

8 o'clock Mountain Daylight Time

KOA	Denver	KSL	Salt Lake City

7 o'clock Pacific Coast Daylight Time

KGO	San Francisco-Oakland	KGW	Portland
KFI	Los Angeles	KOMO	Seattle
		KHQ	Spokane

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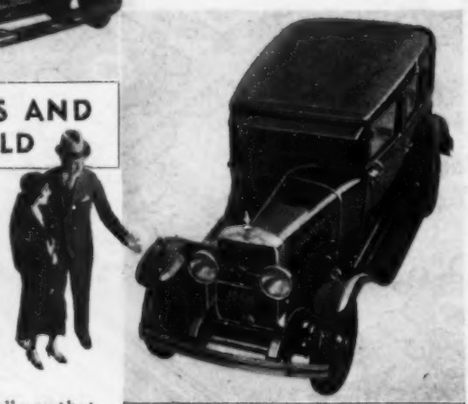

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Simoniz your car . . . it's easy, and you will be surprised at the wonderful difference that it makes in the appearance of the finish. Your car may look worn and discolored, but Simonizing will make it sparkle like new again. Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans and removes all grime, discolorations and blemishes—truly the only way to restore the original beauty to the finish. Simoniz then adds a luxuriant depth of lustre and provides the finish with lasting protection.

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Address .....

City ..... State .....

(Continued from Page 82)

around being you, you are going to kick me out of the frying pan into the bird seed——"

"Unmixed metaphors, please," said Mr. Wagg severely. "Out of the frying pan into the fire."

"I don't suppose," suggested Randy, "I went so far as to offer honorable marriage to this Miss Spack, did I?"

"That," said Wagg, "would have been precipitate."

"It would," agreed Randy.

"Nevertheless she would be an ideal wife and companion."

"Not for me, boy, not for me."

"Naturally," said Mr. Wagg, "your inferior mental equipment would demand a similarly equipped mate."

"I'll tell you a secret," said Randy. "Just at this hour of the day I'm more engrossed in physical equipment than mental. A beautiful girl is still beautiful even if she talks trigonometry; but when a homely one talks it, there's nothing to do but listen. Get the idea?"

"I confess," said Mr. Wagg, "there seems to be a paucity of idea present in that observation."

"Maybe you're right," Randy said with a sigh. "Life is like that. And, by the way, you are going with considerable ostentatiousness to tea at the William Marleys' this afternoon. Shut your eyes and grab. You'll do better that way than if you exercise your judgment in the choice of a girl to monopolize. And you don't happen to know one by the name of Smith, do you?"

"Several," said Mr. Wagg.

"None of them would be the right one," said Randy positively. "I'm going out. Surreptitiously. In quest of high adventure, said the fly to the spider. And if you love me, Wagg, as you seem truly to do, don't get me engaged to any horn-rimmed spinsters, because I abhor breach of promise, and I simply couldn't go through with it."

Mr. Wagg was thinking thoughts. As he regarded his employer disapprovingly the thought lodged in his mind that he, Smithfield Wagg, was better endowed by God and Nature to hold in his hands the destinies of countless human beings—as did Randy—and that it was regrettable he and some worthy woman not unlike Anna Spack could not have the administration of that vast agglomeration of wealth. Such ideas, if planted in clement soil, are apt to grow gigantically.

The hour being mid-morning, Randy fortified himself with nicotine and addressed himself to the adventure in hand. Once more he slipped his bodyguard and found pleasure in a taxicab with dubious springs. It carried him to a great building on lower Broadway, where presently he entered the offices of the Hawkins Steel Corporation and made inquiries for Norton Van Cost, with whom he found himself shaking hands almost at once.

"I hoped you would decide to come," said that shrewd-eyed gentleman. "Have a chair and a cigarette, and then we'll come to business." He pressed a button and directed the answering girl to inform Mr. Brandon that Mr. Smithfield Wagg was in the office.

Almost instantly Mr. Brandon, whom Randy had known from childhood, entered the office and stopped with a start. "Why, Randy!" he exclaimed, and Van Cost chuckled.

"Exactly my own reaction," he said. "Mr. Wagg, this is Mr. Brandon, our president."

"Do you mean to say ——" Brandon commenced, staring bug-eyed at Randy.

"I do."

"Get Randy Hyde's house on the telephone," snapped Brandon, and when it was done he spoke into the transmitter. "Who is this? Brown, eh? Lucius Brandon speaking. Is Mr. Hyde in the house? No, don't disturb him. I merely wish to know if he is there."

"He is in the library, sir," said Brown.

"Are you sure? Please go now and look—but on no account disturb him."

There was a pause of some duration. "He is still in the library, sir," said Brown.

Brandon crashed down the receiver and stared again at Randy. "Turn sideways," he commanded.

"What," asked Randy, "is this all about? Was I asked here to wriggle my neck and be stared at? Because if that is the general plan I've better things to do."

"The general plan," said Van Cost placatingly, "is to show you how you can make more money than you ever have dreamed of. So please be patient, do as you are asked and await results. Your morning will not be wasted in any event. Win, lose or draw, we shall give you a check for five hundred dollars for your trouble in coming to see us."

"I suppose," said Randy, "that is a great deal of money to some people."

"It is," said Van Cost dryly, not realizing that Randy had spoken sincerely and as one making an interesting discovery. For five hundred dollars was not a great sum to him, nor, indeed, was any other sum one might name. Money was something he had only to press a button to receive in whatever amounts his fancy asked.

For twenty minutes Randy presented full face and profile, he walked about, he sat down, he stood up, he laughed, he lighted a cigarette, he did everything the ingenuity of Lucius Brandon could ask to confirm his amazing resemblance to Randy Hyde.

"Well?" asked Van Cost at the end of the test.

"Even to mannerisms!" exclaimed Brandon. "I wouldn't have believed it. Young man, what sum do you set as your idea of plenty of money?"

"I never considered it," said Randy honestly.

"How much do you earn now?"

Randy gave that some thought. Earn? Hum. "Well," said he, "if you come to that, it is a moot point, if you understand me. Very very moot."

"Can you obey orders and keep your mouth shut?"

"I can and I might," said Randy.

"Without asking questions?"

"Curiosity," said Randy, "is a vice. I forget who told me so."

"Don't make a low bid," said Van Cost to his superior. "Remember how many millions are involved."

"Would you," asked Brandon, "like to have two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"The sum sounds pleasant."

"Very good. If you will put yourself in my hands for, say, six months, and obey directions to the letter, I will guarantee you that amount. Besides a monthly salary of one thousand dollars. Does the proposition attract you?"

"Strangely," said Randy. "But the state maintains electric chairs and jails and prisons, doesn't it?"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Brandon sharply. "This all comes under the head of diplomacy. Nothing to alarm you. How about it?"

"Done," said Randy.

"The meeting of the board is tomorrow," suggested Van Cost.

"I am aware of it. Mr. Wagg, you will be in this office at ten o'clock tomorrow. Mr. Van Cost will receive you and give you instructions."

"And here," said Van Cost, "is your first month's salary."

"I thank you," said Randy. "*A rivederci!* At ten."

At the foot of the elevator shaft Randy paused, for certainty came to him that the gentlemen he just had left would not be content to permit him to roam at large unobserved. They would want to know where he went, where he lived, to whom he talked. Therefore he took steps. He went by taxi to a large department store and ascended by elevator to the fourth floor. He walked down the stairs to the third, took down an elevator at the opposite end of the building and took another taxicab which he directed to proceed up Fifth Avenue. In the first traffic block he pressed a bill upon the driver and alighted through the wrong door. Maneuvers of this sort he persisted in for

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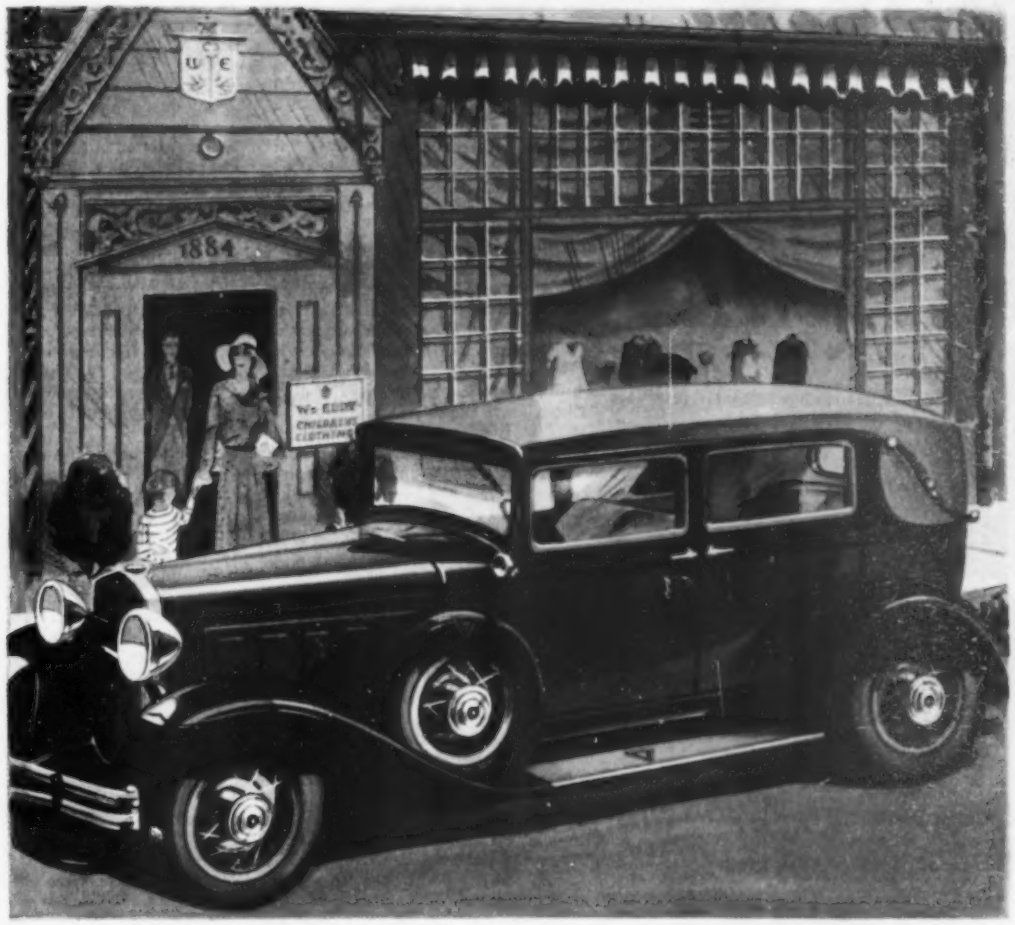
This trend to Eights *is a trend to* HUDSON



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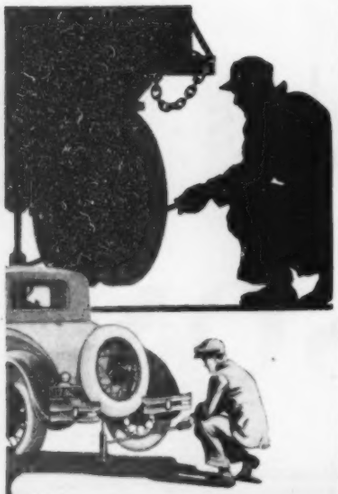

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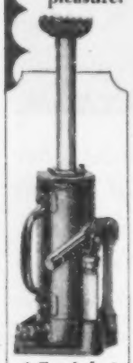

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(Continued from Page 84)

the next two hours, when, satisfied that any person who had sought to follow him had either been lost or rendered insane by his antics, he went home and rested from his labors.

But his mind would not rest. Mentally he searched for Miss Smith. Who was Miss Smith? Where was Miss Smith? How was he again to lay eyes on Miss Smith? Considered in a broad way the project seemed hopeless, or one to be left to chance. "My only hope," said Randy to himself, "is that she goes places you wouldn't expect her to be present at."

When ten o'clock arrived the next morning Randy opened the outer door of the offices of the Hawkins Steel Corporation and was shown deferentially into Van Cost's office, where that gentleman and Lucius Brandon awaited his arrival.

"What we require of you is simple," said Van Cost. "We wish you merely to be present at a meeting. You will not be required to speak or to vote. There are certain gentlemen there you know. The best plan is to speak affably to all, but allow no one to draw you into conversation. Am I clear?"

"Perfectly," said Randy.

"It is the annual meeting of this corporation," said Mr. Brandon.

"Most of the stock will be voted by proxy," added Van Cost.

"Perhaps we should go further," suggested Brandon.

Van Cost nodded. "It's like this," he said: "There has been some discussion upon the matter of supplanting Mr. Brandon as head of this company. It will come to the surface at this meeting. For important reasons unanimity in this organization is imperative now. Your presence, we believe, will bring about that unanimity."

"Clear," said Randy.

"Shall we, then, go into the board room?" asked Van Cost.

A dozen gentlemen sat about a long table as the trio entered, and there was a distinct rustle and gasp of amazement, an eying of one another, a lifting of brows, as the group saw and identified Randy, who bowed affably.

The gentlemen arose and pressed forward, and as each shook hands with Randy, Van Cost whispered that man's name, which Randy repeated dutifully.

"Will you sit here?" Brandon asked, pointing to a chair at his right hand. "Gentlemen, shall we come to order? Doubtless the presence of this young gentleman is a surprise to you all—as it is to me. I am delighted, however, that his interest in the welfare of this corporation is so manifest, and that he has chosen thus publicly to manifest his confidence in me. It is not his intention, as I understand it, to vote. His proxies will be handled in the usual way. Also for the good of the service it will be as well if his presence here does not reach the press. I am sure you will understand."

"I'm sure we understand, Brandon," said a wiry gentleman with side whiskers. "The trick is to you."

Brandon smiled.

"It is curious this meeting should have been called to his attention," said a fattish gentleman sourly.

"But odd things are forever happening," said Brandon amiably. "Shall we proceed with the primary business of the meeting—the election of officers for the ensuing year? The secretary will pass to you slips with the regular ticket. I understand there is some opposition. If so, that ticket also must be voted."

There was a grimness about the silence that followed, a shrugging of shoulders, a sort of saturnine acquiescence in a situation which might not be altered.

"Are we ready, gentlemen?" asked Brandon.

Randy cleared his throat. "Do I understand," he asked, "that I may vote in person, if I desire, instead of permitting Mr. Meers to vote my proxies?"

"Ahem! Eh—naturally," said Brandon, with a sharp glance of warning.

"I see that my name does not appear as a director of this company," Randy said.

"Meers and Armstrong and Catlin represent you," said Brandon shortly.

"Ah, yes. But I am interested in steel. So many things are made of it, you know. An astonishing number, when you come to think of it. So I've decided to be a director—if you gentlemen would care to have me." He smiled genially as he tossed the bomb. "I hope I'll be welcome."

Brandon's face was black—and blank. He gazed across at Van Cost, who was biting his lips. But neither gentleman dared speak. They were estopped. The same thought was crossing the mind of each of them—that somehow the opposition had discovered this impostor, Wagg, and had gotten to him during the night before. So, the opposition would be estopped also.

"Before you take this step," said Brandon, "remember it entails the displacement of a gentleman who has served your interests—and it requires a considerable amount of labor and attention."

"I wouldn't have actually to make any steel, would I?" Randy asked innocently. "No, my mind is made up. As I understand it, my father hoped I would become active in my own affairs. Hitherto I have had little interest in them, but all at once I find myself excited about Hawkins Steel. Ah—I own a majority of its stock, do I not?"

"Unquestionably," said Mr. Meers.

"And the voting of my stock will—how do you say it?—dominate this meeting?"

"Shut up!" Brandon whispered fiercely in his ear.

Randy grinned. He studied the ticket before him, bent over it and made certain alterations with a pen.

"We are electing a board of directors, as I understand it? Who, in turn, will elect officers. Consequently one not elected to the board cannot be an officer? Am I right?"

"Right," said Meers.

"I think," said Randy, "I shall grow to love the steel business. We'll have lots of interesting meetings, eh?"

Brandon got to his feet. "This passes the bounds," he said furiously. "This young man—unacquainted with business ——"

"I'll learn," said Randy jovially. "I'm learning every second. This ticket, as altered by me, omits the names of Mr. Brandon and Mr. Van Cost. It seems unfriendly to say so, but there's something about them I don't seem to like. I wouldn't enjoy meetings if they were present. You get the idea. And I've put in my name and the name of Mr. Wanger, my personal counsel, in their places. I hope you won't be distressed, Mr. Brandon, but you know how things are."

The ensuing moments can be described only by a gentleman who has devoted his lifetime to acquiring adjectives describing confusion and clamor. Brandon quite lost control. He shook his large fist and bellowed.

"This man," he waggled a trembling, accusing finger at Randy, "is not ——"

Randy interrupted. "If I were you," he said, "I wouldn't discuss that point. It would look bad in print." He grinned in what some people would describe as a fatuous way. "Let's do the voting now, eh? I want to see how it feels to be a director."

"I shall throw this into the courts," blustered Brandon. "You'll find yourselves with a sweet mess on your hands."

Randy leaned forward, and though his face was young those present were either pleased or dismayed to see a certain resemblance to his father's grimness and ruthlessness depicted upon it.

"Brandon," he said, "you're done. Withdraw in good order. Will the secretary record the vote?"

Brandon and Van Cost left the room as the remaining gentlemen, desiring to bask in the sunshine, crowded about Randy with congratulations and felicitations.

"They got to him," Brandon said frantically. "What's to be done?"

"Call his house. Make sure," said Van Cost coolly. "We may be able to gather up the pieces."

The telephone gave them the answer they hoped for. Randy Hyde was at home, reading in the library. It was, indeed, an impostor who had tipped over their apple cart. Their own impostor, who had been seized and converted to the uses of the opposition.

"The thing to do," said Van Cost, "is really to get to young Hyde. And scare the daylights out of this fellow in there. But he's got brass. I'll hand that to him. I wonder how much they're paying him."

"Not enough to cure what I'll do to him when I get started," said Brandon. "That young hound is going to be smashed."

"Still," said Van Cost thoughtfully, "it's queer. There's more to this than the surface shows."

"Find out," said Brandon. "Get men on the job. When we know everything, we can act."

"Done," said Van Cost.

In half an hour Randy emerged from the meeting, a full-fledged director and business man. He rather liked the feel of it. The elevator took him to the ground and there, in the broad, lofty corridor, he came face to face with Miss Smith. She was even lovelier than he remembered, but her face was severe and her eyes cold as she confronted him.

"This," she said, "is not chance. I came to see. So you have traded on your likeness and become a cat's-paw. I don't care for them."

Randy smiled. "You'd be surprised," he said gayly. "It's luncheon time. Can't we go and discuss cats'-paws and other zoological phenomena?"

"You didn't look the sort," she said scathingly. "I hoped—that night I hoped—you would be able to find me again. Now I never want to see you—never. And that's all. That's all, Mr. Wagg."

"That," said Randy, "isn't even a start. Don't I get a fair trial before a jury of my peers?"

"You get nothing from me," she said. "Nothing but contempt."

"Well," he said, "you can't deny that's something."

"Please go away," she said coldly.

He hesitated briefly, then he looked down into her eyes and held them in spite of the repugnance which blazed in them.

"Even so," he said, "you convince me that the world is a dandy place. *Au revoir*, Miss Smith."

Once more he reached his home by devious ways and adroit stratagems. As he walked into the library he heard Wagg at the telephone.

"Miss Anna Spack? Er—is that you, Miss Spack! Ah. This is Mr. Hyde. Yes. Ah—uh—I thought I'd call you up, you know. You—er—your conversation interested me singularly—exceedingly ——"

Randy softly put his hand over the transmitter. "Waggy, old dear," he said, "not so passionate. Not with such abandon. Watch your step or you'll have me married. Ironical, what, for you to court a maid and force me into marriage or breach of promise. Nix, Alter Ego, on the flaming youth."

"There are limits beyond which I decline to submerge myself," said Mr. Wagg. "I resent this interference. I—er—I feel my affections to be engaged ——"

Randy stood back and regarded this man who looked as much like Randy Hyde as Randy Hyde did himself. "I'm wondering," he said, "whither we are drifting. Waggy, my precious, it begins to look as if we might see life together and taste of joys and sorrows. But, Waggy, I choose my own wives. I always have. I've a preference for it."

Mr. Wagg spluttered.

"It's been a swell day," said Randy. "Tomorrow's going to be another. *Ad infinitum*. Life, Mr. Wagg, is even better than advertised. We'll cut ourselves a large slice of it."

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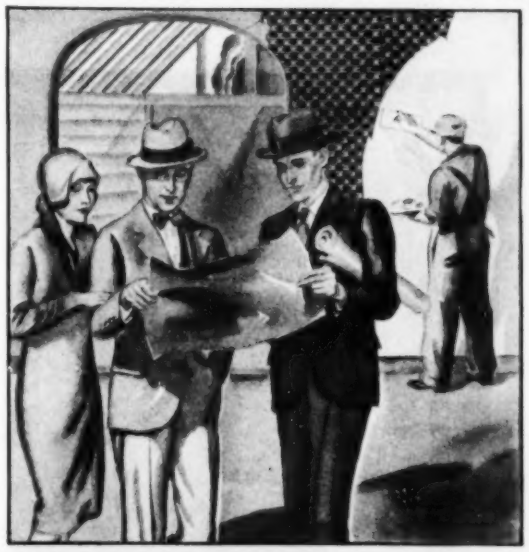

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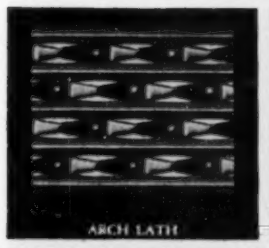
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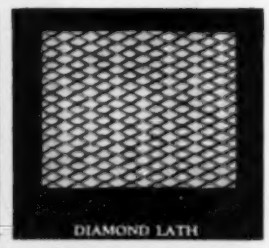
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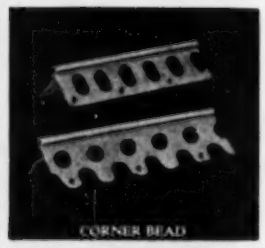
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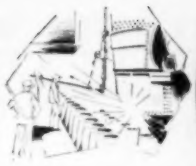

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BAD PENNY

(Continued from Page 34)

nod. "I think," he remarked, "that you may as well take those handcuffs off him, chief. He won't run away." Then he led the way into the dining room and arranged the doors and curtains.

"Du Rut," he said, as they were taking their places about the table of Colonial mahogany, "will, I think, park his car down at the entrance and walk up the drive to the porte-cochère. That is, of course, on the other side of the house. Remember, Beth, you are to show him directly into the living room and then return here. Come around the back way, through the pantry. And you'd better, by the way, go right now and instruct both the maid and your father's nurse not to answer the door. You might explain that there is an important conference going on here, and that you will attend to everything in the front of the house."

The girl left the room by way of the pantry.

"By the way, Judge Bisbee," said Burr, "where did you leave your cars?"

"Behind the house. I believe they are hidden from anyone approaching from the front."

Beth was back in a very few moments. And then Burr turned to the waiting prisoner.

"Cowden," he began, "where were you in the autumn of 1916?"

"I think you know, sir."

"Yes, I know, now. I've finally got you placed. But I want you to tell these gentlemen."

"I recognized you the minute you drove up, last Friday, Mr. Burr. You see, sir, I've followed you in the newspapers and I've read your books. I've always been interested."

"Thank you. But we have none too much time at our disposal now. You were a quartermaster on the Yang-tse River steamer Shan Hsien at that time, were you not?"

"Yes, sir. Chief quartermaster."

"You were present when Captain Baker and I interviewed this man Du Rut, on the lower deck of the steamer. He was disguised as a Chinese?"

"Yes, sir. I discovered him. He'd hid himself in a coffin."

Beth was staring. Judge Bisbee hitched up his chair and spread his elbows on the table. The chief was making notes.

Cowden went on eagerly: "There was some trouble after that, you may remember, Mr. Burr—that night. Fighting on the river. The boat was shelled, and we had a good deal of confusion and excitement. One of the big Nanking officials was on the boat with his suite. They occupied all the after part of the upper deck. The official was Prince T'ung K'ai Ch'uan. The mate, during the worst of the shelling, sent me back there to try to quiet the panic and tell Prince T'ung that the captain was sure he could get the boat through. I walked aft along the portside deck. You may not remember, but we had screened off the after part of that deck with canvas. Just before I reached the canvas, I saw a man squeezing around the edge of it, by the rail. It was Mr. Du Rut. He had a parcel in his hand, rolled up in a piece of rice paper. He was awfully excited. He grabbed me and made me look at it."

"Was it, by any chance, the jade teapot that was among the wedding presents here?"

Cowden nodded quickly. "Yes, Mr. Burr. It was. You see, during the panic, the prince and his suite ran down to the lower deck. I suppose it seemed safer to them."

Judge Bisbee spoke sternly: "And Du Rut took advantage of that fact to steal this jade?"

"I—I don't know as I'd quite call it stealing, judge. More like looting."

"Isn't that a rather fine distinction, young man?"

"I don't know, sir. I—it's kind of hard to explain."

"Perhaps I can explain," Burr put in. "Always, during the tragic confusions in China, looting has been rather a commonplace. Winked at, really. There was no effective authority. If there had been, I fear a good many pretty distinguished fellow countrymen of ours would be behind the bars right now. Yes, the attitude toward looting has been what we might call quaint. The looter wasn't quite—not quite—a common thief."

"That's it, Mr. Burr," said Cowden. "Thank you."

"Did you do any of this quaint thievery yourself, Cowden?"

"I did not, sir! I was a petty officer. I had my responsibilities."

"You felt no obligation to report this—well, this bit of looting?"

"I didn't quite know what to do about it, judge. It bothered me."

"I'm glad to learn that," observed the judge dryly. "But you saw no particular reason why the teapot should be restored to the prince?"

"I thought a good deal about it. Oh, afterward. But then he was beheaded."

"Who was beheaded?"

"T'ung. Pretty soon after that."

"And you couldn't very well insist on its being returned to a headless corpse," remarked Burr.

"Not very well, sir."

"I should suppose that even Chinese gentlemen leave estates," mused the judge.

"But if you don't mind, judge," said Burr, "I myself feel disposed to pass over the point. China, under the most normal of conditions, is a strange land to us. And in times of unrest and battle and generally upset social conditions, nothing appears as it would appear here. I have seen whole groups of eminently respectable American and British people, in a coast hotel, gleefully comparing treasures that every one of them, all of us, knew to be loot. I suppose, Cowden, you more or less felt that it was none of your business. As we used to say along the coast: 'No belong my pidgin.'"

"That's it, sir—'No belong my pidgin.'"

"But," persisted the judge, "did you profit because of your silence?"

"Well, in a way, yes, sir. You see, when I bumped into Mr. Du Rut that way, he was wild with excitement. I suppose he just had to tell the first person he saw. But later that night he looked me up and begged me not to give him away. I finally agreed not to."

Burr spoke, "I'm inclined to believe that you must have seen a good deal of the man after that."

"Yes, sir, I did. I never could have got home from China, if he hadn't lent me money. And he has helped me since, in this country. He has been very kind to me. You see"—a hurt, dogged look crept in about his eyes—"I'd married and my wife died in childbirth. He helped me then."

There was a pause.

"And now about the little mix-up of night before last," resumed Burr. "Suppose you tell us about that. You evidently felt, at first, that you were under some obligation to protect the man. Cover him all you could."

"Mr. Burr, I didn't know what to do! I was never so astonished in my life. I heard that noise of the door opening. And just as I told you gentlemen, I had an awful time waking up enough to do anything about it. When I did find my slippers and get down into the area, there was a fellow hauling out the ladder. I jumped at him with the wrench in my hand. He caught my arm. He's no weakling—Du Rut. We began a sort of wrestling. And then all of a sudden we recognized each other. Queerest experience I've ever had. I hadn't seen him in about four years. Since I came up here from New York. We had a little talk then. And that was what Miss Beth heard. He told me that he was there by arrangement—to elope with Miss Dorothy. That was too much for me. I'd never thought of him as being a liar or a crook. Not really. Though he was always a strange sort of a man."

"Didn't he give you anything?"

Cowden flushed. "Yes, sir. He gave me a hundred dollars. I—I didn't know whether to take it or not. It seemed to me that he was telling the truth—and I knew Miss Dorothy had acted pretty strangely during the afternoon—I saw her carry a heavy suitcase off in her car. She left it there when she came back, and I carried it in later. He told me, too, that they'd had an arrangement to meet at Dick's Place over near Marlboro, but that you stumbled into them, Mr. Burr, and stopped it then. He said you and he had a fight. And when you drove up, Mr. Burr, I couldn't help seeing that your face was marked up."

Burr nodded shortly.

"I simply didn't know what to do. Miss Dorothy is a grown-up young lady. I didn't see exactly how I could stop her if she'd made up her mind to do this. And—oh, another thing: Mr. Du Rut asked me where the presents were."

"Did you tell him?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir. I don't doubt it was wrong. But I did tell him. You see, he'd been, at one time, a sort of boss of mine. I'd always done as he said."

"You believed Du Rut's story?" asked the judge.

"Yes, Your Honor, I believed it. It seemed to hitch together all right. Well, he dragged the ladder around to the side of the house, and I just stood there trying to think. I was sort o' bewildered. Finally, I went, as I told you before, and stood by the big elm, near where he'd put the ladder up against the roof of the porch. I heard some queer sounds, then. They seemed to be up in one of the rooms. Some scuffling and a sort of crash. I'd about made up my mind to go up there after him, when he came hurrying out on the porch roof and slid down the ladder. He fell part of the way. He had something in his hand that dropped on the ground. He was making a queer sound too. Kind o' sobbing. He said, gasping-like: 'I've killed a man, Phil!' And then he just ran. Fast he ran. I went after him, but couldn't catch him. Before I could get anywhere near him, I heard him starting his car, somewhere down on the drive. And then he'd gone.

"Well, that's how it was. I had a feeling I ought to telephone the police. But I was pretty confused. Kind o' mixed up. I couldn't help feeling that I was more or less involved in the thing. I didn't see how I could explain that to the police. I had the hundred, and there didn't seem to be a chance of giving it back, or even of hiding it where they wouldn't find it. I felt sure the people in the house must have been waked up by the row he'd made, and it seemed to me they'd probably do something about it. I thought I'd better take the ladder back to the garage. While I was doing that I stumbled on the jade teapot, and I took it up and put it in my trunk and went to bed. I'll admit I was pretty badly scared by that time. I saw it wasn't going to be so easy to explain the teapot after I'd carried it away without rousing up the house. But before I had a chance to figure it out, the police came after me. It seemed to me I was just in wrong all round. But I'm mighty glad he didn't kill you, Mr. Burr."

"Where is that money," asked Judge Bisbee sternly—"the hundred dollars?"

"The police took it, Your Honor, when they searched me."

"You have it, then, chief?"

The officer nodded. "We are holding it, together with the other evidence. Five twenties."

Judge Bisbee and the chief then put Cowden through a severe questioning, but

(Continued on Page 94)

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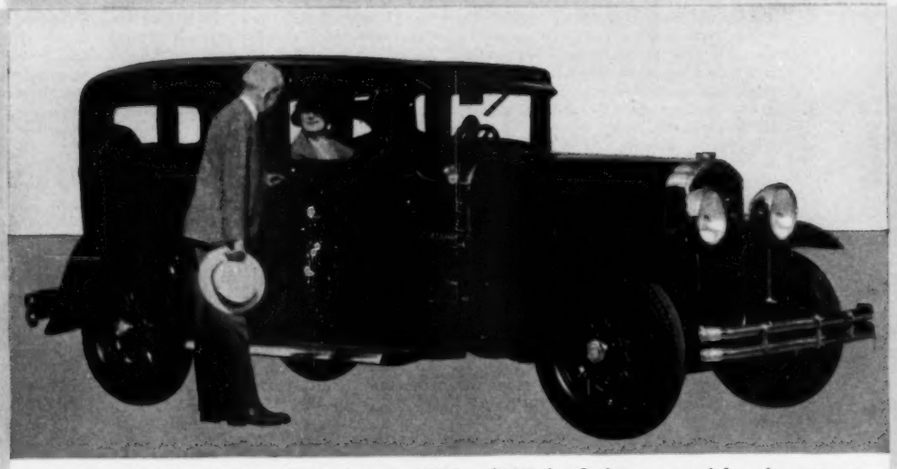

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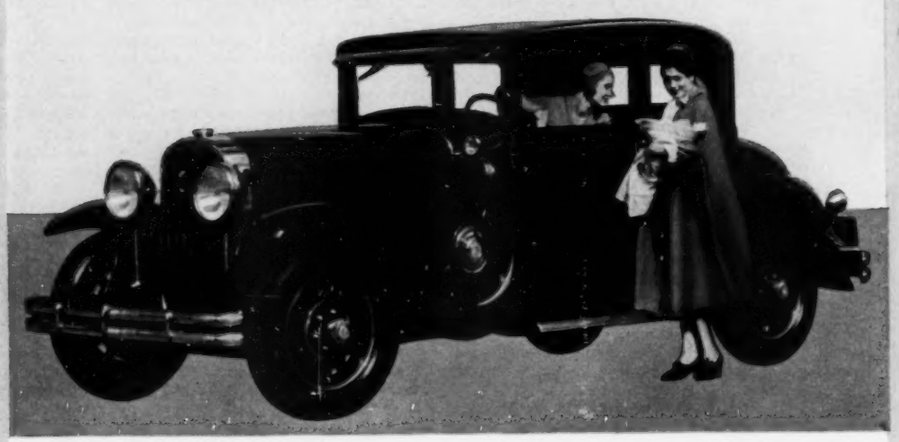
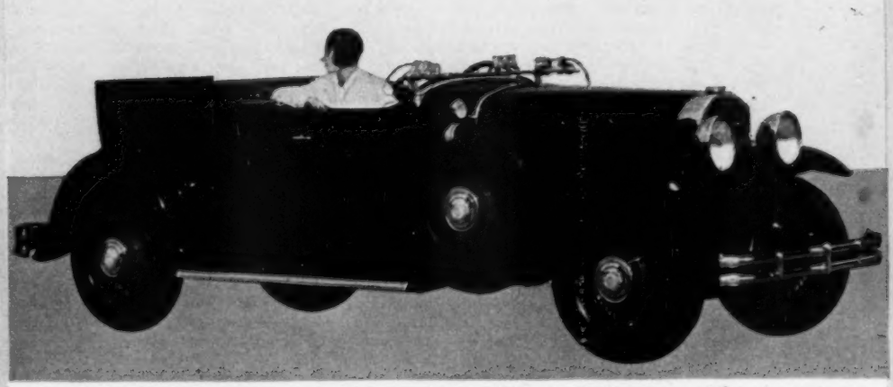


Series 50, 124-inch wheelbase. Two body types, $1510 and $1540, f. o. b. factory, special equipment extra



Series 60, 132-inch wheelbase. Seven body types, $1585 to $2070, f. o. b. factory, special equipment extra

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—know why Buick today is awarded from 35 to 50 per cent of the combined sales of the fifteen makes of cars in its price class.

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Buick offers fifteen distinctive body types —in three series, three wheelbases, and three price ranges—$1260 to $2070, f. o. b. factory, all available on the liberal G. M. A. C. plan.

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uncovered nothing further. The man had told his story fully. That was clear enough.

A silence finally came. Then a rhythmical step sounded in the distance. Someone was walking briskly up the drive. Soon a bell rang faintly, somewhere in the rear of the house.

Beth sprang up, looking toward Burr. He nodded, and she hurried out through the pantry.

Soon she returned and beckoned to Burr to join her in the pantry. "I made him think I'd gone to tell Dot," she whispered to Burr. "He acts kind of frightened—as if he thought somebody might jump at him. But he's a wonderful looker. You're right about that, Tom. After seeing him, I don't know as I really blame Dot."

Burr went quietly out into the rear hall. Judge Bisbee and the chief tiptoed to the partly opened hall doors and waited there, to listen. Beth stood motionless by the table for a moment, pressing her hands against her temples. She'd spoken lightly enough to Burr, during that moment in the pantry, but now her thoughts were spinning and her head ached.

Outside, from the lawn, she heard the distant put-put-put of the gasoline mower. Birds were singing and chattering in the elms and maples. It was a pleasantly warm summer evening. The windows were all open. She stepped cautiously around the dining table and looked out through a screen. Off behind a cluster of Japanese quinces she saw that waiting officer, resting on one knee, alertly peeping between the bushes. Then she heard Burr's quick footsteps in the front hall, and tiptoed quickly over there by the listening men. Tom Burr, she thought, with a fluttering breast, was perfectly wonderful. He'd been beaten half to death, but he marched straight on. Nothing could stop him, short of an ax or a bullet. He was going to have it out with this unbelievable adventurer. He was anything but strong now, of course; anything but himself. But that was nothing to him. You couldn't stop him. Not Tom Burr!

She caught at Judge Bisbee's arm for support. He patted her hand kindly, but didn't look around. There was tension here, and purpose.

XV

THE man stood at one of the front windows, pressing his right hand against the copper screen as if testing its strength. And he was moistening his lips with a nervous tongue. He wore the now familiar linen knickerbockers and the olive-green sports coat. The Panama hat, with that sportive olive-green feather stuck in the band, swung from his left hand, at his side.

He whirled about, an uncertain, questioning eagerness on the handsome face. Then his jaw sagged and his eyes widened.

"Well, Du Rut"—Burr advanced quietly into the room—"I shall have to ask you to pardon the deception that brought you here, but I really feel that I deserve a little consideration from you. I couldn't help hoping, Friday, that I'd knocked a bit of sense into you. But that seems to be rather more of a job than I'd reckoned it."

Du Rut was desperately pulling himself together. He was white of face, but quickly drew himself up and stared with what was evidently meant for a supreme dignity.

"What are you doing in this house?" he demanded.

"Why, really—though I don't mind answering your extraordinary question. At the moment I'm supposed to be recovering from your attack on me."

"That is nonsense! I don't know what you are talking about."

"Fortunately, perhaps, I do, Du Rut. And I've learned that you can be mildly dangerous when you can find a weapon, though you're not so good with your fists. Europeans aren't, apparently. You tried a stick at the filling station. And when you knocked me out in my room, you found it necessary to use a chair."

"I did not come here"—the man appeared determined to give a correct and telling impersonation of outraged royalty—"I did not come here to listen to absurd and untruthful charges."

"Then suppose you tell me why you did come?"

Du Rut was standing now like a Prussian general. "I demand to know"—the words rang out majestically—"I demand to know where is Miss Dorothy Grove!"

"You can't for a minute believe that I'd tell you. You!" Burr spat out that final "You!"

"Your insults have no effect on me, Burr. And I ask you to understand that whatever I may be forced to say to you on this occasion is without prejudice to any legal action I may decide to bring against you."

"It is hardly an occasion for humor, Du Rut."

"Humor!"

"Yes. You're being funny, in your quaint way. In seeking this interview, my purpose was to have a serious talk with you."

"I demand to know where is Miss Dorothy Grove!"

Burr considered him thoughtfully, and almost smiled. "Really," he remarked, "you are putting up a rather amazing front. On just what ground do you base your demand for Miss Grove?"

"On the ground that she is my affianced wife."

"Remarkable!"

"You refuse to tell me of her whereabouts?"

"Oh, most assuredly!"

"Then I shall bring suit against you."

"Not so fast, Du Rut, if you please! When you first met Miss Grove, you knew that she was shortly to be married to another man."

"I refuse to permit you to intrude into my private ——"

"You're making it difficult, Du Rut. What I'm trying to do, really, is to help you think a bit more clearly. Can't you see that if you had succeeded in enticing Miss Grove away, whatever suing was done would have been done by Mr. Ben Willis? I think I should explain to you that Mr. Willis is a determined and extremely able young man. He is younger and bigger and stronger than either you or I."

"I refuse to listen to ——"

"Oh, no, you don't refuse to listen! I'm merely hoping that you won't insist on my using force. Though I certainly will use force if I have to. You are here for a talk, whether you like it or not. It will be vastly better for you if you will drop this absurd posturing and make up your mind to behave like a sensible human being. One thing I'm going to tell you is that when we met at that filling station the other day, Mr. Willis was standing within a hundred feet of us. Fortunately for you, at the moment his back was turned. He happened to be indulging in a hot dog. If he'd seen, on the other hand, what you were up to, I really don't think he'd ever have been content with the little beating up I gave you. I think he'd have killed you. He's slightly lacking in humor, you see."

Du Rut stirred impatiently. But he was already wilting somewhat. Beginning to tire mentally. A worried knot was gathering between his brows. That hint of a lurking Prussian general had faded away.

Burr pressed firmly on. "I have not told Mr. Willis of our encounter. He knows nothing whatever about it. It may seem remarkable, but it is the truth. To that extent, I have already spared you. My present purpose is to spare you still further."

"You are absurd!" Du Rut sputtered the words out with a momentary air of strength.

"You're going to have to listen, Du Rut. Now ——"

"I demand to see Miss Grove!"

"You can't see her. Better get that straight."

"I am here by her invitation. I myself talked with her by telephone. If you are shutting her away from me ——"

"Still keeping up the bluff, Du Rut? It's too bad. If I can only straighten out that warped mind of yours —— I'm really trying to save you."

"You? You save me from nothing! I demand to see Miss Grove!"

"But how do you figure on straightening things out with Louise Cutting?"

"In my private affairs, I tell you ——"

"Oh, come! I know that you've talked with her over the telephone. And that since Friday, too. You'd never have come here otherwise."

"That is a lie!"

"Oh, no! You thought you'd killed me. She told you that I was alive. She told you, as well, that I had called on her in New York. So you learned not only that you hadn't killed me, but, further, that I was in New York. And that is why you dared come here."

"Again you lie!"

"Oh, come, come! Your only mistake there lay in overlooking the possibility that I might have left New York and returned here." Burr sat easily on the arm of a chair. "But now, Du Rut, seriously, you and I had better get right down to brass tacks. I'm going to put a proposal to you, and I mean business."

"I have nothing to do with you! I demand ——"

"No, you don't demand a thing! You're here, after all is said and done, to listen. And you're going to listen, if I have to knock you down again and make you like it. You and I have had a queer time of it for nearly fifteen years. We're forever bumping into each other. Now my proposal is to let you go scot-free—to leave you to straighten out your muddy life as best you can."

"I demand to see ——" It was the beginning of a choking cry.

Burr sprang up and stood sternly over him. It wasn't difficult to stare him out of countenance. "All you have to do, my friend, is to give me your word of honor as—as a gentleman—that you will never again see or write or telephone or speak to Dorothy Grove—that you will forget her and go—and I will ——"

"So! You insult me!"

"Only your word, Du Rut! Will you give it?"

The handsome face was flushing in spots, feverishly. "I will not!"

"I'm giving you one last chance."

"You threaten me?"

"I certainly do. Give me your word to let that girl alone, or I'll arrest you here and now for breaking and entering in the nighttime, for burglary and for murderous assault. It'll mean about six or eight to ten or fifteen years in the penitentiary, I imagine. Anyhow, it'll mean enough. Keep you out of harm's way. I've got the proof. I'm not bluffing, Du Rut. Will you promise? I've given you your choice. And you'll notice that I'm still willing to treat you as a gentleman. How about it?"

Du Rut stood panting, his hands clenched at his sides. The spots of color in his face seemed to pulse red and pink, red and pink.

"How about it?"

"No! No, no! I promise you nothing! I am not afraid of you! I demand ——"

Burr's voice rang out, "All right, chief. I see that I shall have to turn him over to you!"

There was a rumbling of sliding doors and a rush of heavy feet. Oddly, the sound of those doors brought back to Thompson Burr the memory of a similar but more distant noise in the night as he dozed by a bedroom window.

Beth ran, fairly on the heels of the two officers and Judge Bisbee. From the doorway of the living room, a shaking hand pressed to her heart, she saw Burr struggling with Du Rut. There might be shooting, but she didn't care about that. She was thinking about Burr.

Then she saw that flushed, handsome young fellow in the linen knickers and the olive-green sports coat go flying head first—or perhaps shoulder first—right out a front window. The screen gave way with a metallic sound of tearing and a ripping out

(Continued on Page 99)

It Makes You Feel So Clean

Lavoris, by its refreshing, invigorating effect upon the mouth, gives a vigorous sense of cleanliness and well-being. But it has a mechanical action more impressive than its psychological effect. By detaching and carrying away, out of the oral cavity, the tenacious deposits which encourage decay and collect bacteria, and by stimulating the tissues, it actively promotes oral health. There is nothing sensational about these simple functions of Lavoris. There is, however, something confidence-inspiring—as evidenced by the wide acceptance given Lavoris for the past twenty-five years. The daily use of Lavoris is a healthful habit and, because of Lavoris' distinctive, pleasing flavor, a most agreeable one. At drug counters everywhere. . . . And don't forget that sensible precept: "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

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PET MILK has these essential points of superiority. They cannot be questioned. Neither can they be ignored by mothers who are eager to have their children always well and happy:

1 Pet Milk is as safe as if there were no germ of disease in the world.* It is more than pasteurized. It is sterilized in a sealed, air-tight container—perfected and protected in safety.

2 It's more than twice as rich as ordinary milk, every drop uniformly rich. No one can take the cream out of Pet Milk. It stays in the milk. When your children drink Pet Milk, you *know* that they're getting the food substances they must have for sturdy growth and health.

3 Pet Milk is as rich as cream in solids—the food substances of milk. But it is a better richness than cream has. Cream is rich in only one of the food substances—butterfat. Pet Milk is rich in all the food elements of milk—the bone and tissue building substances which make milk—*not* cream—the most nearly perfect food.

4 Because it's more than twice as rich, Pet Milk will do things for you that ordinary milk will not do. In creaming vegetables, meat or fish—in making cream soups—for use in desserts (you can whip it as you would cream)—in all these uses, Pet Milk will give your food a richness in texture and taste and wholesome substance that nothing else will give.

5 Because Pet Milk comes to your home as fresh and sweet as when it left the farm, you can blend it with fruit juices to make the most delicious of drinks—splendid for children when the appetite isn't keen—fine for grown-ups who don't get as much milk as they ought to have.

6 The things that make Pet Milk better and richer and safer also make it cost less money. Strange, but strikingly true! Concentrated to more

* Neither Undulant Fever, recently recognized as being milk-borne, nor the sore throat about which there has recently been much publicity, can possibly be caused by Pet Milk. The sterilization in the sealed can makes Pet Milk completely free from any disease germ.

It costs ten cents a quart from your grocer

You can't afford to give your children anything short of the *best* of milk. Neither can you afford to let them go with *less* than the quantity required—a quart a day—to give them sturdy growth and rugged health.

There's no excuse now to fall short of either need. In every city, town or village in the United States, you can get Pet Milk from your grocer. The tall can is equal to more than a quart of *rich* milk. It generally costs no more than ten cents—never more than eleven. And by every test that science knows, there is no better milk.

better milk

than twice the richness of ordinary milk, then sterilized in the sealed can, which keeps Pet Milk fresh and sweet for months, it is shipped by carload freight from our plants in the country and distributed by your grocer at a small fraction of the cost of shipping milk by express and delivering it in bottles to your door.

Let Us Demonstrate It To You!

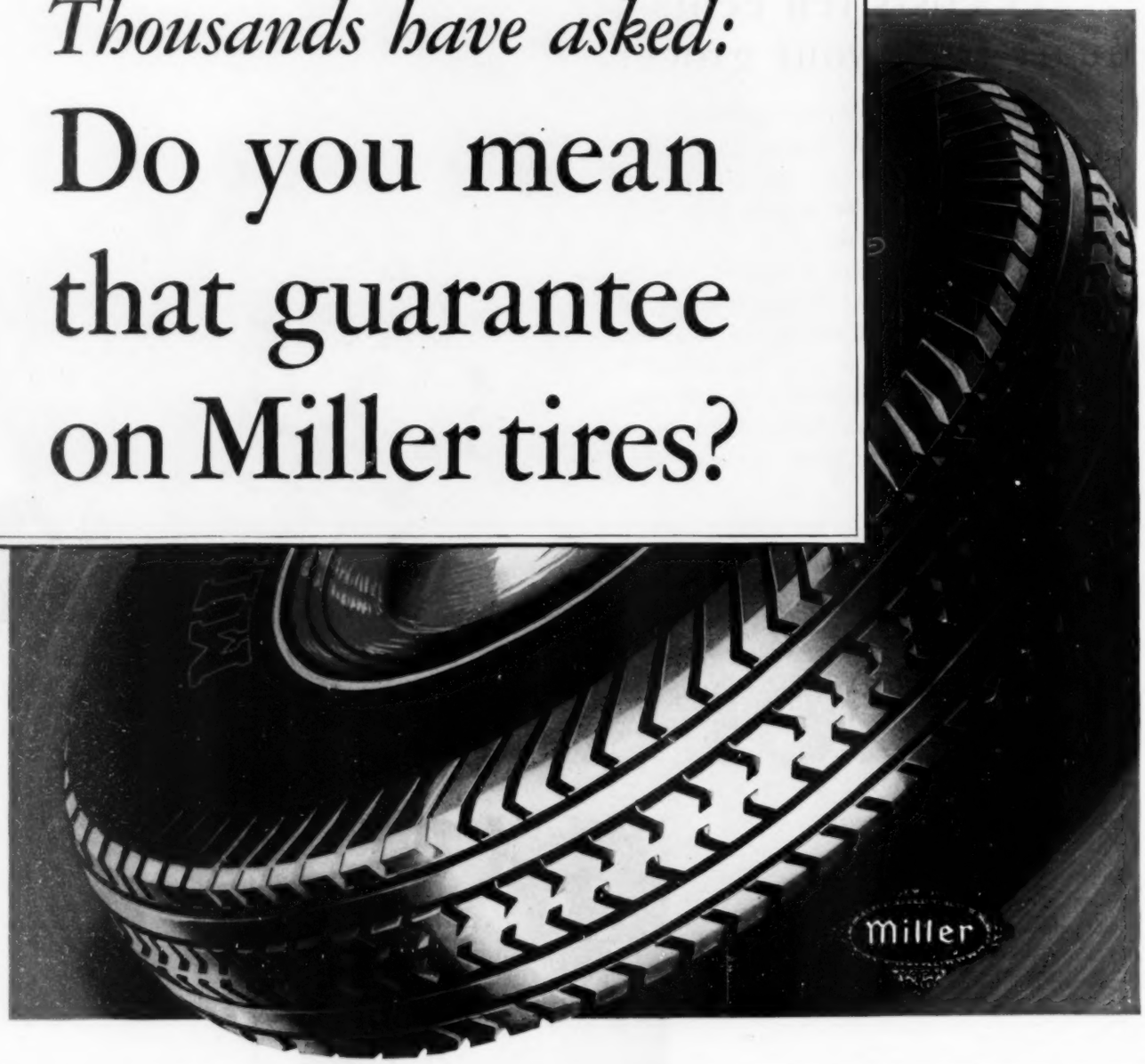
Home Economics experts have prepared a new loose-leaf book—we'll send it free of charge. It's more than a recipe book, though it contains over 300 recipes. It will demonstrate to you the superior quality of Pet Milk for every use. Mail the coupon.

If your grocer doesn't have Pet Milk, ask him to get it for you. And send us his name and address. We'll make it easy for him to get a supply.

Pet Milk is sold in two sizes—six ounces and sixteen ounces. The cans are of the same size, contain the same quantity and the same quality of milk at all stores.

Thousands have asked:

Do you mean that guarantee on Miller tires?



A FEW months ago the tire industry was amazed at the sweeping guarantee announced for Miller Geared-to-the-Road Tires. Thousands of motorists read this unsurpassable guarantee and from all sides came this question: *"Do You Mean It?"*

Truth is stranger than fiction, and a tire guarantee that goes all the way and says *"this tire is guaranteed to outwear any other tire of equal price"* is so strange that, to many, it seems incredible.

We mean this Miller guarantee. Read it. It assures you that you will get all the tire service it is possible to get for the money you pay. And, isn't this exactly what you want?

What you want, we believe, are tires that will outwear any other tire of equal price when run under the same conditions.

This is *guaranteed* to you when you buy Miller Geared-to-the-Road Tires. Try as you may, you can find no safer way to buy tires.

Get acquainted with the Miller Tire dealer in your neighborhood. Call on him and let him explain why we, and he, can make this daring guarantee on Miller Geared-to-the-Road Tires. His name and address will be sent upon request.

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We guarantee this tire to outwear any other tire of equal price when run under the same conditions.

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BATHING WEAR · SHUGLOV FOOTWEAR · RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

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of tacks. She thought he vaulted the porch railing.

Burr went next, right after him. The chief followed. Judge Bisbee brought up the rear. Yes, old Judge Bisbee plunged through that torn screen, vaulted the porch railing, and ran after the others down the drive.

He was close to seventy-five, Judge Bisbee, but he came of sturdy stock. Beth could see the green-and-white figure sprinting ahead, with the three of them in pursuit. But she couldn't see Burr. He must have taken some other direction through the grounds.

A shot rang out.

Beth covered her face and, with a husky little cry, sank to the floor.

XVI

THEY were seated on the front steps that led down to the lawn, getting their breath—Burr, Judge Bisbee, the chief and his men.

"I don't know," said Burr, turning to one of the officers—the one who had been stationed outside in the shrubbery—"but what I owe you something of an apology. In the light of your instructions, it was a natural enough idea for you to shoot."

"I fired in the air, anyway," explained the officer.

"Of course. But as I went out that window and over the porch, my head seemed to clear, all at once, about this whole strange business. So I went straight for you to keep you from shooting, if I could. I hadn't reached you at the time of the first shot, but when I saw your gun coming up again I really couldn't think of anything but to grab you. Well, I'm wondering now if anybody noticed that shot—the servants, or Mrs. Anthony, or the gardener."

"I doubt it," observed the judge. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Burr, I don't think people do notice pistol shots nowadays. The sound is so nearly similar to the backfiring of a passing truck that we hardly bother to turn around. Listen!" He raised a hand. From a distant corner of the grounds they could hear the steady put-put-put of the gasoline lawn mower. "You see? The gardener is going right on about his work. And unless Mrs. Anthony is in one of the rooms at this end of the house, I doubt if she is even aware of it."

"She's at the other end," said Burr.

"Well, there's another thing I've got to say," continued Burr gloomily. "It's part of the rather changed point of view that came over me as I started chasing out there. I found myself thinking that we'd better just let him go."

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Because I believe he is through. I really don't think we shall ever hear of him again. I'm satisfied that he hasn't been in touch with poor Dorothy—and she, after all is said and done, is our principal concern. To follow up the Du Rut lead—I mean, by arresting him and putting through a trial—would hurt the Groves more than it could possibly hurt him. We've agreed that we must keep all this out of the papers at just about any cost."

"But he is guilty of burglary," said Judge Bisbee. "That sticks in my craw."

"Not quite," said Burr.

"Oh, but really, he took the jade teapot. The fact that he lost his nerve and dropped it outside the house is immaterial."

"But you'll note that he didn't take anything else. No, it wasn't quite burglary. Like everything else about the man, it was just not quite. Don't forget that he did have reason to believe that Dorothy was still planning to elope with him. The teapot was hers. She would unquestionably condone his taking it. He certainly has his thrifty spots—he had already received twelve thousand dollars for it. He must have been figuring on selling it again. He meant to live off that teapot. Don't forget, by the way, what I told you about his amazing gift at self-justification. I'm willing to credit him with the belief that he had a right to take it."

"But he nearly killed you. How about that?"

"He'd got to the wrong window. He thought it was Dorothy's. Fearing that she might have fallen asleep, he climbed in. Then he saw me and attacked me in a panic, to cover his tracks. There I was, you see—once again, by pure coincidence, balking him. He lost his head. Then, thinking he had actually killed me, he simply fled."

The chief spoke, "Judge Bisbee, I'm wondering what your views may be about this chauffeur fellow. Am I to hold him?"

"If you wouldn't mind stepping inside, chief, I'll see you shortly." The officer and his man entered the house. Slowly, moodily, the old judge filled and lit his pipe, pulled on it, and then, thinking hard, shook his head.

"I'll confess, Mr. Burr," he said, "I'm by no means satisfied with your reasoning. I mean with your sudden willingness to permit Du Rut to make his escape. The man has been, and still is, an actual menace to the Grove family. Don't overlook it."

"I suppose I haven't told it all," mused Burr. "It's rather difficult, really. Just a feeling as I went over the porch railing. I can't describe it. But all at once I knew that he was through. He won't bother Dorothy. More likely, he'll skip the country. I felt today that I had plumbed him, I had him. He broke and ran. It was, to me, like the exorcism of an evil spirit. I confess, judge, that I am at times influenced by something you'd have to describe as superstition. For nearly fifteen years this man's queer life has overlain mine like a haunt. I knew that we should continue to meet. I knew that we should continue to have trouble. And now I know it is over with. And the reason, I believe, is that today, for the first time, I succeeded in penetrating his bluff. Compel a man of that queer stripe to give up all his self-justifications and face the facts, and you've broken him. He admitted the situation by running away. He had never before done that. I've never before found cowardice in him—or panic. No, I'm free of Du Rut. And so is Dorothy."

"Well, perhaps you're right." The judge sighed. "Very likely it is better this way. But we haven't found Dorothy. It is rather disheartening."

"No," echoed Burr softly, "we haven't found Dorothy. But now I believe we shall."

The judge glanced keenly at him, and knit his brows. All he said, however, to this curious little uprush of confidence was: "I wish I dared share your optimism. But come; we still have Cowden to dispose of."

"Why can't he just go on working here?" asked a weary voice—Beth's voice. The two men, startled, rose to their feet.

The girl stood in the doorway, leaning against the jamb. She looked wan, but there was a darkling light in her eyes. Between violet and purple now, were those eyes, with womanlike depths in them. Yes, she looked older, and—the disturbed thought came to Burr—more dangerous. His own eyes dodged away from hers. It certainly wasn't the time for that sort of thing!

She was studying their faces now. The judge considered, then nodded. "I'm not at all sure that you haven't hit on the best way out. We know now that he isn't a burglar. I think that some allowance might be made for his confusion. It was a strange situation. And he made no effort to escape. What is your view, Mr. Burr?"

"Oh, he's all right enough," said Burr. "Not a bad lot at all." He was looking out at the elms, at the flowering shrubs, at anything under heaven but Beth.

"What are we going to do about Dot?" breathed Beth nervously.

The two men stood motionless, trying to think. Burr was the first to speak.

"What it seems to come down to, judge, is the simple question: How long are we justified in withholding the truth from Ben?"

The old man pursed his lips. "We're already pretty deeply involved, Mr. Burr. I can think of no conceivable way in which the matter could be presented to him, even now. Our position is not strong."

"From his point of view, we have no position at all. Not a leg to stand on. We've simply deceived him."

"Oh, don't tell him yet!" said Beth, in a dark, pulsing voice.

"No," said the judge, "we can't. We've taken up a position. We should gain nothing by weakening at this stage. The only suggestion I could make would be to live in hope—in what little hope we can drum up—until Tuesday. Then, if we have nothing to show, I can see nothing to do but tell him the whole story and leave it to him to dispose of the matter as he may think best. We shall, by that time, have done our utmost, whatever attitude he may adopt toward us. And if you don't mind, I feel that I shall have to be the one to lay it before him." He sighed.

"And now," put in Burr, "I'm afraid that I shall have to leave you for a day." He was still, by a sort of mental main strength, holding his eyes away from that lissom, lovely, utterly dangerous creature in the doorway. He'd be all right, he felt, as soon as he'd got away and had a bit of sleep and the opportunity to arrange his thoughts in peace. "My own affairs, as you may imagine, are in perfectly desperate shape." He was talking, with a shade more assurance, directly at Judge Bisbee. "Let's see; this is Sunday. Give me the day, tomorrow, in New York, and I will catch the Owl back tomorrow night. That will bring me here to Coventry between eight and nine Tuesday morning. Then we can have a final council of war."

"You'd better come directly to my house," said the judge. "And you, if you will, Beth, run down in your car. We will talk things over at breakfast."

"I'm going in to meet the train in Boston," said Beth with decision. "I'll bring him out."

Burr's irritation got the better of him. "You'll do nothing of the sort!" he broke out. "You'd have to get away by six in the morning. How do you think you could explain that? Can't you see you'd be simply spilling the beans?"

She made no reply.

"No," he added, "I'll take care of myself, thank you."

"And now, Mr. Burr," observed the old judge, not unkindly, "I'm going to venture the suggestion that you lie down and have a few hours of sleep. I trust you don't mind my remarking that you need it badly. You can drive into Boston later in the evening. With your permission, I will call up and arrange your reservation. A private room, I think, so that you will be by yourself on the train. I'm sure Beth will be glad to see that your dinner is served in your room here."

"I will drive you in," said Beth to Burr.

"No, really"—the old judge again—"you, too, are in need of rest, my dear. By Tuesday, believe me, we shall all need every bit of poise that may be vouchsafed to us. I'm going to take the liberty of prescribing about twelve hours of sleep for you."

"I am going to drive him in," repeated Beth.

The judge spread his hands with a little smile of mock helplessness. And something near a shiver touched Burr's jaded nerves. He had never heard quite that deep tremulous note in her voice before. And, at the moment, a touch of panic rose in his breast. A man couldn't be brutal to a nice little girl—not out and out brutal—but —— The screen door swung to on its rubber buffer. He braced himself and glanced

(Continued on Page 101)

The paper towel that instantly dries two wet hands...

BAY WEST

MOSINEE DUBLTOWLS

Because . . .

1. They absorb water 73 times as quickly
2. They are 4½ times as strong

Proof . . .

Tests comparing Dubltowls with ordinary paper towels, carried out in conformity with U. S. Bureau of Standards Circular No. 294.

Due to . . .

pure sulphate kraft material and *compound capillary attraction* between the two sheets of each Dubltowl—an exclusive Bay West Mosinee feature.

Dubltowls last longer because fewer are used. Their soft, satisfying smoothness earns instant acceptance.

. . .

That is why Dubltowls have replaced ordinary paper towels and expensive cloth towels in the wash-rooms of the Inland Steel Company, Armour & Co., Eastman Enterprises, H. J. Heinz Co., The Emporium of San Francisco, Vanderbilt Memorial Hospital, Medinah Athletic Club, Famous-Lasky, and thousands of other factories, office buildings, stores, etc.

BAY WEST PAPER CO.
Green Bay, Wisconsin
—A DIVISION OF MOSINEE PAPER MILLS CO.

FOR PROOF MAIL THIS COUPON

BAY WEST PAPER CO., Green Bay, Wis.
Kindly send several Dubltowls to test — free and without obligation. Include Government facts on towel testing.

Name .....
Business .....
City ..... State .....

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Are You Letting High Distribution Costs Eat Away Your Profits?

3-ton Reo Speed Wagon—one of 15 in the service of Land-O-Lakes Creameries, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

How Many Leading Industries Are Now Meeting the Problem of Lower Distribution Costs–Increased Business.

SELLING your product or your service is merely *One* cost of doing business.

Before you can figure NET PROFITS, the cost of *Haulage* has to be charged off.

Hence in today's strategy of business, trucks are called on to perform two important functions: (1) Reduce distribution costs. (2) Increase business.

High distribution costs DECREASE profits. Lowered distribution costs INCREASE profits. No argument is needed to prove this.

That's why the slow and cumbersome, fuel-eating "heavy trucks" of yesterday are destined to disappear from the streets.

Their first cost is too high. Their upkeep is too high. Their depreciation is too great. They INCREASE distribution costs . . . often to an unsafe point. That's one charge against them.

The next is they're too CUMBERSOME for modern traffic.

Hence too SLOW. They set up two measurable obstacles against INCREASED business:

They make the cost per load of delivery too high by REDUCING the potential NUMBER OF LOADS per day. And . . . they LIMIT the radius of your business to a dangerously small area in this highly competitive age.

Thinking men are realizing this point more and more every day. Dead weight in trucking to them is DEAD EXPENSE . . . lowered profits . . . limited trade area. They seek a more modern, LESS COSTLY way of delivery. And find it now in Reo Speed Wagons that are changing the whole viewpoint of modern business on economical haulage.

Speed Wagons . . . The Modern Way

To meet that situation, Reo—world-leader in high-speed, low-upkeep, long-lived transportation—has developed a distinctive type of Heavy Duty haulage that offers truck owners LOWER DISTRIBUTION COSTS than any other truck yet made.

The Speed Wagon LOWERS DISTRIBUTION COSTS in three ways: *By low first cost. By amazingly economical operation. By minimum depreciation due to almost unbelievably long life.* And PROVES these points not by statements, but by facts.

A truck that INCREASES sales in four provable ways: That carries a few pounds or a three-ton load in and out of traffic with the speed and agility of a roadster. And thus—*a truck that multiplies the number of starts and stops for sales* in a given time. That speeds up schedules enormously. That broadens trade area. And thus establishes FAR LARGER SALES TERRITORIES for its users.

1,348 Speed Wagons to One Company

Its advantages are marked and many. Some are exclusive; some are not. And some trucks may offer ONE of its advantages. But no other offers all. *For there is no other comparable truck.*

One company operates a fleet of 1,348 Reo Speed Wagons. Hundreds of others operate fleets of 5 or more. Consider what that means.

There is a Speed Wagon for every hauling need—wheelbase sizes up to 210"—capacities with trailers up to 15,000 lbs. 213

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

REO SPEED WAGON

(Continued from Page 99)

about. She was gone. He drooped against one of the columns of the porch.

"I'll admit I'm about in," he muttered.

"I should think you would be," responded the judge.

"I've been wondering—that girl is a handful, a stubborn little devil, if you ask me. I don't quite see how we're going to hold her down."

The judge, a gentleman to his finger tips, didn't smile.

"I wonder if you've paused in your own thinking, Mr. Burr, to consider what that child has done."

Burr couldn't wholly repress a nervous little start. Nor could he, now, look at the judge.

"She has kept this entire household in hand," the old man went on, "and has done it through what must have been, to her ardent nature, a pitiful sense of solitude. She handled that Du Rut-Cowden episode, in the night, with amazing sang-froid. She nursed you without sparing herself. She inveigled Du Rut here today." A warmer tone came into his usually dry, slightly edgy voice. "It may be that we shall have to humor her a bit, Mr. Burr. She is, evidently, something of a person. Rather more of a person, really, than one might have supposed. But then, of course, the Groves are good stock. Fine, sturdy stock! . . . H'm! I suppose we'd better clear up this Cowden business now and get the police away. Come to think of it, she is right even about this man. Let her keep him on as chauffeur. Why not? I venture to prophesy that after what has taken place he will prove the most devoted of servants."

But after appearing to dispose of these matters, the judge still lingered. His eyes, set in a frame of spreading and intricately criss-crossed wrinkles, were as bright as ever, but nevertheless the strong old man looked moody.

"I've found myself wondering, Mr. Burr, about that touch of optimism regarding Dorothy that you exhibited a few moments ago. You spoke—forgive me—as if you might have known something that you hadn't thought wise, as yet, to communicate to Beth, or even to me."

"No," mused Burr; "no, nothing of that sort."

"Then, if you will not think me pressing, may I ask ——"

Burr shrugged. "I've told you I'm—well, I used the word 'superstitious' because that is what most careless thinkers would term it, and I couldn't think of a better. It isn't quite the proper word, though."

"I'm sure of that, Mr. Burr. I certainly shouldn't attempt to classify you as a superstitious man. You have had an adventurous, really a strange and picturesque life. Your personal philosophy, bizarre as it may seem to a settled New Englander like Ben or me, is honestly derived from your experience. I find myself able to perceive that."

"Furthermore," said Burr gloomily, "I make not the slightest claim to clairvoyance. I believe we shall find Dorothy, and find her in time."

"Extraordinary! Let me ask you, Mr. Burr, if this cheering conclusion of yours is based on any reasoning that you could communicate clearly to another, or is it merely an unaccountable feeling."

"Simply this: Whenever I find myself thrust into one of these startling chains of multiplied coincidences, I've observed that they virtually never come to an end until they have run some pretty complete course. I believe not only that Du Rut is out of the business, and that I myself am at last through with the man, but also that this matter of Dorothy's disappearance, with all its tragic implications, will clear itself up somehow now, very soon. And probably by means of the oddest coincidence yet. Something, I am convinced, will simply happen. I'm not even worried about Dorothy now."

The judge murmured again, "Extraordinary!" Then added: "Would it be an intrusion on my part to ask the cause of your present worry?"

Burr shrugged. "I'm pretty tired, of course. . . . But that's an evasion! I think, however fantastic it may sound to your ears, judge, that I will tell you. I am, as you've evidently discerned, caught in a mess of forebodings. You see, every time, before this, that a tangled web of coincidence has caught me up, it has ended in giving me—my very life—some queer sort of wrench. I've been wondering, I'm afraid, just what—well, just what, as a result of this dramatic mess, is going to happen to me."

The judge thought he knew. But his surmise found no voice.

The younger man indulged, then, in a cryptic smile. "And now, judge—now that I've explained myself with, perhaps, some appearance of logic—I think I'd better confess to a bit of pure superstition. I told you I knew I was through with Du Rut. Can you guess why? Simply because he came into my life, so to speak, with that jade teapot in his hands. The teapot now, after many years, is, I'm sure, finally disposed of. Well, so is Du Rut. He goes with it. And, you see, I'm nothing but a superstitious fraud after all."

Burr stepped, with another shrug, within the house, wearily. The judge followed. Philip Cowden was sent back to the garage to resume his work. Half an hour later Judge Bisbee returned from a trip downtown with a small parcel. He found no one about the front of the house. With something of the furtive sensation of an elderly gentleman who has adopted a career of burglary too late in life to feel much assurance of succeeding at it, he stole upstairs, replaced the jade teapot among the wedding presents and slipped out to his car with a long breath of relief.

XVII

BURR plodded wearily up the stairs, his thoughts a prey to moods, forebodings, absurd resentments. He needed sleep! But the devil of it was, somebody'd have to wake him in order to get him off to Boston in time for the midnight train. And that somebody would undoubtedly have to be Beth. And there she'd have him. To insist on having Philip drive him to town would hurt her. Actually it would mean a queer sort of quarrel. But how could he help that? For that matter, if she failed to wake up herself and let him sleep it out, it would be even worse. For here he'd be, in the morning, his plans knocked into a mess.

The girl appeared to be governed by the most primitive of wants. And she, as a grown young woman, was stronger than she herself could know. Somehow she kept putting him in the wrong—making herself a sort of body servant, a downright slave; offering him a devotion he flatly didn't want. She'd get over it, of course. There were types of girls who indulged in what used to be called crushes on older men. Silly, primitive girls.

He stopped outside his door—her door! Now, she needn't have put him back in there! There were the front rooms! He'd been unconscious at the time. She'd taken advantage of that. He drew a deep breath; then entered the room and pushed the door to behind him. She'd been in, evidently. There was still some daylight outside, but she'd drawn down the shades. Dimly he made out, on the bureau, a tray covered with a white cloth. So! She'd brought food.

Slowly, with an ache in every joint, he took off his coat and laid it on a chair; then turned toward the bed. He stood motionless. There she lay, crosswise, sound asleep! She had turned down the covers. She must have simply toppled over. She was sleeping like a child.

He stood over her, staring. She was a lovely little thing—no doubt about that. The close-clipped, pale gold hair was tousled. As he watched, she stirred and muttered unintelligibly. Dreaming, of course. It was unnerving. Tears crept unheeded into his eyes.

"Damn it," he thought, "I'm not stone."

Minutes ticked away. Really, there was but one thing left to do. And, he reflected, he needn't be panicky about it. He was panicky, though. Cautiously, tiptoeing about the room, he packed his suitcase. Once he thought she was waking, and stood breathless, like a guilty thing. But she merely tossed an arm about, muttered something or other, and slept on.

He crept down the stairs and out to the porte-cochére. Philip Cowden, whistling amiably to himself, was just making ready to wash the big car.

"Sorry to disturb you, Philip," said Burr, "but I'm afraid you've got to drive me to Boston."

XVIII

HE CHECKED his suitcase in the Grand Central Station and walked out to the Forty-second Street corner. It wasn't 7:30 in the morning. He hadn't had half enough sleep, for they throw one out of the Boston sleepers at an ungodly hour. His business lay downtown, but it couldn't begin much before ten, for this was New York. Breakfast, as he stood there, dismally eying the early traffic, began to seem important. He'd have to pick it up somewhere. His club, even, wouldn't be open for more than an hour yet. He remembered that—8:30. He might go over to a hotel. There was no sense in going to his apartment; he never ate there. He decided on a hotel. Absently, of long habit, he bought a morning paper.

He strolled over Forty-second Street toward Fifth Avenue. A big white-front restaurant appeared at his elbow. By the doorway he paused. It was convenient, certainly. And he seemed to remember that they usually made good coffee in these places.

He stood, capriciously, in the doorway. Fumbling in his pocket, he drew out a half dollar and slapped it down on the back of his hand. "Heads," he muttered, "I ramble over to the Algonquin, tails I eat here."

It was tails. He went in, found a marble-topped table by the tiled wall, hung up his hat and sat down, glancing absently at headlines of his newspaper. He felt nervous, jumpy. It wouldn't have surprised him to find the bald headline: HEIRESS STRANGELY MISSING. But nothing of the sort was there. Not on the front page, anyhow, and that was where it would surely be.

A light step sounded behind him, and a feminine voice asked, "Have you ordered?"

He looked quickly up. Standing there, in the neat and becoming white-and-yellow uniform of a waitress, was Dorothy Grove. She paled, stammered a word or two, and turned to flee. But he had her by the wrist.

"Dorothy"—thank heaven he was steady again—"go get your coat and hat. Speak to the management, if you feel you should. I'll wait here. We'll go somewhere and talk."

Without a word, she left him. He threw an arm over the back of his chair and watched her as she passed out through a swinging door at the rear.

For half an hour he watched that door, then himself sought the manager and explained as much as he thought necessary. A search was made. In the end, the manager could only shrug his shoulders. The waitress—her name appeared to be Wilson—yes, from the description, Miss Wilson; a good girl, far above the average—had gone. Had simply gone.

XIX

IT WAS nearly two o'clock before he finally got to his rooms. He was thinking that he'd probably better put sheets over the furniture and the bed, to keep some of the city dust off. He'd be away at least six or eight months. Probably, after he'd had a bath and changed his clothes, he'd be able to draw up a little energy. At the moment he hadn't any. All the morning his mind had balked at each necessary bit of thinking.

He was nearly dressed when the telephone rang. Luckily he hadn't yet had the service discontinued. The voice—a shaken, husky voice—was Dorothy's.

(Continued on Page 103)

Does Your Child DISLIKE Milk?

IF SO, here's how to make him a milk-fan! Simply serve it to him with Stone's Sanitary Straws—and watch how fast the milk disappears! Thousands of mothers find this easy method works like magic.

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To be sure of the genuine, always ask for *Stone's* Straws by name. They're used throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and 10c and we will send you a package postpaid. Stone Straw Corp., Washington, D.C.

STONE'S *Sanitary* STRAWS

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Of many violinists, only one achieves it ... Of all radios, only Majestic reproduces it

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(Continued from Page 101)

"Oh, Tom," she was saying, "it wasn't fair to run away like that! I've been trying all morning to reach you. I feel perfectly awful."

At once he suggested a near-by restaurant as a meeting place. "I haven't got around to lunching yet," he explained.

"Neither have I," said she forlornly. "I couldn't eat."

She looked, indeed, when they met and found a table, pretty wan. Evidently she'd been living through some sort of hell. Her eyes were big and burning, and she was pale; but still beautiful, still outwardly calm. And she hadn't lost her smartness of costume and posture. She found him considerate and friendly. Indeed, his pleasant greeting reassured her somewhat.

"Dorothy, dear," he began, as soon as they had done with the waiter, "I'm coming straight to the point, because I happen to know that I can greatly ease your mind. There are only three people in the world who know of your predicament."

"But how"—she shivered. "Surely everybody must —— Oh, Tom! You don't know how I've searched the papers for ——" She caught her breath; then added, in a low, dark voice, "I think I know now how criminals feel."

"Please let me tell you, dear. Try to listen. The three I spoke of are Beth, Judge Bisbee and myself. Nobody else knows or, I have reason to believe, even suspects."

"But dad—surely he ——"

"Your father has been lying at the point of death since Friday evening." She simply gazed at him in such horror that he hastened to add: "Doctor Braden's last reports are better than the earlier ones. I understand there is hope for him now. But he knows nothing of what has taken place. He has hardly been conscious. He collapsed in his chair shortly after you went upstairs, after the dinner."

"Poor dad!" He could barely hear the words. Tears were running down her cheeks unheeded. "He needed me, and I ran away."

"I'm not going to let you blame yourself for that, Dorothy. You didn't know."

"I knew, in a sort of way, what I was doing. I knew it would hurt him." She was clasping and unclasping nervous hands against the edge of the table. But after a long silence she added this: "Tom, I simply don't know how it could havehappened, I just seemed to go crazy. Don't think I'm trying to justify myself. I shall never be able to do that. I shan't try. All I can say is that I reached a breaking point. I just crashed."

"I want to tell you a little more, dear. Beth made your aunt, Mrs. Anthony, believe that she had persuaded you to slip away to some friend's house for a complete rest of a few days. I don't know what she could have said, but she managed it. Really, that little sister of yours has been rather wonderful. She has met every difficulty. It is still more remarkable that she understands. She feels nothing but sympathy toward you. The same is true of Judge Bisbee. If you don't mind, I think I will tell you what he said—and he said it in the kindliest, most gently understanding way, dear—he said that your case was one for an expert psychiatrist."

"I suppose, really, it was, Tom."

Then she said this—hesitating, but nerving herself—"You aren't saying a word about Ben, Tom."

"Ben knows nothing."

"Oh, Tom, that simply isn't possible!"

"It is not only possible, it is true. Beth handled him too. She told him not to wonder if he didn't hear from you. He is down here, you know. And of course he is busy clearing up his work."

Dorothy, after a time, appeared to get this into her head. "But, Tom, you're not trying to make me believe that all I've got to do is to go quietly back as if nothing had happened?"

"I am." He nodded reassuringly. "Just that. I won't say we haven't been pretty fortunate. A good deal has happened. And a great deal more might have. But that is how it is. And you have that little sister of yours to thank."

"Beth did all that?" the girl mused.

"She did. And now, there's just a little more. We three—we conspirators—all realize that you've been living through a terrific emotional experience. Not one of us, you may feel sure, has wasted time moralizing in your interest. We recognize that you may not feel, now, that you can marry Ben. Judge Bisbee's advice, in such an event, is that you simply announce a postponement. Face it out that way. Let it hang on your father's illness, if you choose. We're not even planning to keep you from Du Rut, if you feel that you've got to go to him. We have simply felt that we must cover your disappearance and wait until tomorrow, in the hope that the situation would somehow clear up."

"You wonderful people!" she breathed.

Food began to come at this point, and their conversation had to wait. But when they were again free to talk she murmured, "I'm beginning to see what I'm going to do, Tom."

"Tell me, first, what you've done with your car."

"I just left it in a Boston garage and took a train down here. I haven't known quite what to do with it."

"I see. Well, dear, do you feel disposed to tell me what you are going to do with yourself?"

There was a long silence. Burr waited patiently.

"I think," she said at last, "if—if you think it isn't too hopelessly unfair, Tom, that I'll—it isn't easy to say—that I'd better just go back and be m-married." Then she spoke with a nervous quickness: "I've found myself beginning to wonder if a girl ever really knows what she wants to do, Tom. I'm afraid we're pretty unstable—I mean, emotionally. I don't think I like women. I certainly don't like myself. But somehow that has begun to look like my real job in life. I am fond of Ben. Maybe I could make him a good wife. I'll try, anyway. I can't stand it here in New York, all alone. No, I'm going to keep my word. I decided that this morning, while I was wandering around, trying to think. If—if Ben would still have me. Just face the music. Take my medicine. I rode on busses all morning—when I wasn't trying to call you up. Oh, it's clear enough—all of it. I've been a pitiful fool. I think—I know—I'd better be married. The sooner the better. It has been just a bad dream—a nightmare!"

Burr was so deeply moved that further speech came with difficulty. But he knew he had to carry on. "Then, dear, if you'll let me advise you ——"

"Please do! I need advice!"

"My suggestion is that you hop the Boston airplane right now, pick up your car in Boston, and simply drive home. We'll get a taxi and go round for your things. And we'll have time, I think, to stop at my apartment and talk with Beth and Judge Bisbee on long distance."

The bus for the Newark airport stood beside the terminal hotel. An attendant took her luggage. Dorothy turned to Burr. She wasn't crying now. She had got hold of herself. But her small, lovely face, very sober, hinted at emotional depths into which no man could look. There were crowds about. Suddenly she threw her arms about his neck, clung to him, kissed him. And a moment later he found himself standing on the curb, watching the bus turn the corner.

That evening Dorothy knelt at her father's bedside. He was conscious. A deep-eyed, wordless Beth stood by. The nurse had slipped out.

Mr. Grove smiled. "There mustn't be any delay on my account, dear," said he, weak in voice, but determined. "I want you to go straight on with your plans for the wedding. Life must go on, you know. It must be lived. And I want you to be happy."

So, on Wednesday afternoon, they had the wedding, and Burr watched the bright-eyed young couple ride away. Ben made a smiling, handsome groom—very steady, very sure. His plans marched straight along, as he had known they always would. That absurd argument with Tom Burr wasn't even remotely among his thoughts. Indeed, he was a little sorry for good old Tom. The man didn't look happy.

The argument was in Burr's mind, however. But he knew that it wouldn't be reopened. For Ben could never be told the truth. If Burr was in truth unhappy, Beth's eyes had something to do with it. They hung on him like a dog's. Unfathomable eyes. A deep, deep violet blue, almost purple. But thank God she wasn't pawing him or trying to kiss him! He hadn't even been put in her room. And by pure luck she didn't happen to be about when he left.

XX

LATE on Friday afternoon Burr reached his apartment. The building was a made-over brownstone house. He had two long flights of stairs to climb. He kept his rooms the year round for a *pied-à-terre* in New York.

The halls and stairs were dimly lit. Slowly he made his way up there. Halfway up the second flight he thought he saw a dark object crowded against the wall on the top step, just under the plaster niche where in some earlier, flourishing day a statue had made its home. When he reached the object he stopped dead. It was Beth Grove.

"Well!" he said. That seemed as good a remark as any he could think of. After a moment he said it again: "Well!"

He could hardly continue saying it, however. So he got out his bunch of keys. He'd have to do something with her. He saw now that she had a hand bag, so he picked that up, remarking casually—or so it sounded—"Come along!" And led the way to his door. She followed. She didn't appear to have said anything. But she'd looked some.

He opened the door. She passed within and curled up on a foot in his one big easy-chair. The little room looked neat and comfortable. There were pipes about, and ash trays, and a smell of old cigars. There were hundreds upon hundreds of books; one whole wall full. But there weren't any sheets over the furniture.

He put down her bag, replaced the bunch of keys in his pocket, and then went to the windows and raised the shades, lingering over it longer than he need have. He hadn't yet thought of anything to say. That single word "Well!" could be easily overworked. But he said it again, standing before her and fingering a pipe: "Well!"

And then she burst into tears—more tears. These girls!

He knit his brows. "How did you ever get in here? Into the building, I mean?"

"I sat on the st-steps outside till a m-man came up, and then I t-told him I'm—I'd for-g-gotten my key."

"Oh! H'm! I see!" He was filling the pipe now. "It's a coincidence. Quite odd." He was embarrassed. "You see, as it happens, one of the first things I meant to do when I got in here was to call you up in Coventry."

"Call me?" She drew down her hands from her face and stared.

"Yes. Thought I'd better."

"But—what ab-bout?"

"Oh, you see ——"

"T-T-Tom! I couldn't help it! I had to see you b-b-before you go! I've got a ticket back home on the m-midnight. I knew you hated me, b-but ——"

"I'm not going."

"Not ——"

"Turned in my tickets. Canceled my plans. I couldn't do it—not with your poor dad still flat."

"But what has that—I mean, you—you ——"

"Oh, you mean me? Well, I'll tell you, Beth. I've had a queer, tough couple of

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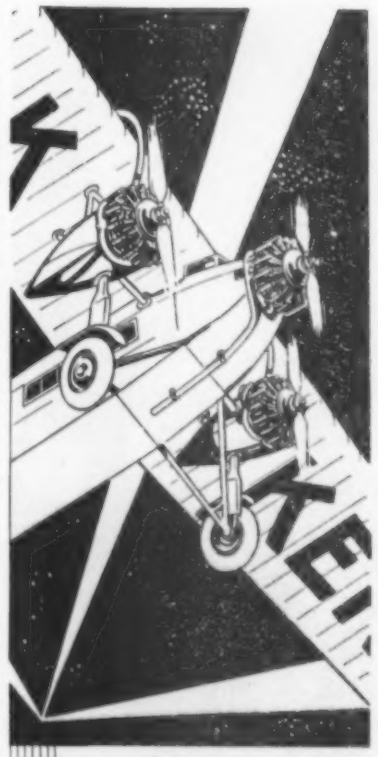

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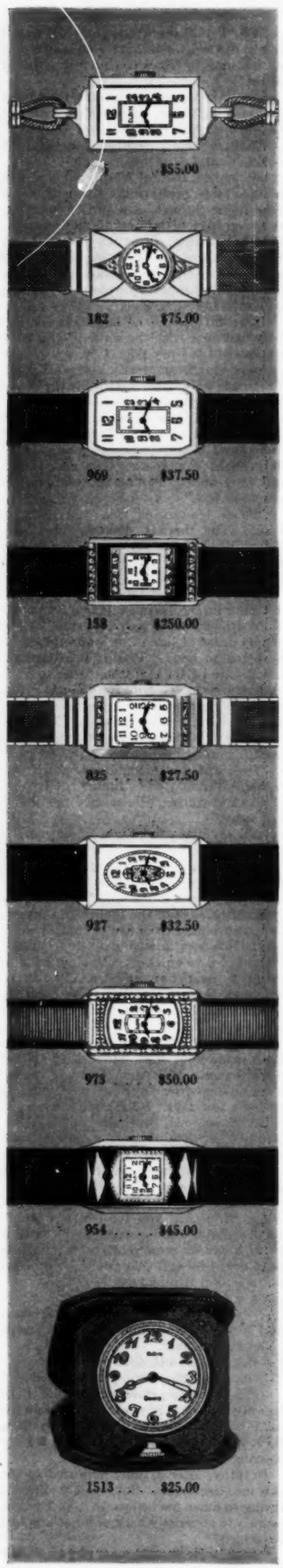

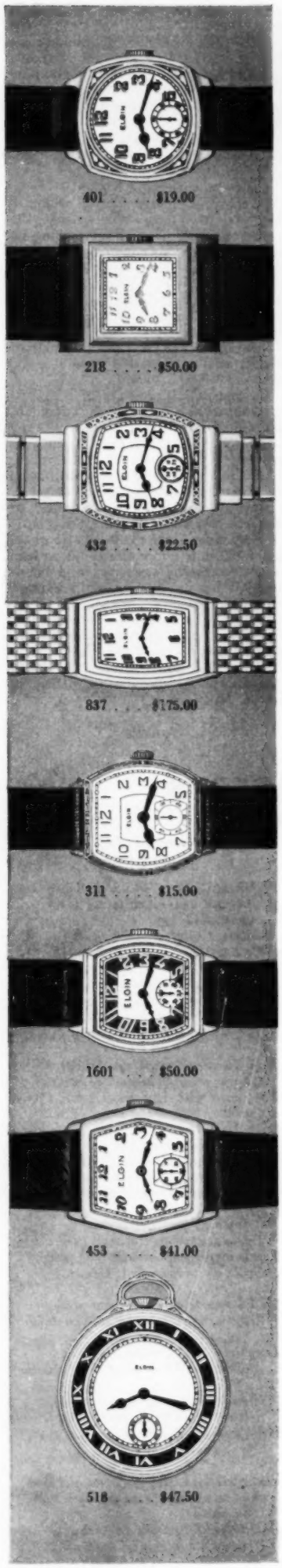

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ELGIN

AN AMERICAN MADE WATCH

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ALL OVER THE WORLD-

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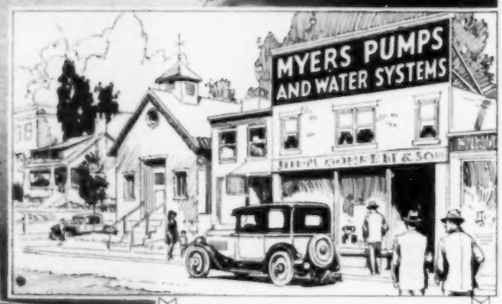

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(Continued from Page 103)

days. Very queer and very tough. Pretty completely upsetting, in fact." He deliberately drew up a light chair and sat facing her. "I found myself in a predicament. I'm thirty-six, you know. And that might easily be serious. But I've come to realize—it really worked out in some funny way during my sleep last night—anyhow, I seemed to know all about it the minute I woke up. I seem to be putting this pretty clumsily, but can't help that. You see, I knew I was going to marry you the minute you'd let me, or if you wouldn't, hang around and make myself disagreeable to your boy friends. No choice. I'm just up against it."

Almost timidly he watched her. She didn't speak or move. Certainly she wasn't looking at him. The disturbing thought arose that girls seem able to give way to their momentary emotions without really meaning anything at all. At least, anything serious. So he talked on. He had a great many words handy now. And they simply tumbled out. "I'm wild about you, you see. And you've either got to marry me or take the consequences."

"But you—you do hate me!"

"Sounds a bit contradictory, that, young lady. I don't hate you at all. Never did."

"But you ——"

"What you're probably overlooking is the rather obvious little fact that I'm a bachelor. Simply incrusted with bachelorhood. It's fierce. You see, bachelors are selfish—horribly selfish. They like to do what they like. I found myself falling head over heels in love with you, and got scared—scared half to death. It would uproot my whole life. Don't you see?"

Beth was quieting. The glowing eyes, he felt, studied him. "It wouldn't be fair to uproot you," she said.

"Maybe not. But it's already been done. Too late now to do anything about it."

"You can't give up your trip to China. Why, Tom ——"

"That's all over too. You couldn't possibly go while your dad is ill. Naturally, therefore, it follows that I couldn't either. Not possibly. You're too young and pretty and vivacious. You'd get into mischief, sure as shooting. No, ma'am! I'm going to keep you right under my eyes. And if, as and when I go to China, you go too. That's flat!"

There was a silence.

"Well, young lady, are you willing to marry me—God-forsaken old bachelor that I am—or aren't you? I'm anything but rich, you know. Nothing doing along that high-society line—not a thing. Just a hard-driven workingman. Testy as the devil, too, when working. Have to be humored. Probably I'll beat you. What do you say? Will you, or won't you?"

Silence. A long one. Then, in extraordinarily solemn tones that brought a gulp to his dry throat: "I will."

The longest silence yet.

"Well, what do you think? Shouldn't you come to my arms?"

"Oh, Tom! I—I'm shy. I can't believe ——"

"Putting me under the delightful necessity of coming to yours. Well, here goes!"

Later, she said this—radiant, flushed, bewildered—"What are we going to do, Tom?"

"First, we're going to the Ritz for a swell dinner. Then to a nice dim and devotional movie palace where we can hold hands. Finally, I shall put you aboard the midnight to Boston. Tomorrow night I'll be up in Coventry, if the notion isn't too repellent to you, and we'll talk it out over the Sabbath. Will that do as a program?"

"Grand!" said Beth; then: "But I wish I knew what I'm going to do all day tomorrow without you."

(THE END)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 30)

"Uh-huh. That's just the way I felt, Miss Clairborne. But now I have a different slant, you might say. Just this little conversation shows me, Miss Clairborne, that you aren't like some of the girls in my class, that never have a thought in their heads. You know, I shouldn't be surprised if some real good ideas were lurking behind those brown eyes of yours."

"Oh, Mr. Smeed. Do you really think so? You know, I've been wanting to talk to you for so long, but I've been sort of afraid to, but now you really understand why, perhaps, we—that is, you might help me a little on next Friday's quiz. There are several points ——" —JOHN O'HARA.

A First-Tee Forecast

JUST at the first tee, with a sigh,
My rival fixed me with his eye.

And I knew well just what the bloke
Was going to say before he spoke.

I knew he hadn't slept last night,
And that his stomach wasn't right.

That he had rheumatism, and
Neuritis in both wrist and hand.

I knew his nerves were badly churned
And his lumbago had returned.

I knew, before he spoke to me,
Something had happened to his knee.

I knew that he had fever, chills,
Sore feet and several other ills.

In fact, from ankles up to neck,
I knew he was a total wreck.

And mixed in with his other jokes
I knew he wanted Seven Strokes.
—*Grantland Rice.*

The Novel of American Expatriates

FROM off their feet our dust they shook
Because their hearts found no response in
Valdosta, Georgia; Kinderhook,
Or Lake Nebagamon, Wisconsin.

They dwell where Genius aureoles
What else were dingy stone and mortar—
That citadel of soaring souls,
The celebrated Latin Quarter.

How free they live and do and dare!
Let love or art be smooth or seamy,
They sport with Alphonse, Gaston, Pierre,
Carlotta, Olga, Jeanne and Mimi.

They talk, they drink and talk again;
And, talking, lounging, loving, fighting,
They dally every now and then
With painting, modeling or writing.

But anything that thus is done
In sudden, swift, Parisian fury,
Excels by far what anyone
Could do in Hannibal, Missouri.

Well, someone gains a golden prize;
A strong one climbs; a sad and dumb one,
Despairing, fades away and dies,
And someone runs away with someone.

'Tis these that choose to dwell apart,
Released from native chains and fetters,
Who form our Baronage of Art,
Our Aristocracy of Letters.

While bourgeois stay-at-homes and such,
Who lack their praise, yet work without it,
Accomplish fifty times as much
And don't talk half as much about it.
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

"I *know* what I am getting"

THE following was actually overheard in a paint store. (Not a du Pont dealer.) The salesman was trying to sell another kind of paint and the customer was insisting on getting du Pont paint. "What makes you think du Pont paint is so much better?" asked the salesman. "I have used du Pont paint," said the customer, "and I know what I am getting."

It's surprising how a few simple words will sum up a situation you could write a book about. After all, the most that anyone wants in the way of paint is to have it stand up and keep its good looks for a long time.

Some years ago, it was decided by du Pont to apply to the making of paint the same scientific competency which had created and perfected so many other basic products. One of the most complete paint laboratories in the world was established. A staff of able chemists studied, researched, analyzed, experimented and tested for years.

Paint Farms were placed in different parts of the country where conditions were the hardest on paint. A Paint Farm is a proving ground where painted panels can be exposed for months or years. Each panel is examined frequently and a record is kept, telling the exact degree of wear, resistance to weather, color permanency, elasticity and other qualities essential to good paint.

The inevitable result was better paint; rule-of-thumb methods gave way to scientific formulae. The reason you and millions of others "know what you are getting" in du Pont paint is that we know what we are giving.

A du Pont paint is not offered for sale until our scientists have proved beyond all reasonable doubt that it will endure, hold its beauty, protect, and give you the unqualified satisfaction to which you are entitled. That is what we mean by "Pre-tested." Every batch of du Pont paint is Pre-tested before it is put in cans. It will do what we say it will do.

An amazing improvement in the appearance of your house is attainable by means of an artistic combination of the new du Pont sunny colors. Don't make up your mind too quickly. Consult a du Pont dealer. He can help you to work out a modern color scheme and can save you a lot of money. When professional skill is required, call on the master painter. He is a real craftsman, and can advise what du Pont paint, varnish, enamel, or Duco best meets your special requirements. Depend on the master painter.

Du Pont paint is as good as paint can be made but it costs no more. The labor cost doesn't change, whether you use poor paint or du Pont paint.

Our free book, "Modern Color Schemes for Your Home," offers a wealth of color suggestions from famous architects and decorators. The du Pont Home Decoration Service will also be glad to assist you in any decorating problem.

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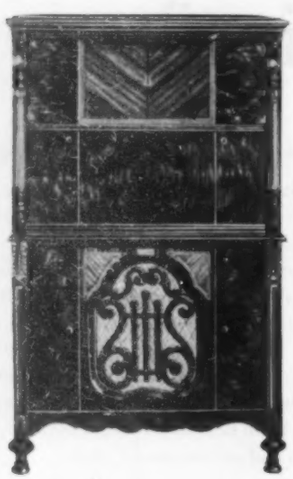

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What new avenues of musical enjoyment are thus revealed! You may listen to a complete opera, to a concert of your favorite artists, to a full length symphony; you may dance the whole evening to the fascinating rhythm of America's best known orchestras—not a thought of changing records or tuning in new stations need disturb you!

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TWENTY HORSES

(Continued from Page 13)

"Oh, well," Mr. Ogburn laughed again, indulgently, "purely a matter of mathematics."

"Purely."

"Mountain out of a molehill," he hazarded.

"Nothing more."

The first part of Mr. Ogburn's journey home in the Subway he devoted to loathing Mr. Hudlin. The reasons he was able to summon were vague, but the results were fairly definite. Mr. Hudlin was not the man he had always believed him.

Around Forty-second Street Mr. Hudlin faded from his thoughts, and the remainder of the way he stared at a large foreign family standing near the center door, unnerving them with his protruding eyeballs, and tried to imagine that they were horses to be inserted into three stalls, represented by imaginary lines he drew across the car.

At dinner, smiling casually at his own interest, he posed the problem for Mrs. Ogburn.

"Why didn't he want to put an even number of horses in a stall?" she asked practically.

"I don't know that," he admitted.

"He must have been crazy," she decided.

"Perhaps so," he insisted, "but that doesn't answer it."

"Well, I can't be bothered working out why crazy people do things," she declared, and added, after a moment of thought, "and besides, I don't like horses."

At ten o'clock, in the library, where he alternately worked at a cross-word puzzle and stared into the fire, he decided to fetch for himself the drink of water he wanted. In the pantry, as he opened the door, was Robert, the butler, and Robert was figuring with a stub of a pencil on a grocery bill, and as they stared at each other, both startled, it clicked in Mr. Ogburn's mind that perhaps this was all a gigantic plot to annoy him.

"What's that?" he demanded.

Robert continued to stare at him.

"Let's see it!" He put out a stern hand, and Robert, after a pause, gave him the bill. On the back of it were innumerable numbers in pairs, all scratched out.

"The horses!" Mr. Ogburn exploded.

"It's cook, sir," Robert smiled weakly, apologetically. "I couldn't help overhearing, sir, and cook, when I told her, was insistent and I was merely ——"

"Tell cook," Mr. Ogburn said angrily, "to stick to her pans or whatever they are and leave the horses to me."

"Very good, sir."

The incident so upset him that, forgetting the drink of water, he returned to the library, threw the cross-word puzzle in the fire, and went to bed, where he lay awake for an hour, maneuvering a squadron of phantom horses about the black ceiling in a search for spectral stalls.

He reached his office the next morning in a poisonous temper. He was sore—sore at himself, sore at that blasted Miss Farrell and sore at her double-blasted horses. The thing floated in his mind like the intolerably wearisome strains of some idiotic popular song. Try as he would, he couldn't get away from it.

Forthwith, the door of his private office closed, he called up all the half-witted people he knew, on the theory that only half-witted people would be likely to know the answer to such a question, and, one and all, they failed him.

This settled it. He rang for his chief clerk.

"Hudlin," he said darkly, "about those horses."

"Horses?"

"Horses is what I said. I saw you figuring those horses out. I caught you in the very act."

"Well, you weren't so indifferent ——" Mr. Hudlin began indignantly.

"I got a full right," Mr. Ogburn began, and stopped, an inspiration arriving most providentially. He smiled amiably. "Personally," he said more gently, "they can take those twenty horses and dump them in the North River, as far as I'm concerned. What I'm worrying about," he added solemnly, "is my wife."

Mr. Hudlin looked at him suspiciously.

"Yes," Mr. Ogburn went on, laughing with relief at the happiness of this explanation, "I told Mrs. Ogburn about them last night, and I haven't had a minute's peace since. You know how women are."

"Yes?" Mr. Hudlin said warily.

"You never heard such goings on in your life, Hudlin! All evening, half the night, and the last thing this morning, 'Don't come home without the answer!' Last thing I heard, Hudlin."

"Yes?"

"So," Mr. Ogburn said briskly, "if you'll just get somebody to give Miss Farrell a ring—say one of the boys she was talking to yesterday—we'll just clear that little matter up and get down to business."

"She hasn't got a phone," Mr. Hudlin said.

"No phone!" His chief turned on him like a tiger. "What's she doing without a phone? Everybody has phones."

"She hasn't. I tried to get her last night."

Mr. Ogburn sat down, a look of anguish in his face. "But everybody's got phones," he insisted, as though explaining something to a child. "Everybody's got phones these days."

"Everybody but Miss Farrell," Hudlin said.

"What'll we do?"

"I think," the chief clerk said slowly, "we better hop in a taxi and go right over to her house."

"Good!" Mr. Ogburn sprang to his feet. This was action. This was getting somewhere. "Get your hat, Hudlin. We'll run right over, clear the little matter up, and then we can get down to business."

Mr. Hudlin gave the chauffeur an address which Mr. Ogburn recognized as somewhere in Brooklyn. The meter showed $2.25 before he realized how far in Brooklyn it was.

"Quite a long way," he observed—his first words in the cab.

"Miles," Mr. Hudlin said.

"Don't suppose she's moved, do you?"

"That was her address yesterday."

The meter was but a few dimes short of five dollars when at last the cab stopped in front of a frame house in South Brooklyn.

"No," Mr. Ogburn commented, after surveying the wires that ran from its eaves, "no phone."

They ordered the driver to wait; then, in answer to a long press on the bell button, a gangling boy of seventeen appeared.

"Where's Miss Farrell?" Mr. Ogburn asked eagerly.

"She's gone to business," the boy replied doubtfully.

"Business!" Mr. Ogburn said indignantly. "Why, she has no business. She was discharged yesterday."

"She got another job. Who's this wants to know?"

"I'm Mr. Ogburn." He hesitated. "I've come to get her to go back to work for me."

"She wouldn't do it," the boy said definitely. "She says you're nuts."

"Wait a minute," Mr. Hudlin interrupted as Mr. Ogburn seemed on the point of striking the minor. "Let's get this straight. It just happens," he explained slowly, seeking words that would soften the reflection on their sanity as much as possible, "that your sister—she is your sister, isn't she?—asked a riddle just before she left, but didn't tell the answer. Now, for business reasons we would like very much to get the answer to that riddle. It's very important. Do you know the riddle?"

"What riddle?"

"Listen," Mr. Hudlin said, wiping his forehead. "A man had twenty horses and he wanted to put them in three stalls, but didn't want to put an even number in any stall. How did he do it?"

"Why didn't he want to put an even number in?"

"He was crazy," Mr. Hudlin brushed hastily over that aspect of the situation. "How did he do it?"

The boy thought a minute. Then: "I give up," he said. "How did he do it?"

"Great heavens!" exploded Mr. Ogburn. "We haven't come all the way out here to ask you a riddle! We're after the answer. Don't you know it?"

A high, cheery voice drifted out from the rear of the house, "Who's there, Joe?"

"Man from New York," Joe called back, "asking riddles!"

"Don't want any today, sonny boy," the cheery voice replied.

"Come on," snapped Mr.Ogburn, "let's get out of here." He addressed Joe again, "Where's your sister asking riddles today?"

"I don't know the number."

"You know where it is?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Get your hat," Mr. Ogburn said. "Stop talking and get your hat."

After some delay Joe joined them and gave the driver a series of involved and complicated directions. Then he sat back and revealed himself as a young man who appreciated an outing like this. He was willing, moreover, to contribute his share to the fun, and assuming that riddles were the order of the day, he asked several dozen, answering them all himself very quickly, so that his companions were not put to the strain of mulling over them. The cab stopped finally in Williamsburg.

"That's it," Joe said. "Garner's."

"This is beginning to run into money," Mr. Ogburn said, peering at the meter.

"You want to stop?" Mr. Hudlin asked.

"No," Mr. Ogburn said thoughtfully, "my wife is very anxious for something definite."

Joe led them up a flight of stairs and into a large room where a number of typists were at work. Their first survey failing to find Miss Farrell, the impetuous Mr. Ogburn started down the aisles, staring into each face he passed. A short fat gentleman who watched this behavior for what he apparently believed to be a reasonable length of time inserted his presence in Mr. Ogburn's path.

"You looking for something?" he asked.

"We're looking for a young lady named Farrell," Mr. Hudlin said. "She came to work here this morning."

"Myrtle Farrell," Joe said.

"I know her," the fat gentleman said. "She ain't here."

"I knew it!" Mr. Ogburn said.

"Why ain't she here?" asked Joe. "She came here this morning. Why ain't she here now?"

"Never mind that," Mr. Ogburn said, pushing Joe aside, the better to address the fat gentleman. "Do you like riddles?"

"Riddles?" the gentleman repeated, obviously surprised.

"Riddles," Mr. Ogburn said—"questions and answers."

"Sure," the gentleman said. "What is the difference between a cow with a crumpled horn and a corn with ——"

"Listen," Mr. Ogburn interrupted impatiently. "A man's got twenty horses and three stalls, and he wants to put the horses in the stalls, but no even number in any stall. How does he do it?"

The gentleman looked at the ceiling. "I give up," he said then.

"Let's go," Mr. Ogburn said without further ado.

"Hey!" called the gentleman. "What's the answer?"

"I'm trying to tell you," Mr. Ogburn said, "I don't know the answer."

"You mean you ask me a riddle," the gentleman exclaimed, obviously indignant, "and you don't know the answer!"

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"We're looking for my sister," Joe explained. "She knows the answer."

"Well," said Mr. Garner thoughtfully, "it's purely a matter of mathematics ——"

"We know that," Mr. Hudlin cut in shortly. "Let's go, chief."

"All you got to do," Mr. Garner continued confidently, "is put three horses in the first stall and seven in the second ——"

A minute later, as Mr. Ogburn and his staff of two investigators descended the stairs, they heard running feet behind them, and Mr. Garner, his hat on, was at their heels.

"If you don't mind," he said apologetically, "I'll go along with you. I want to hear what this young lady says—because it can't be done."

"Which way?"

"She ain't been gone ten minutes," Mr. Garner said. "She just up and said she didn't like the place, not ten minutes ago."

He went off to get his own cab, as there were signs in the first group that he was not wanted there. Hurrying to where their car was parked, Mr. Ogburn gave Mr. Hudlin a startled stare.

"Did you hear what he said?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"Do you suppose she'd ask a riddle that didn't have any answer at all?"

"Well," Mr. Hudlin replied evasively, "I didn't know her very well."

"Would your sister ask a riddle that didn't have any answer to it?" Mr. Ogburn asked Joe.

"She never has," Joe said.

They got in the cab and Mr. Ogburn took another look at the meter. It registered eight dollars and sixty cents. He looked at his watch. It was 2:30.

"Well?" Mr. Hudlin asked.

Mr. Ogburn thought. "No," he said then, "it would make us look bad if we came all this way and then didn't get it. Besides," he added after another pause, "Mrs. Ogburn is interested."

"It might work," Mr. Hudlin said suddenly, "if you put one in the first stall, seventeen in the second ——"

"No, I tried that. I put three in the first ——"

"There she is!" Joe shouted suddenly. "Pull up, driver—pull up! There she is coming out of that drug store!"

The drivers pulled up simultaneously, and Miss Farrell's view of the situation was this: She was coming out of this drug store where she'd been drinking a soda, as she had every right to, when two ominous-looking taxi chauffeurs rushed up to the curb in front of her and a large crowd of excited men burst from the doors of the cab and made directly for her, shouting incoherently. She did what any lady would do under like circumstances—she made a dive for the drug store.

Inside the store it all happened so quickly that the pale young man behind the prescription counter, who took his hands off his hips and walked right out to speak sternly to those responsible for the disturbance, was scarcely able to relate later what took place.

As best he saw it, a mob of some twenty men burst into the door after a terrified young woman. Ducking around a counter, she got into a telephone booth. The gang located her almost immediately. There were shouts, objections, complaints and wails and then, as suddenly as they had entered, they dashed out, whisking the terrified young woman away in their midst. Hurling her into one of the several high-powered cars drawn up at the curb, with motors running, they were all off like the wind. It was one of those occurrences, the prescription clerk explained afterward, that give a fellow quite a turn.

Broadly speaking, this was an accurate enough account, and back in the taxi even Mr. Ogburn appreciated Miss Farrell's mounting hysteria, for in the scuffle Mr. Garner had also managed to work his way into the first cab, so that, counting Joe's sister, it now held five people, and it was not a large cab.

Behind them came Mr. Garner's empty cab, and behind him a third cab, also empty, whose driver Mr. Garner's driver had persuaded to come along, in case there should be trouble in collecting his fare from the elusive Mr. Garner.

Having identified a majority of her captors, Miss Farrell jumped to one conclusion and stuck to it. "I never took a thing!" she sobbed unhappily. "I'm honest and I never took a thing from either place!" She started to wail.

"Miss Farrell," Mr. Ogburn tried to assure her in his most melting tones, "it is furthest from my thoughts ——"

"I won't say a thing until I see a lawyer!"

This alarmed Mr. Ogburn. "If you will only listen, Miss Farrell," he said earnestly, "you'll understand ——"

"I demand a lawyer! I've got a right to see my lawyer before I say a thing—and you can't bully me!"

"Speak to her," Mr. Ogburn ordered Joe. "Tell her we don't mean anything wrong."

"Listen, sis ——"

"She can't do it," Mr. Garner said calmly. "You can't put twenty horses in three stalls ——"

"Strangle that fool," Mr. Ogburn ordered his chief clerk. "What's he doing in here anyway?"

"It's mathematically impossible ——"

"Listen, sis," Joe said. "All they want is you should answer a riddle, and that's all."

Miss Farrell took her handkerchief from her eyes and, after looking her surprise at her brother, studied the others thoughtfully.

"That's all," Mr. Ogburn added coaxingly; "just answer a riddle—that's all."

"No"—Miss Farrell buried her face in her handkerchief once more—"I ain't in a mood for riddles."

"She can't do it," Mr. Garner said.

"Listen here!" Mr. Ogburn shouted at her so furiously that she sat up, frightened. "A man's got twenty horses and three stalls, and he don't want to put an even number in any stall—understand?"

She gazed at him with wide eyes.

"Understand?"

She nodded.

"All right, how does he do it?"

She stood the concentration of tense attention for a full moment, and then, her nerves a little weakened by the excitement, her face screwed up into wrinkles, her mouth widened and tears flowed from her eyes.

"I don't know!" she cried. "I can't remember—and I want a lawyer!"

"You don't need a lawyer to answer a riddle!" Mr. Ogburn said furiously. "All you got to do is answer it!"

"I want to get out of this cab," she mumbled in her handkerchief. "I can't remember any riddles—you shout at me so, I can't hardly remember my own name! Let me out, I say!"

"I told you," Mr. Garner said.

Mr. Ogburn turned to him, obviously holding himself in with an effort. "If you say that again," he said deliberately, "I'll knock you clean out of this cab."

Mr. Garner shut up, but wiggled his eyes defiantly.

"Now, my dear," Mr. Ogburn resumed soothingly, "all you've got to do is concentrate. Just concentrate on horses—twenty horses and three stalls. Nobody's going to harm you—not while Mr. Ogburn's here. So just see if you can't concentrate."

There was a long silence. Then Miss Farrell, who never removed her handkerchief from her eyes, began sniffling again.

"I'm frightened," she wept. "I want to go home."

"Mr. Ogburn will take you right home," Mr. Ogburn promised softly, "just as soon as you tell Mr. Ogburn about the horses."

Another long silence.

"It's all gone," she mumbled. "You frightened me and I can't remember. I want to go home."

Mr. Ogburn sat back with tight-pressed lips, and then turned suddenly to Mr. Garner, but Mr. Garner, staring innocently, indicated with his hands that he had nothing to say.

"Look, sis," Joe said. "Ain't that one of the riddles you got from Artie?"

"Uh-huh!" she nodded.

"Good!" Mr. Ogburn exclaimed, once more the executive. "Now we're getting somewhere. How can we get hold of this Artie? What we want to do," he explained briskly to Mr. Hudlin, "is just clear this little matter up, get it settled, and get back to business."

Joe opened the driver's window. "Fourteenth Street, Manhattan," he ordered. "Just follow the cross-town street-car line."

"What's this?" Mr. Hudlin asked.

"Artie's a conductor on the Fourteenth Street cross-town line," Joe explained. "We'll just find his car and hop it."

"Capital!" Mr. Ogburn said and sat back as the driver, still leading Mr. Garner's two empty cabs, turned his radiator cap in the direction of the Queensboro Bridge. "Funny thing for a man to be," he commented conversationally to Mr. Hudlin—"I mean a conductor on the Fourteenth Street cross-town line. I never thought of a man being that."

"No more did I," admitted Mr. Hudlin.

"You don't think this is beginning to make us look ridiculous, I hope," Mr. Ogburn went on, with sudden anxiety. "I mean, after all, that meter, you see, and everything."

"It's for Mrs. Ogburn," Mr. Hudlin reminded him.

"Can't be helped," Mr. Ogburn shrugged.

They crossed the bridge and drove downtown through Park and Fourth avenues, and on Joe's advice turned east, moving slowly along the car tracks and watching the conductors on the crowded cars that passed. Three went by and no Artie.

"I say, Miss Farrell," Mr. Hudlin said, "did the answer by any chance have to do with switching the horses suddenly?"

"Switching the horses?" Mr. Ogburn said, puzzled. "Why should the horses be switched?"

"In some riddles," Mr. Hudlin explained apologetically, "things are switched around suddenly."

"I see. I thought you meant whipping the horses."

Miss Farrell shook her head. "I don't remember."

"Artie!" The alert Mr. Joe Farrell was halfway out of the window, waving frantically to a dingy-looking little conductor on the jammed back platform of a car. Mr. Ogburn's head went out of the same window and he waved also, while Mr. Hudlin and Mr. Garner signaled vigorously from the opposite side.

Recognizing no one at first, Artie waved merrily back and said something to his passengers, who laughed heartily and all waved good-humoredly. The taxi passengers waved again, and again the street-car passengers responded. It was a game in which many joined; it even attracted amused attention from pedestrians. Mr. Ogburn began to perspire.

"The man must be an idiot," he muttered.

"Hey!" An enormous gentleman wearing a corduroy suit and carrying a lunch pail was hailing them through cupped hands from the street car. "Go soaka da head! You gotta too mocha da hooch, hey?" His friends aboard roared.

Mr. Ogburn looked at Mr. Hudlin, appalled. "He thinks we're drunk!" he gasped. "Here!" He seized Joe, hauled him out of the window, and, seizing Miss Farrell by the neck, thrust her blond head into the opening. "Look, you idiot!" he shouted.

The maneuver was successful. One sight of Miss Farrell and the dingy conductor yanked his bell cord once, and the car came to a sudden stop. Jumping off, he met the occupants of the taxicab, Miss Farrell in their midst, in the middle of the street.

"What's the idea," he demanded, "trying to throw this girl through the window like that?"

(Continued on Page 112)

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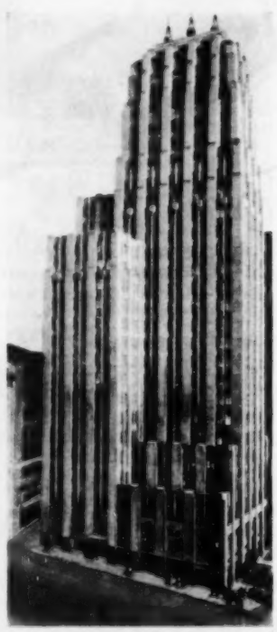

SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE

(Continued from Page 110)

"I'm not trying to throw anybody ——"

"I seen you," Artie stated. "I seen you trying to throw her through the window of that cab. Well, if you keep that up ——"

"Artie," Miss Farrell said breathlessly, "listen to what they got to ask and let them beat it! In all my life I never had so many lunatics ——"

"All we want," Mr. Ogburn said, "is that you should answer a riddle."

"Riddle or no riddle, you can't throw girls through taxi windows like that, you know!"

"Listen, Artie!"

"Go ahead. What is it?"

"Listen," Mr. Ogburn said hurriedly as a crowd began to assemble, "you told Miss Farrell a riddle about a man had twenty horses and three stalls ——"

"What's all this?" The crowd pressed back as a tall traffic cop pushed his way in. "What's all this about?"

"Just a minute, officer! It's a riddle ——"

"You can't tell riddles in the middle of the street!"

"Twenty horses, three stalls, and no even number in any stall!" Mr. Ogburn said frantically to Artie. "Quick! How's he do it?"

"How many stalls?" shouted someone in the rear of the crowd.

"Three!" Mr. Ogburn called back obligingly. "Quick! How's it done?"

"Well," said the traffic cop, "you could put three in the first stall, five in the second ——"

"Just a minute, officer! . . . How is it done, Artie?"

Artie grinned. "Easy," he said. "He puts one horse in the first stall."

"Yes."

"Nineteen in the second."

"And the third?"

"He don't bother with the third," Artie grinned. "The riddle don't say he's got to put horses in all the stalls. It just says he's got three of them. One in the first, nineteen in the second. That's all."

"But say ——" began the cop.

"It's a trick," Mr. Garner stated. "I told you it couldn't be done on the level."

"Is that—is that the way the riddle goes?" Mr. Ogburn asked, looking at Artie pathetically.

"Fooled you, eh?" Artie was very happy. "That riddle always fools 'em. Nine times out of ten they can't answer it."

Mr. Ogburn looked at Mr. Hudlin. "I guess we'd better get along," he said weakly; "we've got a lot to do."

"Hey!" called Artie as he started to edge away, but Mr. Ogburn did not stop. He sent Mr. Hudlin back. "Anything," he said mildly; "give him anything." He pressed his way on out through the curiously staring crowd. "The very idea," he said bitterly to himself, "of his leaving one stall empty—the very idea!"

A half hour later, in his private office, Mr. Ogburn fluttered a sheaf of papers briskly.

"Now," he said, "we've got that little matter off our hands, we better get down to brass tacks. What about those Hanover papers? Get me those Hanover papers and we'll brush right through them."

"Aren't you going to call Mrs. Ogburn?" Mr. Hudlin asked.

The fluttering of papers halted. Mr. Ogburn looked around slowly at his chief clerk, but Mr. Hudlin's face was pure innocence. "No," he said, "I'll tell her tonight."

"Won't she be worrying?"

Once again Mr. Ogburn looked at him. "No," he said, "I'll tell her tonight."

"I really think," Mr. Hudlin said, "you ought to let her know, so she'll have some peace."

A pause. Then: "Oh, well!" He lifted the receiver and got his home. "Mrs. Ogburn," he said; "tell her Mr. Ogburn is calling." He looked around, but Mr. Hudlin was making no move to leave. "Hello, hello! Is this you, dear?" A pause. "Yes, dear, about those horses." Pause. "Those horses. Those twenty horses. Those twenty horses in that riddle." Pause. "Horses, I say. Twenty horses in a riddle." Pause. "Listen, dear, that riddle I was telling you last night." Pause. "Riddle, I say!" He was becoming a little warm, and particularly conscious of a grim and vicious smile on Mr. Hudlin's face, even though it was behind him.

"Listen, damn it, darling. I'm talking about that riddle about horses—horses—horses!"

"Crazy over horses," he heard Mr. Hudlin murmur.

"Well, whether you remember or not," Mr. Ogburn said between set teeth, "it's one in the first stall, nineteen in the second, and none in the third." He jammed the receiver on the hook and, without looking around, picked up the Hanover papers.

"That must have relieved her," Mr. Hudlin said guilelessly. "Things like that upset a woman."

"I'll see you later," Mr. Ogburn snapped.

Mr. Hudlin got up.

"This Farrell woman," Mr. Ogburn said—"is she coming back here?"

"No. That Artie called me back to see what we were going to do, but she said—well, she said she didn't think she'd want to come back." He paused. "She was a little exercised over it all."

"It's just as well," Mr. Ogburn said. "Telling riddles like that—it upsets the staff. Can't get a bit of work done. I wish you could have seen them loafing around here when I came in yesterday!"

DRAWN BY A. L. CASSEL

"Good Morning, Mamma's Cookies ——"

SENSIBLE SIXTIES

(Continued from Page 17)

years. That goes for every man's body, regardless of the bombast of the just-as-good-as-I-was boast. Now, the motor that runs the machine is the heart. Grand little friend, companion and motivating agent, the heart—willing, uncomplaining unless stressed too hard, faithful and efficient. It has been beating out energy for you seventy-odd times a minute for sixty years or more—a long time for any motor to keep going efficiently—and it may be a bit tired.

In any event, whether it is tired or not, give it the benefit of the natural assumption that it is, and ease up on it. Don't think because it has never failed you, or skipped a beat on you, or run up in speed, or had a stab of pain in it, that it may not do exactly one of those little things, if overtaxed, at some very inopportune moment. Don't think that. If you do, you may be disconcertingly mistaken sometime. Regard your heart as your chief and greatest asset, over and above all other assets, physical or material—which it is—and give it a chance. Give it more than a chance.

Conserve it. Cuddle it. Guard it. Solicitously keep it from any undue strain. All your capital of life is invested in that little motor within you. Quit running upstairs, or walking up them save in the most dignified and decorous fashion. Quit trying to be athletic in any but the mildest degree. Quit making sudden starts, running after street cars, taking long and tiresome automobile rides, and lie down for a while each day for half an hour or so. If you have to climb a hill, climb it slowly, but do not climb it at all if you can go around it. Sleep a lot every night. If you are up late, perforce, stick in bed in the morning until your faithful heart gets its full rest also. Give your best friend a chance.

Don't load yourself with great messes of food that will make your heart work unduly to furnish energy for the disposition of it. Slow down on the hooch. Slow down on the work. And, most important, if there is anything in sight to do that is going to take more than a small amount of tuck out of you, delegate the doing of it to someone else—to some husky young guy who needs the exercise. Pass the strain along. Be cold and calculating about that. That motor of yours has been going a long time, so be careful with it. You can't get another, you know.

Now and then it is well to tote your heart in to a capable doctor and let him listen to it and try it out. Not too often. Once a year is often enough, for one of the surest ways for a sixtyite to get into a jam with himself is to cultivate the doctors too assiduously. As I said back yonder a ways in this piece, no man gets to sixty or beyond without having a few kinks in him, and those doctors are great kink finders and more or less inclined to harp on them. Still, it is up to us fellows to be reassured once in a while, but make certain you put a reassurer and not a readjuster on the job; provided, of course, you are operating in fairly normal shape for your years.

Worrying by Proxy

Rest every time you can. Sleep all you can. And don't worry, for worry is bad for the heart. It always gives me a laugh when I read or write that last injunction, for it is as silly to tell a human being not to worry as it is for a human being to tell the wind to stop blowing. That is the tritest of all known counsel. However, there is a partial out on this universal failing. Delegate your worries. Pick out somebody to worry for you, and pass on as much of yours, and as many, as you can. The world is full of good, expert worriers, and many of these are pleased to worry for others as well as for themselves. Feed them yours. You can't get rid of all yours, but you can unload a fair proportion of them, and every man in his seventh decade should do that as far as possible. As a matter of fact, a fairly healthy and reasonably successful man, at sixty or beyond, hasn't much to worry about, anyhow. Not really. When he gets to be seventy or seventy-five he can look back over his life and see that most of his troubles never happened, especially his troubles after he was sixty.

Taking care of the heart is the prime requisite for a sensible span of sixties, and everything else more or less depends on that. Specifically, after the slowing-down-on-work and the rest requisite have been comprehended, there are two other matters that must have assiduous attention. One is exercise and the other is diet.

In their classification, which is pathological, the two things, next to medicine and its associated subjects, that have had more hokum than any other things written about them are exercise and diet. The faddists, and cranks, and quacks, and fakers, and panacea purveyors just naturally hop on exercise and diet as an outlet for their sciolisms, and the country has been flooded for years with all sorts of theories and prescriptions about and for both subjects. The stuff ranges from patent foods and specific feeding and foodstuffs to fasting, and from simple setting-up exercises to complicated machinery for exercise.

Joe Chamberlain's Idea of Exercise

This problem of exercise has numerous ramifications and interesting demonstrations. I knew a great statesman who never, when it could possibly be avoided, undertook any physical exertion of any sort. He wouldn't walk a block if he could get a cab to ride in. He wouldn't even climb a flight of stairs. And he lived to be eighty, and was vigorously engaged in public and his great private professional affairs until he died. Conversely, I know a man who is now seventy-five who swims a mile or two every day, wades for hours in the most rapid of rivers fishing, who hunts, walks, dances and is constantly on the go, and he is the huskiest, most vigorous, healthiest person you can imagine. I have known many men who took no exercise and cashed in, fat and flabby, along about fifty or so, and men who took too much exercise who blew up at about the same time of life.

How are you going to play your exercise cards in a situation like that? Joseph Chamberlain, who was born in 1836 and did not retire from public life in England until 1910, acted all his life on the principle that all the exercise a gentleman needs or should take is walking upstairs to bed and walking down again in the morning. On the other hand, William Muldoon, now more than eighty and still going strong, is an advocate and practitioner of all sorts of exercise. And there are plenty of other cases as diverse.

The sane view of it, from the standpoint of the average man, is that exercise is both extensively overdone and underdone. There can be little doubt that a rational amount of exercise is beneficial to every man, and necessary, but the only feature of the matter that comes up for consideration in this treatise is how much is expedient and necessary for the man of sixty or more. Not much, in the terms of athletic sports and heavy exertion of the muscles, but some in the terms of the advisability of keeping the physical machinery functioning smoothly.

There are two difficulties facing the seeker after a rational scheme for exercise for his seventh decade. The first is the overweening conceit of the just-as-good-as-I-was contingent. The second is laziness. The idea that the average man of sixty or more is any sort of athlete at all or should try to be, even in the most tentative way, is as preposterous as the idea that any golfer can get to be a Bobby Jones. He isn't, and if he persists in thinking he is, and trying to be, he is sure to get the physical worst of it. A lot of them do. I see men of more than sixty toiling around golf links, sometimes playing

(Continued on Page 117)

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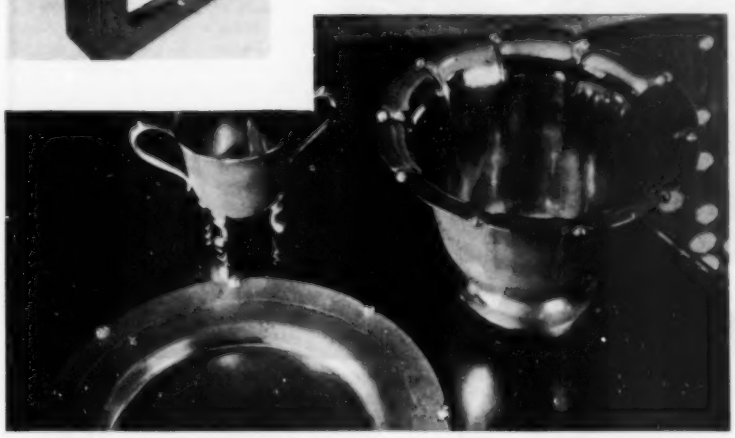

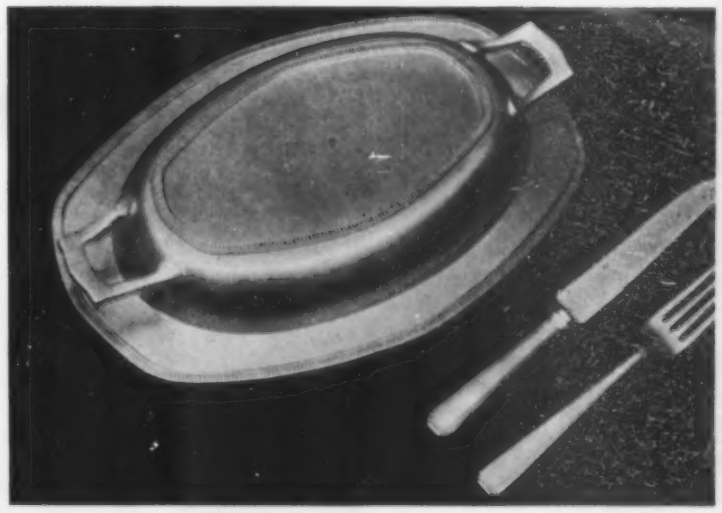

WALLACE SILVER PLATE... *The Mode pattern is definitely modern in style. Has all the beauty of simple lines well handled. Double Vegetable Dish, illustrated, $22. A 26-piece set of flatware, with hollow handle, stainless steel knives, costs only $32.50.*

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WALLACE PEWTER... *Pieces shown here are the new de luxe Pewter, especially heavy and designed with an eye towards contemporary things. Borders are hand hammered, too. Wallace Pewter contains no lead, which makes it safe for all liquid foods, and assuring that the soft lustrous finish will endure. Flower Bowl is priced at $19. Sandwich Tray $12. Sugar Bowl and Creamer (not shown here) $15.*

FREE, this unusual table service guide, "Modern Table Dictates." Contains new and tasty menus for breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea, buffet supper, etc., chart of fish, fruit and vegetable seasons, and ideas for parties. Hangs conveniently in your kitchen. Many women tell us that this is the best little hostess' guide they have ever read. Send to R. Wallace & Sons Manufacturing Company, 15 Wallace Park, Wallingford, Connecticut.

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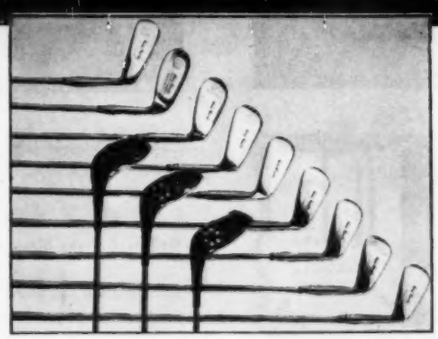

And, by the way, have you seen the new Long Burke woods and irons? Even a trial waggle will make you say, "Now, *there's* a golf club!" The irons have stainless steel heads, in the famous True Temper shaft. The woods give exceptional distance. On each is the name LONG BURKE, affirming our pride in their quality and our belief that they are the best clubs your money can buy. Just feel them!

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Burke

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¶ *Write your name and address on the margin below. Send to Dep't A-2 and we will send (without charge) the new booklet, "20 Golf Arguments and the Correct Rulings," giving actual decisions in curious and perplexing golf rule arguments. You don't have to be a golf lawyer to understand these answers to rule questions you're always asking.*

(Continued from Page 113)

thirty-six holes a day, and all of them are making heavy drafts on the vitality they should be conserving, and a good many of them are carted off the links finished with exercise and all other human affairs. A few of them even stick creakingly at tennis, which is the supreridiocy of all the exercise idiocies.

Admitting that every man, whatever his age—and especially every man of sedentary occupation—should take some exercise, how much does the man of sixty and more require? Not much. Not enough to put the slightest strain upon his heart and other physical appliances.

A safe and conservative rule for all us oldsters is this: Never get tired enough at any exercise to make it necessary to use your arms and hands in assisting you to rise from a chair after you have sat down to rest. If you have been playing golf, say, and sit down in a chair after the round, you are too tired for the exercise to have benefited you any if, when you want to get up from the chair, you must push yourself up with your arms and hands instead of being able to rise without that aid. Not only have you had no benefit but you probably have harmed yourself a little.

How to Golf for Exercise

The golden secret of useful exercise for those beyond their athletic prime is to space it with frequent rest. Spell yourself often. Even so husky a person as Walter Hagen advises rest at tees and half minutes of relaxation all along the fairways. Did you ever see an expert mountain climber doing his stuff? He climbs for a few steps, and then stops for half a minute or so. Lets up on the heart strain at regular intervals. That is the idea. If you are walking, stop and look around from time to time. If you are golfing, be easy with it and make a pastime out of it instead of a foot race. Rest. Be moderate.

The reason I speak of golf so frequently in making my argument is because golf has come to be the almost universal medium for the exercise of the oldsters. In the early days of golf in this country it was often contemptuously referred to as "an old man's game." That classification was based on extreme ignorance. If there ever was a game that required the fluidity and facility of youth for its real demonstration, golf is that game. Some oldish men are good golfers, but compare the numbers of these with the numbers of young men who are great golfers. Besides, if an oldish man is a good golfer, it is almost certain that he got to be a good golfer when he was a young, or youngish, man, and not after he was along in years.

Golf is a young man's game in the real exemplification of it, but it is an excellent diversion and exercise for older men, provided the older men do not forget that that is just what they are—old. Two rounds of golf a week, of eighteen holes each, is enough golf for any man more than sixty, and these two rounds should not be played on successive days. There should be a couple of days between them. A lot of foolish fellows will scoff at this, and declare they can play golf every day and not feel it a bit. I see them toiling through thirty-six holes some days, and it is pretty sad. What those boys are doing to their physical reserves may be beyond their limited understandings, but they are doing a lot, just the same. There is no fool like an oldish golfing fool, and a really old golfing fool—sixty isn't senility by any measurement—is beyond the limits of dotterel description.

Golf for fellows in the sixty classification must be rational to be beneficial. It should be punctuated with frequent rests. It should be played on level courses if any level courses are available. This later-day golf engineering that runs the links up hillsides and down the gullies may be all right for youngsters, but it is mountain-goat stuff for the older players. Much of our modern golf is mountain climbing as well as golf, or more than golf, and the level links are the places for the older players to disport themselves. Golf can be helpful or hurtful. It all depends on whether the player has a sense of proportion and a knowledge of his own physical requirements and limitations.

Aside from golf, walking and horseback riding, the lads in the sixties must be chary, for they do not need any strenuous stuff, and will do themselves no good if they take much of it.

Frank Sheridan, the actor, asked William Muldoon for a useful and noninjurious exercise formula for middle age and beyond, and Muldoon gave him one in three words: "Police your garden." Of course a good many sixtyites have no gardens, but if they do have gardens they can get good, sane exercise by policing them. Bending over and pulling weeds for half an hour or an hour a day is grand stuff for oldish men, and women too.

Even the simple setting-up exercises can be overdone. I have gone through a routine of these for many years, morning and night, but I have steadily decreased the amount of this exercise with the advance of years, until now, where I once did about fifty of each of my movements, I do only eight for some and not so many for others. And that is plenty. As a matter of fact, if it were not for the ingrained habit of them, I doubt if I need any of them. Just enough to keep me supple, anyhow. Nor is it necessary to be too fussy about one's weight. A few pounds over the specifications will not hurt any. A few, I said; not twenty or thirty. If you are not sane about these things, you will find yourself in considerable of a jam some day.

The trouble with most dietitians is that they are dominated by fixed ideas. They get a fad or contrive a formula, and that immediately becomes the last word in the science of taking and administering nourishment. There is no toleration in them, or any elasticity. As soon as one of these boys becomes convinced that creamed hay and peanuts are the panacea, he immediately starts out to make all the world subsist on creamed hay and peanuts. Vegetarians are usually fanatics about their chow, and the fasters, and the fruit juicers, and all the rest of them are obsessed with their pet food mediums, which would not be so bad if they did not conceive themselves to be ordained to obsess everybody else.

Eating Through the Sixties

Diet has become a reasonably exact science as the study of metabolism has advanced. The biologists have found out a great many things about food and the effects of it on the body. They know, for example, that foods containing purine are highly detrimental to those with a gouty diathesis. And so on through a long list of scientific determinations. This, again, gets over to the pathological side of living, and that is not what we are after. Provided a man gets to sixty or more without any specific organic difficulties, he need not worry much about the biological side of his sustenance. He knows what foods agree with him and what do not. As he has come along for sixty years, or more, in reasonable health, it is fair to assume that what he has been eating has not hurt him much.

Therefore, he now has but one essential thing to do to continue as he is for a reasonable length of time, and that is to be moderate. Cut down on the intake. Do not eat so much. Lay off the heavy foods, like meat, because they are not needed. Not that meat should not be eaten. It should be, for it produces required energy, but eat it only once a day instead of twice or three times. And not so much of it. Cut down the quantity, and thus relieve the strain on all your internal mechanism, especially your faithful friend and ally, the heart. More fruit and vegetables and less meat and bread is a good, sane basis for eating reform. Meat and bread are acid-forming foods, and an excess of acid, which means a lack of alkali, plays hob with us lads in the sixty class.

There need be no drastic change in diet. The necessary thing is to curtail the quantity of food. Do it gradually, but diminish the intake of foods that agree with you. That's all there is to it, if the circumstances are as predicated, and there is no organic trouble requiring specific diet. Between 25 and 30 per cent less food a day is a good mark to eat at, but 40 is better. But cut it down, even if you have only the will to lessen the quantity 10 per cent.

Beware the False Appetite

Now comes the problem of drinking alcoholic liquors—and that is a teaser. Still, it is a reasonable assumption that if a man has come to sixty, or beyond, without being a drunkard or a heavy drinker, he is not going to become a drunkard or a heavy drinker after he is sixty. If he does, he is too much of an imbecile to worry about. He deserves all he will get, and he will get plenty. True enough, there are many men who have passed sixty, and seventy, too, who drink liquor in various amounts every day. And there are plenty who do not. Ideas are as fixed on that subject as they are on diet, and it is gratuitous to combat them either way.

So far as this thesis is concerned, but one thing need be said about the use of liquor, and that is this: One of its detriments to the man at sixty or beyond is that the use of it induces a false appetite for food and causes the drinker to eat more than he should.

Eating too much food penalizes the eater heavily in the long run. It is a disastrous habit and many major ills can be traced to it. Regardless of the other and well-known effects of liquor on the human system, or the benefits that many persons claim, that is a phase of the effects of liquor that the sixtyites would be very wise to consider, and it is the only phase that has a place in these remarks.

This, brethren of the sixties, is about all there is to the business of attaining and maintaining a comfortable and interesting and sane seventh decade of life, save the advisability of stressing a little the advantage of an outside interest or two—a hobby, or a small flock of them. The rather general idea that, after one slows down on work, there is nothing much to do but play golf, play bridge, do some drinking and travel is exactly as preposterous as the idea that a man should keep full speed ahead until he drops in his tracks; and both are completely foolish.

There can be no specific advice on outside interests, for one man's hobby is likely to be another man's hokum, but there are many useful and interesting things to do—growing things, making things, collecting things, studying things, taking part in community life, finding some public service—the list is almost interminable. All that is needed is a little vision and an applied interest. Another imperative is good companionship. Hang onto your friends. You can make acquaintances after you are sixty, but not real friends. Those come from contacts of the earlier days.

Thus, we can safely and sanely head for seventy. Once there, it will not be much of a trick to stick along happily for quite a further spell.

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Name _____

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A MILLIONAIRE'S GIRL

(Continued from Page 9)

in no uncertain terms that she was fundamentally, hopelessly and irreclaimably dishonest. It seems too bad they couldn't have done their claiming at home, because then they might have patched up the mess. But too many people had witnessed the scene for either of them to give in an inch.

Several days later Barry shut the bumpings and thumpings of the embryo delirium tremens that usually follows a complete disillusionment into a golden-oak suite of one of the biggest transatlantic liners, en route for Paris. Two weeks later, as I was bumping along the walnut panelings of a transcontinental express on my way to California, I slipped along the rounded corner and bang into Caroline. I don't know how I had expected to find her, but I was terribly surprised with her air of elegant martyrdom. She was royalty in exile. From the slope of her shoulders to the eloquent inactivity of her hands her whole person cried out, "This is the way I am, and I'm going to stick by it." Now I knew that Caroline had not a bit of that fading-violets, closing-episode note of the minor lyric poet that makes people run from things in her erstwhile personality, and I wondered what determination had sent her scurrying from a world that she knew, but that didn't know her, across a continent to a world that knew her from her escapades, but that she didn't know. It seemed to me an unreasonable exchange. If it was not escape that motivated her, then it must be vengeance, I told myself, and it was all I could do to keep from asking her on the spot.

Thinking of that long ride to California, it does not appear remarkable that people should lose their sense of proportion on the way. The pattern of the tracks at the beginning lies like featherstitching along the borders of a land suggesting the tin scenic effects that are sold with mechanical trains; a green-and-brown hill, a precipitate tunnel, a brick station too small for the train, an odd gate, a lamp-post and a little lead dog. The first night there is a feeling of accomplishment that you are installed in your apple-green compartment, moving in a phosphorescent line through the red and purple streaks of a Western dark. The dining car glistens with bright new food; the train is still a part of its advertising pamphlets and has not yet settled down to its own dynamic ends. You can still smoke without tasting brass cartridges in the back of your mouth. I didn't see Caroline at first, to victimize her by my curiosity. We were both fascinated by the limitations of life on the train, probably; but later, when even Mr. Harvey's ingenuity could invent no name for hash-brown potatoes exotic enough to tempt our cindery palates, we sat in mutual lamentation amongst the catchup bottles and vinegar cruets of the diner.

The countryside was changing. The far-away hills did not meet the horizon, and the trees and houses on the green mountainsides seemed on probation. Caroline was suddenly fed up with the quiet reserve that her getting-away-from-it-all manner had imposed upon her and was bursting to talk. She told me she had a part in a movie and was going West to work. In the course of a long conversation I gathered that she was completely determined to distinguish herself and force Barry to realize the enormity of his error in leaving her so precipitately. She talked and talked, fascinating herself with the idea of success, until by the end of the trip I think she never wanted to see me again, so full had she filled me with her hopes and plans. I could see her changing personalities behind that first onrush of people in the Los Angeles station, marking herself with the silent wary confidence so necessary in a world of competitive struggle.

We found ourselves at the same hotel. About the central mass there lay shimmering in the rarefied sun low lines of bungalows like the tentacles of a sea monster crystallizing itself in the humid heat. Grass like wet paint covered the gushing squares of earth between the cement paths in the court, and from one doorway to another white rose vines stretched and aspired along a trellising of flaky zinc pipes. Caroline's rooms were opposite mine, and I could tell by the number of waiters who were always scurrying in and out that she was auspiciously launched in her new *milieu*. I had to pass her door on my way in, and there was always a paper envelope hanging on her knob, bulging with telephone messages. More and more often there were yellow roses under the yellow curtains at her window. I knew which director preferred yellow roses and referred to them, amusingly, as "radishes."

Sometimes I burrowed my way through the candy stores and barber shops and glass cases filled with the curlicues of Oriental art to the great supper room of the hotel. There, in the brightly lit darkness of an artificial Hawaii, was always Caroline, sitting, listening, elegant and fragile, *connaisseuse* of perfumes and parades. People knew her by name; her career was getting under way. She drank little and spent the mornings having herself pummeled and pounded into a nervously receptive state that was, for film purposes, the equivalent of dramatic ability. She learned to accentuate a slight defect in her lovely face with heavy make-up, so that her wide cheekbones gave her a Tatar look under the thick, creamy powder. She learned to be distrait and aloof and passed those two qualities off as sophistication and disillusionment. Hollywood was captivated. I'd been out there about two months when I heard that Caroline was not able to work and was holding up a costly production with uncontrolled flares of nerves. I concluded she was about to get fired, so I ran to stick my finger in the pie. I persuaded her to drive to the sea with me.

I don't know what there is about California that makes it seem so inland. I suppose it's that sparse attempt to inclose so much space with two orange trees and an oil well. Anyway, I felt that it would do her good to escape that feeling of being in a vacuum that the wide-spaced city gives me, and she had never seen the Pacific, so we hired an open car and became part of an unbroken line of automobiles weaving along under the vast sky, like an invasion of beetles, toward Long Beach. She was hardly interested in the flatness of a country that was bright like a dirty mirror from its lack of color in the sun, and I could see that the chauffeur's fast driving made her nervous. Having wrecked my own nerves years ago, I like advising other people about their own.

"You're going too hard," I told her, "and if you keep on living at such tension that you can't sit in an automobile without grabbing the sides you won't last long at your work." The sun curved along her high cheekbones and dug a white triangle under her lifted chin. A big bunch of pink sweet peas tattered themselves against the brim of her white felt hat in the wind and blew against her shining face as she turned and cheerfully agreed with me that she would probably collapse before long.

"But it isn't the work," she said enigmatically.

"Oh, gosh," I thought, "she's going to start proving she's right again."

We had luncheon in a dingy dining room facing a brick wall, with pictures of the ocean painted about the ceiling. There was nowhere else in Long Beach on the sea to have luncheon, since nonalcoholic races are too suspicious of reality to face even the ocean. We both tried temporizing with a soggy shrimp cocktail. Caroline leaned over the table and asked me suddenly for news of New York in such an apologetic, eager way that I sensed what she really wanted to talk about. It was Barry. People had, naturally, avoided the subject with her, I suppose, and I was feeling complacent enough to say what she wanted.

"Aren't you over that yet?" I asked.

She smiled with detached desperation.

"Oh, yes, of course, but I hate to lose touch with him," she answered. "Ever since I met him everything I do or that happens to me has seemed because of him. Now I am going to make a hit so that I can choose him again, because I'm going to have him somehow. I wanted to say that to somebody, so I'd have to do it. I'm sorry to spoil your ride, but it's made me able to go back to work again. You see, I haven't any friends," she finished simply.

When she left me at the door of her bungalow that night so much sadness sank into the shadows about her eyes and so much unsurety sounded in her footfalls along the cement steps that a surge of hatred swept over me against trim seaside hotels, and even old Balboa, and the East and the West and love affairs. As she climbed the stairs the heels of her slippers echoed as if the shoes were empty. I spectrally crossed over the fog to my own door.

Next day it began to rain in California, much against the better judgment of the most influential citizens—not just ordinary rain the way it rains in other places, but great brown bulks of water flowing down the gutters like hot molasses candy. At the bottom of hills where two streets met, the water came up to the running boards of automobiles. It seethed through umbrellas in a fine spray and covered the sidewalks with slippery mud deltas. If the sun came out for a minute the air steamed with hot vapor and the sodden cushions of grass smoked under its discouraged rays. Naturally, going about was unpleasant, so I spent most of my time in my room, washing down quantities of spring onions and alligator pears with California Bordeaux. When I traveled the flood again Caroline's picture was finished and March was powdering the air with spring dust. I had heard talk about the film; apparently she came off with flying colors. The director had been so pleased with her work that, with the final assembling of the picture, her part had grown to star proportions, and there was nothing between her and a successful career. I was pleased that she was glad to see me again and that she gave me seats to the opening. It was surprising that such a prospect hadn't erased that distant distress in her eyes, but had only superimposed an air of excitement on the placidity of her lovely white features.

A Hollywood opening night is a fairy-tale affair. A street is flooded with blue-white diamond light that glints over the trees and lies like mica over their foliage and along their trunks. There are festoons of ordinary lights like strings of golden oranges swung from pole to pole in the ether whiteness, and all is broken into a million cones and triangles by the headlights of hundreds of automobiles. The shadows fall short about their objects—thick gluey puddles under the cars and people. A red carpet bridges the pavement between automobiles and the theater door, and grinding cameras envelop the arriving celebrities. A gigantic megaphone cries out famous names to the crowd waiting on the edge of the light, and they, in turn, respond with loud applause or rustling silence—a sort of trial by fire. Fine, uncharitable ladies in silver shoes and ermine may be greeted with protesting murmurs from under the trees, and gay young girls in coral velvet that people know have helped their kind may start the clatter of many hands swelling from far around the corner, in the approval of a public that considers itself humanitarian.

There is no expectancy in the air; it is the dumb hero worship of fans gathered in the gloom like medieval serfs awaiting a conquering baron that dominates the atmosphere—that and the shining assurance that insecure people must assume in places of authority. I had never been to an opening before, so I stood for an hour watching

(Continued on Page 121)

Here we see her planning her kitchen in miniature—with just those convenient units she wants arranged exactly as she wants them. Below is that same kitchen—a dream come true!

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Just to give you a hint of what you can do, we have prepared an attractive, colorful booklet, "Your Dream Kitchen," showing a number of Curtis assembled kitchens and suggesting, as well, harmonious color treatments. Mail us the coupon below for your free copy.

There's a lumber or woodwork dealer near you who carries the Curtis line, and who has our Miniature Kitchen Set. Ask him to call and show you this novel way to plan kitchens, or drop in to see him... Or make use of our Free Planning Service. The nation-wide enthusiasm among women for this new way to plan kitchens is shown by the reception given this idea in the past few months. In that short time, we have received over 10,900 requests for planning help as outlined in the coupon below. Your coupon request for our booklet will also bring *you* information explaining how our Free Planning Service can help you to bring individuality, utility and convenience to your kitchen.

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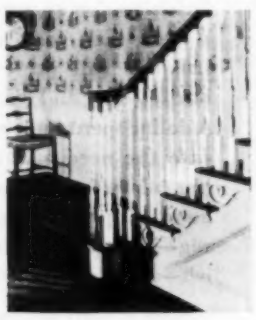
The four suggestions here are in the Colonial manner. Curtis period pieces include many other reproductions in both Early American and European design

Beginning, logically, with the entrance to your Colonial home, Curtis suggests this Early American doorway inspired by that found gracing the entrance to the Revolutionary home (1776) of Washington's friend, General John Glover, at Marblehead, Massachusetts.



Continuing the Colonial note in your entrance hall, you'll find a charming touch in this Georgian stairwork reproduced by Curtis from the 1791 home of George Read II, son of George Read, signer of the Declaration of Independence, at New Castle, Delaware.

The Joseph Webb house (1752) at Weathersfield, Connecticut, meeting place of Washington and Comte de Rochambeau, inspired this exquisite Colonial mantel. Every detail is reproduced by Curtis: the molded frame, the graceful frieze, the shallow shelf.

Small-paned windows are in keeping with Colonial architecture. The sixteen-light window and shutters shown are Curtis designed. All items of Curtis Woodwork show the same careful workmanship seen in these American and European reproductions.

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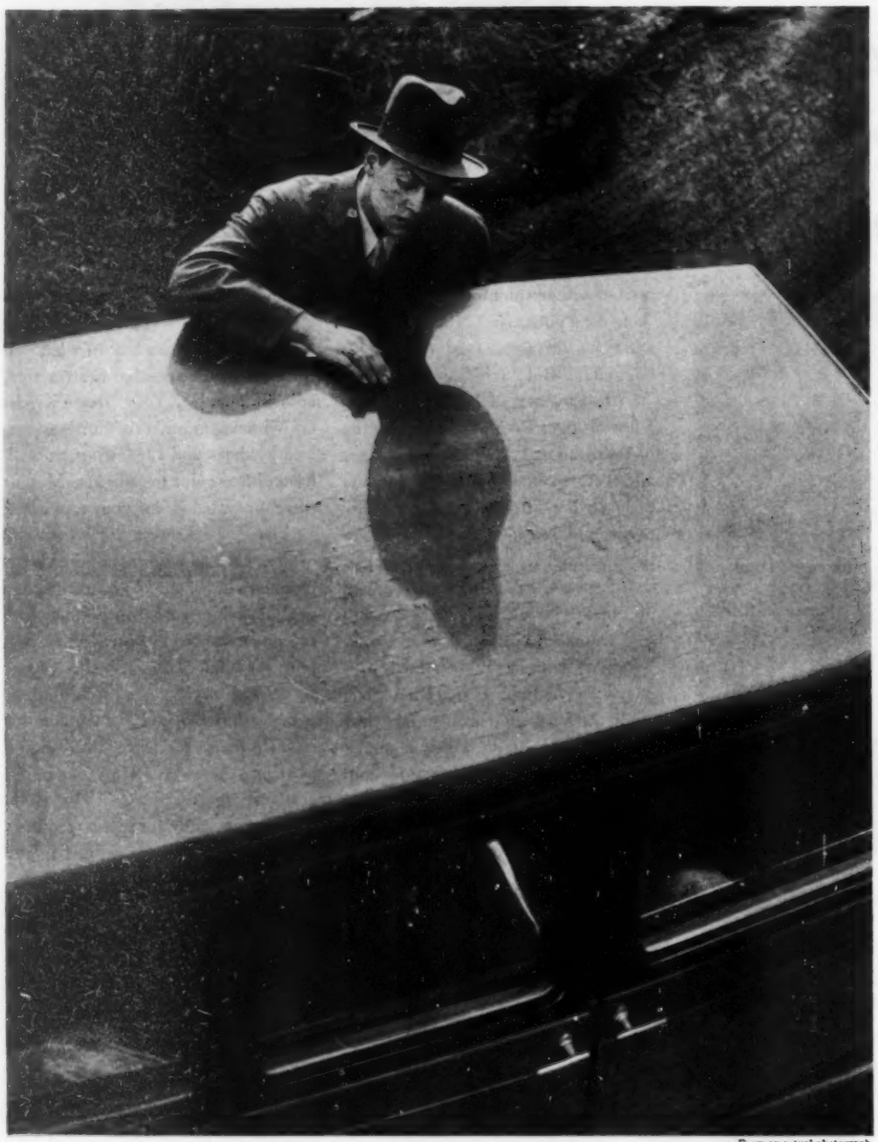

From an actual photograph

IS it burned gray and dingy? Does it show cracks and check marks? Does it feel dried out . . . brittle? That's *car sunburn* . . . a costly trouble, yet easily prevented.

Just as cold cream softens, heals and safeguards your skin against the stinging, destructive heat of the summer sun—so Whiz Top Dressing will protect your car top and keep it young and pliable.

It's easy to apply, dries quickly, gets right down into the texture, permeates and softens it. Beautifies and waterproofs—forestalls cracks and leaks.

FREE

during

MAY *and* JUNE

With a dollar can of Whiz Top Dressing (either black for black tops or clear for colored tops) dealer will include without charge this *quality* BRUSH.

This is the time to use
WHIZ POLISH, TOO!

The body—that fine lacquer finish you're so proud of—Whiz Polish for Duco and Lacquer will prevent sunburn, fading and discoloring. A dollar spent on it now may save the need of a refinishing job before summer has gone. Apply with soft clean rag—then polish. Road film and dullness vanish—soft, lasting brilliance comes back.

Stop at your dealer's today. Get a can each of Whiz Top Dressing (with brush included Free) and Whiz Polish for Duco and Lacquer. The R. M. Hollingshead Co., Camden, N. J., and Toronto, Canada.

WHIZ

TOP DRESSING

(Continued from Page 118)

from across the way. It was like an elegant feminine circus breaking ground. I wanted terribly to see Caroline come in. It was her night, and I knew she would have something amusing to contribute—some little unpretentious trick of pinning her flowers in an unexpected corner, of forcing her hair to interrogative angles, of wearing some funny thing like a dagger, or a tiny bell at the side of her slippers—but the line of cars moved faster and faster before the door and the cheaper cars were making their appearance, so I knew I'd be late if I didn't go inside.

The picture was fine. Caroline's beautiful Biblical eyes dimmed and shone over teacups and decanters and through the spray of shower baths and dominated the mists of a good art director. I felt a secret jealousy of such assured success. I came outside in the *entr'acte* to see if I could find her in the crowded lobby. She was nowhere around, and feeling rather gloomy at being alone among so many people using so many adjectives, I went along bareheaded through the moist spring air to the corner drug store. It was like all drug stores—gift cases of perfume and powder, writing paper and books, round tables of incense burners and picture frames and all the things you couldn't imagine buying in a drug store—and I don't know why that sudden sense of disaster came over me. I felt as if I were in an exiled and floating world, isolated from all necessities of life except the one of buying things. To bring myself back to reality I went to the cigar counter and chose the late edition of an evening paper. On the front page was a big picture of Barry and his fiancée, telegraphed from Paris. Heirs of Two Great Fortunes to Have Quiet Ceremony. I was glad Caroline had made such a killing in the film and I wondered if she'd mind much when she saw those blaring headlines.

The picture was thoroughly amusing. There was always that horizon quality in her eyes, and nobody ever had a more symmetrical body to help her to stardom, or one that she could work so well. It was like a splendid mechanical installation in its trim, impersonal fitness. Toward the end she surprised me with an intensely moving scene—some sort of stuff about two young lovers being separated by a misunderstanding. The audience was moved and would have been even more affected, I think, except for the violent clanging of an ambulance bell, jarring throughout the quiet of a pathetic episode. It was a pity; it took half the value away from the scene.

Next morning I hurried out for all the papers, from a malicious curiosity to see whether Caroline or Barry would have the choicest space. She won, hands down. The dramatic columns were full of laudatory accounts of the film, obviously written the night before; and the front pages were full of last-minute headlines and two-column stories of her attempted suicide on the night of her successful debut. The sob sisters made a very dramatic episode out of her clanging past the theater in an ambulance on the opening night.

Two weeks later, when she was well enough to receive visitors, I called at the hospital to see her. I almost had to engage a room for myself when I ran into Barry. For he was there, very solicitous and proprietary, and you'd never have guessed from his manner that he was responsible for her half death or half responsible for her death, so I didn't stay long. I left, pondering all the way back to town over the wonders that long-distance telephones and a dramatic sense can accomplish when brought in close proximity. One of those friends that Caroline disclaimed must have called up Paris for her.

She married him, of course, and since she left the films on that occasion, they have both had much to reproach each other for. That was three years ago, and so far they have kept their quarrels out of the divorce courts, but I somehow think you can't go on forever protecting quarrels, and that romances born in violence and suspicion will end themselves on the same note; though, of course, I am a cynical person and, perhaps, no competent judge of idyllic young love affairs.

SO SAYS THE BOND

(Continued from Page 11)

$200,000,000. Of course many promoters were more concerned with making profits than with building railroads that were sure to pay. Also great railroads were built when smaller roads would have done. At all events, in those days and well into the 50's the American people gambled in bonds pretty much as they did later in stock.

"In our later railroad developments we went to Europe for most of the needed capital. It was found easier to sell bonds than stocks. I cannot tell you offhand when the first of our corporation mortgage bonds was issued—probably in the 40's—but I believe that they are an American invention. Even in those days it was recognized that the success of the enterprise would make the bonds safe and also make the stock valuable. Stock was therefore given as a sweetener, or bonus, to buyers of bonds. The European investor was used to what inhabitants of an undeveloped country were not, for bonds are essentially a tool of civilized capitalism. The Europeans, from the 50's on, were willing to gamble in our railroad stocks to the extent of accepting gifts of blocks of them. In other words, the European capitalists lent money to the American promoters—bonds—and bet on the future of America as Americans do today by holding stocks which cost them nothing. The rate of interest of these loans—bonds—varied. Nominally they were around 7 per cent; though, of course, if the bonds were sold at a discount, the rate was really higher. I recall an issue of Iowa Midland 10's. I recall many 7.3 per cent and 8.3 per cent bonds; the 3/10 being the tax levied during the Civil War. Thirty years later most of these bonds were refunded on a 3½ or 4 per cent basis. I recall that in 1900 the syndicate paid more than 90 for Chicago & Alton 3's."

The Wall-Street Menagerie Grows

"Americans have always believed in the future of their country, but from the way stock promoters talk, you would imagine that Americanism awoke the other day. Of course, this country in 1890 was not what it has become in 1930. Many things which made the purchase of industrial stocks a matter of doubtful wisdom thirty years ago have disappeared. The country has grown more populous, more efficient industrially, more intelligent economically, more reliable financially, besides being richer and more courageous. There is no longer cutthroat competition of unstabilized industries or the raw inside graft and haphazard methods that made so many stocks doubtful investments in my youth. With the general improvement, physical, industrial and moral, stocks of well-managed companies had much to recommend them.

"Of course, we all did too much business in bonds after the war. Too many bankers sold too many bonds of all kinds. The name 'bond' sold pieces of paper right after the war just as the label 'stock' sold other pieces of paper ten years later. You have no idea how the cost of selling bonds, under the killing competition of a few years ago, rose until it was impossible to stay in business. The senior partner of one of our biggest bond houses told me that his firm spent $15,000,000 in one year. Just imagine how many bonds he had to sell to make a profit with that overhead!"

"And the firm's name?" I asked.

"Oh no," he said quickly; "really, it wasn't my firm. But I want to remind you that the decline in the public's interest in bond purchases was not entirely due to the public. Of course you could not expect a stock-mad public to give up speculation for investment, and neither can you deny that for certain people, under certain conditions, there is much to be said in favor of common stocks. But there is too much talk about stocks and too little about bonds. A great many people who boosted stocks last year were very glad they had some bonds in their strong boxes last November. I know commission brokers who are now advising those customers who trade on margin to have their accounts secured dollar for dollar, with sound bonds."

"The hybrid trader of tomorrow," I murmured.

"I suppose you mean by that the effort to make both a speculator and an investor of the same man. However that may be, I am glad to say that the bond market is improving."

"Who is buying bonds today?" I asked.

"We have always had three classes of bond buyers: The insurance companies, the banks and the public. Just now the bulk of the buying comes from the insurance companies. The banks come next and the public last. But that is natural."

"Why?"

"Well, we are Americans, and therefore cheerful and rich. Nearly every type of investor who drops in to see me to ask my advice asks the same question. The question is: 'Say, what is a good show for tonight?'"

"You mean to say that is all the panic taught them?"

"Oh, no! But you cannot expect the stock propaganda which was carried on for years to be wiped out as quickly and completely as the margins were. Many people are buying bonds who wouldn't look at them last year. Even then, they complain that bonds don't go up much and stocks do."

Less Worry for Executors

"Well, the retort is obvious," I said.

"Yes, but when I point out what is gained in the way of freedom from worry and an assured income, my customers tell me that it is no trouble for them to keep an eye on the companies. They simply cannot forget the huge advances made by stocks. They will admit that bonds are safe, but always complain that there is no thrill. Of course the one question to ask them in revenge is how they would like to leave nothing but common stocks when they die. The average business man who thinks of lifetime investments does not think of his executor's anxieties. In the end he admits that every man ought to have at least a part of his fortune in bonds. We certainly have sold many millions to men who found out there were two sides to holding stocks at inflated prices.

"Women, being more logical, profited by the panic. Our own women clients outnumber the males. Where the income is enough for their needs they demand assurance of its continuance rather than an increase. Bonds give them what they want."

"Most women who ask me about bonds," I said, "invariably ask me about foreign bonds that pay high rates of interest."

"Oh, yes; they buy foreign bonds. But most of the buying of these of late has been for European account. You see, a foreigner who buys a bond of his own country acquires an obligation of his own government, and he is an excellent judge of how safe it is. He has not the same inducement to buy common stocks in his country that an American has in his, for Europe does not grow as we do. The future there does not mean what it does here. And so the foreigner is resigned to seeing his capital remain stationary. He lends money. Just now he

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believes that money rates will decline in 1930 and '31—which makes bonds today cheap. Moreover, he realizes that one great advantage is the fact that his bonds have two markets—one in the United States and one in Europe. It is not likely that panicky conditions will ever prevail in both at the same time."

There is a man in my favorite club who annoys the faddists there by disagreeing *in toto* with them about their pet theories. He is past seventy and spry as a boy. He is opposed to nearly everything that the average man favors, and yet the insurance companies consider him an excellent risk. His seventieth birthday is lost in the mists of antiquity, but he persists in telling the truth without a soft pedal. He jeers at merchants, lawyers, bankers, manufacturers and wage earners, and is well-to-do. He has a knack for epigrams and makes comparisons with appalling ease. He not only manages to translate commonplaces into memorable similes but he does so in a voice that carries far. Nobody in that club is ever in doubt about my friend's opinions, unless it is either of our two stone-deaf members.

He told me once that since he retired he has done nothing but sail his pleasure boat, soliloquize daily at the club and in January and July invest his surplus income.

"You don't get so much kick out of sailing or investing as you did out of active business, do you?"

"Well, it depends. Sailing races is a great sport, which calls for great skill. Of course, investing money does not call for any thought if a man is situated as I am. I have enough for my needs, so all I ask is an assured income and safety for my principal. I have no desire either to make or to lose money. All I ask is comfort and the peace of mind which comes with the absence of danger. I don't want to have to guess where I am standing today or where I will be tomorrow. I want to know right now my own address during the few years that remain to me. That is why I do not go in for stocks. I have studied this investment game and I know that the only sure method is mine. That is why I don't need to worry. Of course I have no patent on my method."

He stopped talking, to look as if he were willing to explain.

But all I said was: "Have you never lost any money by following your method?"

Dual-Purpose Investments

"Not in my investments or my wife's. No, sonny! I can't lose money if I stick to my method. If you could manage to think a little, you would guess what it is. It would not give even you a headache to discover it. You see, when I was busy making money, I made more than I needed to live comfortably, so I decided that some day I would wish to live in equal comfort without working. I treated my gross income as if I were a corporation and would not spend it all. My savings became a sinking fund. The machine that was grinding out so much gross for me would grind nothing for anybody later. All I was doing was writing off the contents of my head little by little. That is why I early saw that I had to have a surplus to invest.

"It also occurred to me that since one of the objects of that reserve fund of mine was to keep me from worrying I should invest in such a way that my money would both feed me and keep worry away from me. So far I have invested my money the same way every year; in 1930 the same as in 1920, the same as in 1910 and in 1900. I use the only worry-free method."

He smiled so benignly that I could do nothing less than ask him to tell me what his method was.

"My boy"—and he smiled as if he were my grandfather—"there are some things in this world that never change, because they can't. Among these immutable things are certain principles. They govern me in making investments because I must have what I can always bank on."

He paused; then he said impressively: "I invest only in first mortgages!"

"Yes," I said, "real estate! I suppose you would lend about $100,000 on a first mortgage on that $10,000,000 building at the corner."

"I told you I invested only in first mortgages. You have in mind a second mortgage." He spoke so impatiently that I asked him:

"What is your definition of a first mortgage?"

"A first lien."

"On what?"

"Oh, real estate and everything else."

"Well, that's what I meant too," I said.

"Oh, no," he denied. "You meant a second mortgage. What you call a first mortgage on that building would have something that came ahead of the interest payments on it. My first mortgages are secured by everything."

He was past seventy-five, and so all I did was to repeat: "First mortgages; secured by everything. It sounds safe."

"It is," he acquiesced without any particular enthusiasm. "That is what I have been doing for nearly fifty years. Now, last month some of my mortgages were paid off and I had to invest a little more than $100,000. So I did. Nothing but a first mortgage for me!"

"First mortgage on what?" I asked.

A New Kind of First Mortgage

"See that building?" and he pointed across the street to a world-famous bank. "Well, I have a first mortgage on that. . . . Where do you live?"

"I am not living. I am stopping at the Blank Hotel," I answered.

"Well, I've got a first mortgage on that!" he chirped gleefully.

We crossed the street and descried the tower of the world's tallest edifice.

"I've got a first mortgage on that!" Then he pointed to a streamer of smoke.

"See that smoke? I think it comes from the United Electric plant. Well, I've got a mortgage on that."

A crowd was issuing from the Wampum Tavern, a quick-lunch laboratory.

"First mortgage on them!" he cried.

"On whom?"

"Those people with and without toothpicks. And I have a first mortgage on the butchers that supply the restaurant, and the bankers, and on your tailor, and on every theater in the city, and on that trolley car. Also on that taxicab!"

As I said before, he is a robust man, who habitually carries a heavy cane and has a quick temper. He did not look dangerous and I had never noticed the delusions of grandeur before. But there is always a first time for fits, as for everything else.

"You seem to have a first mortgage on about everything," I said, not too aggressively.

"Yes, sir! And on much more besides! You see, I never buy anything but municipal bonds. The only things we can be sure of, as you may have heard before, are death and taxes. Well, when I saw that the only true first mortgage on property in this city was a municipal bond, I knew what my method must be. Take that building over there. I happen to know that an insurance company lent the owner $8,000,000 at 4½ per cent on what they both call a first mortgage. Before the insurance company can get its interest, the owner has to make sure that he can pay his taxes. Don't you see that the city, which has to pay the interest on its bonds, compels the owner to pay me ahead of the insurance company? Everybody who owns anything in this city or does business in it—that is to say, precisely that part of the population which is the surest pay—has to pay taxes, if he doesn't pay anything else. Delays don't help him; neither does going bankrupt or putting the property in the wife's name. Taxes have to be paid. That building may not earn 1 per cent on the investment. That trolley company may be hard put to it to pay interest on its bonds. But I get interest

on mine, you bet. I don't have to have the title of that building searched or get the low-down on that merchant's financial rating. The city will collect for me. Every one of the millions of human beings who live in this city contributes something to the payment of the interest on the money that I have lent the city, and is working for me! Millions in it, if you will realize that there is only one first mortgage to lend money on."

And my old New England friend was right, for, notwithstanding his description of his method, the fact remains that he does not have to worry about either principal or interest. In good times and in bad times, whether the winters are severe or mild, whether the spring crop is above or below expectations, taxes have to be paid.

In the course of my professional work I have been privileged to meet many able men. I have found them in Wall Street, in the country, in manufacturing centers, in law offices, in the United States Senate. Among them is a near and dear friend who has attained supereminence in his calling. Apart from his ability to generalize accurately in his own business campaigns, he has a highly developed money-making sense.

"What are you buying these days?" I asked him.

"Bonds!" he answered. "Nothing but!"

He owns large blocks of the stocks of his own corporations, but for years he has been buying nothing but tax-exempt bonds.

"Of course," I said, "with an income like yours and your taxes in the highest brackets, your investment problems are easier than if you were in my class."

"Not at all," he retorted. "I want a fair return and safety, and I get both in the bonds of towns and counties and states. I know all that can be said for common stocks. I have made a great deal of money in them, but for investment I can get from bonds what I cannot get from stocks."

No Inside Information Needed

"Now, I am a director in several corporations. I know what goes on as soon as it happens. If an unfavorable trend develops in the business, which convinces me that earnings are going to be adversely affected, I know what to do, just as I know it if the indications point to increased profits. But if an outsider buys the common stock of any of these corporations, all he has to guide him is the accountants' exhibit as presented in the last annual report. In other words, when the public buys a common stock it goes by statistics which might have been accurate when they were issued and yet would not be safe guides ten weeks later. To buy a stock wisely you, therefore, must go on inside information. You cannot buy it on public information. Now, a bond tells you on its face what security you have for your money, what is pledged. No insider knows more than you about what is back of the bond. You are not a partner in the enterprise; you are a creditor. You may not share profits, but neither do you share risks; not to the same extent. You will get your interest. If you don't, you foreclose. You are not likely to lose your all. You don't have to wait for the business to grow up. You buy on public knowledge, not on inside info as in the case of stocks. Don't forget that difference when they talk stocks to you as the only investment.

"Of course, in my particular case I find it profitable to buy the bonds of towns and of states. There is no need to hire an expert to go over the companies' books. You take a walk around the town, look at the crowds, see the factories, watch the stores. Is that the kind of community that can go bankrupt through folly, recklessness or dry rot? Look at the schools; watch the faces of the people. You don't have to dig deep to get at what the security is. To this day I do not know of a better investment than good municipal, county or state bonds—when I know the town, county and state; and I don't have to get inside dope about them. I use my eyes. There is no mystery about the solvency of an entire community."

Some years ago I missed death by a hair. It happened in Wall Street in the private office of one of the partners of a famous international banking house. It was shortly after the panic of 1907. We were discussing financial conditions, and when I asked him for an opinion, he confessed: "I was not sure in my own mind, so I asked a friend. Now, I am going to tell you what the keenest financial mind in the United States thinks of the situation." And he did.

After he finished speaking, I said, "And if your modesty will permit you, will you tell me the full name of the man who owns the keenest financial mind in the United States?"

He told me.

It was the name of another banker, who was not a member of his firm!

He mistook the shocked expression on my face for incredulity, and went on earnestly:

"He is the only man who is a trained banker, a student of financial history, a finished man of the world, a true philosopher and a man of imagination. He is the most helpful man in Wall Street."

Bonds for Aunt Priscilla

Coming from that banker, the tribute impressed me. I recalled it, after twenty-two years, when I met the owner of the keenest financial mind the other day.

I explained my visit by telling him that I had begun to wonder whether bonds had ceased definitely to interest the public. Nearly everybody that I talked with was strong for stocks. They wished to share in the growth and increased prosperity of the corporations, and so on.

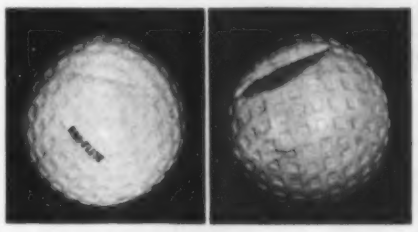
"That is true," he said. "The institutions are buying bonds heavily. Bonds are cheap and, if precedents hold, prices should advance. It has been the unfailing experience of the world that after every war prices of commodities decline. These lower prices, naturally, benefit bondholders, whose incomes are fixed. Lower commodity prices, therefore, should mean higher prices for bonds. At this moment I think that we are having 1908 over again. Will the stock market go up? I am asked that many times a day. All I can say is that at this moment a conflict is waging between easy money and the old lust for stocks, on one side, and, on the other, temporarily depressed earnings. I believe the bulls will win. The commission houses tell me that just as fast as their customers get together a fresh stake, they come back for some of the hair of the dog that bit them. There never was a more appalling smash than last fall's, and some of the men who hung on by the skin of their teeth and gladly would have liquidated say at ten points above the bottom, but didn't, are now as enthusiastic over the future as they were during the seven years of the bull market.

"But those are not investors. They are the very men who tell you that if they were to buy bonds at all it would be on account of their wives and minor children, who cannot watch the management of the corporations. After all, they merely tell you what they have been saying for years—that bonds are a fine investment for the other fellow! Stock gamblers always buy bonds for their female relatives, and they invariably shut off remonstrances by stressing the factor of safety. The optimist who recommends bonds to Aunt Priscilla buys stocks in the hope that they will double in price and treble the dividend rate—sometime.

"I think bonds will always be with us, because there will always be two classes of investors: The kind that insist on making money and those who are content not to lose any; or, as your friends put it, partners and lenders. The insurance companies buy bonds freely, but of course they are restricted by law in their investments. I often wonder whether the average man stops to think of what my friend John Blank, president of a great insurance company, has to do to earn his salary. Just think of it. He wants to do what is right

(Continued on Page 126)

Present size or new size.. *the Toughest Golf Ball in the world*



Here are the two present-size balls that showed up best in tests on the Guillotine. On the left is the Kro-Flite, the toughest ball in the world. On the right is the next most durable ball of the few balls that can compare with the Kro-Flite in distance.

THE GUILLOTINE is the laboratory equivalent of the worst shot that any golfer ever made. It's a heavily weighted steel knife that drops on a golf ball, hitting it exactly as a clubhead does on a viciously topped iron shot.

Recently, all the new-size golf balls that are anywhere near the Kro-Flite in distance, were put to the Guillotine. There were a lot of reputed "tough guys" in the group.

But of them all, the Kro-Flite alone was able to stand up under the Guillotine. Most of the others were completely ruined—slashed right through to the rubber winding.

But the Kro-Flite came through with nothing more than a barely perceptible dent. Even after this terrific abuse, it was unhurt—perfectly playable—ready for a long life and a merry one of far-flung, straight-flying drives and straight-rolling putts!

And this is no new honor for the Kro-Flite. In hundreds of Guillotine tests—in the present size, and now in the new size—the Kro-Flite has always carried off first honors. The Kro-Flite, in every test, proves its right to the title "The Toughest Golf Ball in the World"!

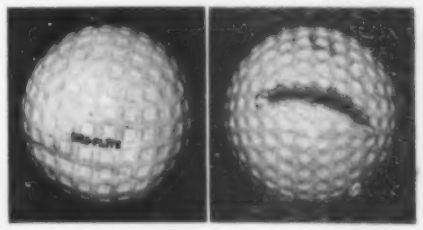
Kro-Flite has distance too

In recent Driving Machine Tests at Chicopee, Mass.; Putney, England; and Pinehurst, N. C.; with every ball that is made in the new size, the Kro-Flite once again proved that it is one of the longest golf balls made.

For in these tests the Kro-Flite fell but a trifling distance behind its famous brother, the Spalding Ball. And this Spalding Ball, this mighty Ball of the Champions, is recognized by golf's greatest as the longest ball the game has ever known.

This season play either size—and in either size play the only ball that combines first-grade distance with maximum durability—play the Kro-Flite!

Your Professional, your Spalding Dealer, or any Spalding Store can supply you. Present size or new 1931 size . . . dimple or mesh . . . plain white or Spalding Multidot Marking—75 cents each.



And here are the two balls in the new 1931 specifications that put up the best defense against the Guillotine. On the left is the Kro-Flite, still the Champ. On the right is the runner-up, the next most durable ball of the same group.

KRO-FLITE

MADE BY

Spalding

each 75 cents

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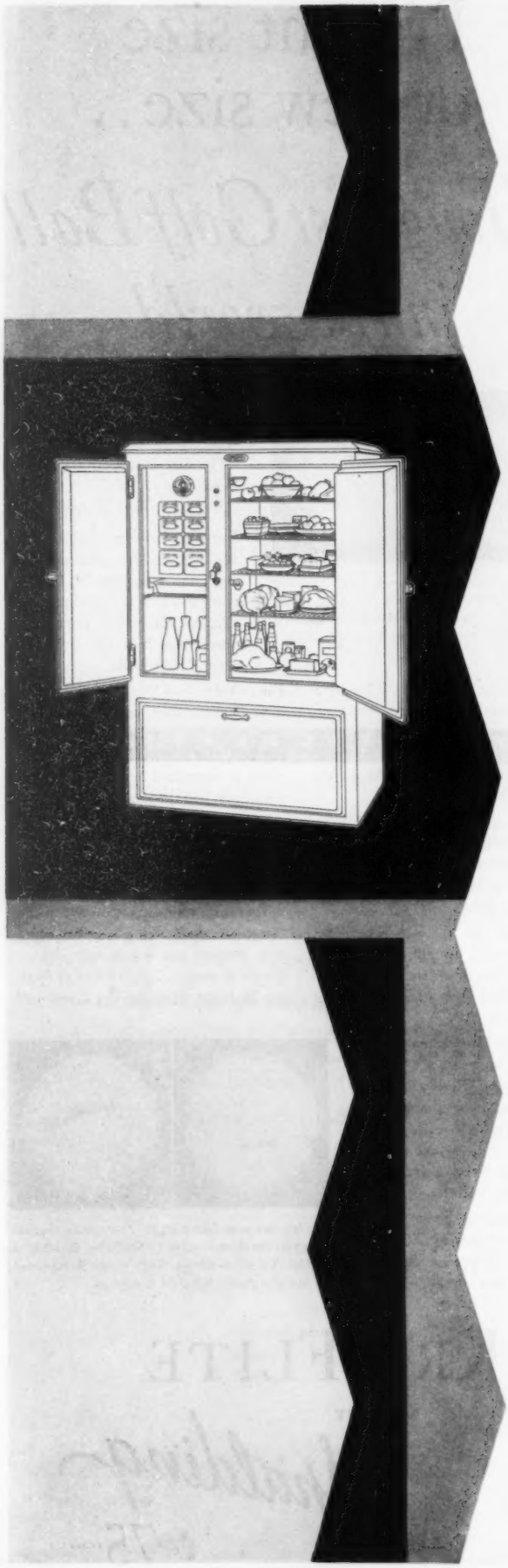

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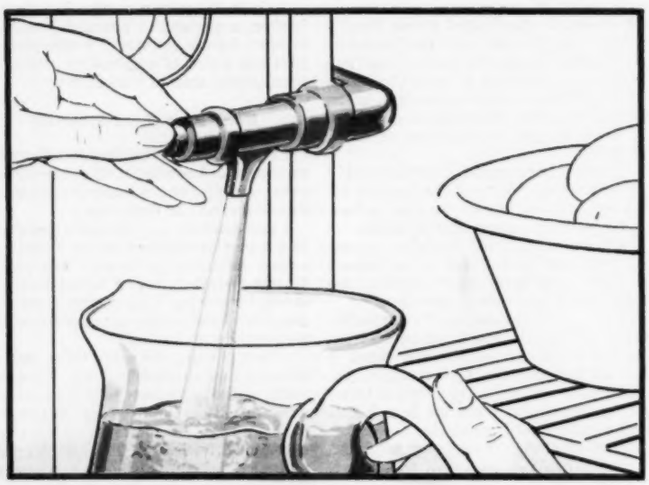
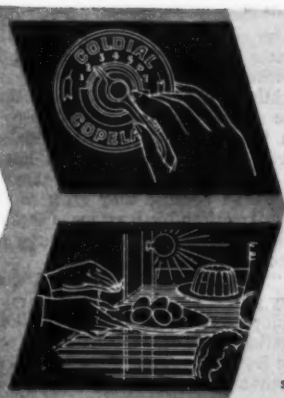
from your Electric Refrigerator!



Men and women in every part of the country are acclaiming the new and exclusive Copeland Water Chiller one of the greatest forward steps in household electric refrigeration since the advent of the ice cube! They are delighted with the extra utility it affords . . . thrilled at the added convenience of having instantly available, at the touch of a button, an abundant supply of sparkling cold drinking water. For them . . . and for you . . . the exclusive Copeland system for chilling water, lemonade and other drinks opens the way to *complete refrigerating satisfaction!*

Call on your Copeland dealer and inspect the brilliant new models which not only preserve your food but chill your drinks as well. Examine, too, the *conveniently located* Copeland Coldial with *seven* ice-freezing speeds, the Locked Mechanism Compartment, electric illumination and other important features described on these pages. Then you will be convinced that Copeland offers truly outstanding *quality*, at prices and on easy purchase terms which make Copeland an outstanding *value* as well.

The same high standards of quality and general excellence of design, materials and workmanship which distinguish Copeland's TEN household models are apparent throughout the other products manufactured by Copeland: water coolers, separate units for present ice boxes, multiple installations for apartments, and units for various commercial purposes.

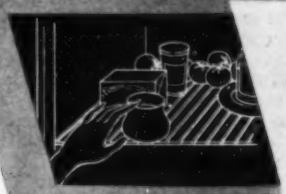


Coldial—for faster freezing of ice cubes and desserts . . . instantly accessible . . . provides seven freezing speeds. Standard on all Copeland household models.

Lighted Interior—assists in placing and removing foods . . . fitted with handy outside switch and indicator to show when light is on, standard on de luxe models.

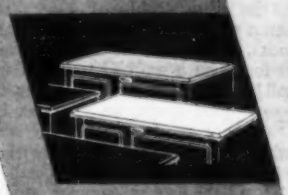
COPELAND

DEPENDABLE · ELECTRIC · REFRIGERATION

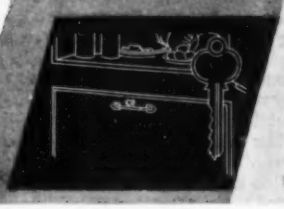


Bar-Type Shelves—providing a perfectly smooth surface on which dishes slide in and out readily, without any tendency to upset. Standard on all models.

Double-Depth Dessert Drawer—provides in a single drawer, abundant space for freezing desserts, or making extra ice cubes . . . one or more on every model.



Colored Tops—you can harmonize your Copeland with your kitchen decorative scheme . . . choice of seven popular colors and white . . . standard on de luxe models.



Locked Mechanism Compartment—keeps children and servants from tampering with mechanism, yet leaves unit readily accessible; standard on all models.

For information on the new Copelands sign name and address below, tear off and mail to Copeland Sales Company, 332 Cass Avenue, Mount Clemens, Michigan. Merchants wishing to participate in Copeland's success should state their qualifications by letter

COPELANDS
AT · FACTORY
AS · LOW · AS

185

FOR · THOSE · WHO · WANT · THE · FINEST

FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE WEAR A WATCH-CHAIN

THE right watch-chain is part and parcel of a man's personality. It adds a requisite note of smartness . . . it reflects, in a subtle manner, his own instructed taste. . . . Make yours a Simmons Chain! Designed in the modern spirit, with fresh contours and cleanly fashioned lines, a Simmons Chain still costs very little. And it *will* do justice to your fine watch! The attractive Oxford model above, 54, was made especially for one of the leading makes of American watches and is priced at $8.25, alone. Your jeweler will be glad to show you his assortment of Simmons Chains . . . chains to guard your pocket-watch, knife, keys, or emblem! R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Massachusetts.

SIMMONS CHAINS

The Swivel says it's a Simmons

Continued from Page 123

and he has to invest $1,000,000 every day! Invest it safely! A million a day and no blunders! No, thank you!"

"Well," I said, "it used to be your business to advise people about investments."

"I didn't say anything about that. I merely told you in whose boots I would not stand for the world. And I want to say, my friend, that it is infinitely harder today to keep money than to make it. A man cannot afford to go to sleep and trust in providence to steer his companies wisely.

"Of course, like everybody else, I also am a target for the shafts of the common-stock partisans. They are so cocksure about what is the least sure thing in the world! A friend whom I have known and loved for years called on me the other day on a matter affecting our country club. In the course of our conversation he was surprised to learn that I could not read the future as clearly as he did. He deplored my stubbornness in failing to recognize the more civilized conditions under which we did business these days. When he asked me what I was buying and I told him nothing but bonds, he laughed at me. He himself put all his money into good stocks—that is, the common stocks of well-managed corporations. He admitted that in investments, as in everything else, you eventually get down to the man, and that is why he emphasized the good management. Human life and human nature being what they are, I marveled at him, but I merely asked him what corporations he had in mind. He promptly named half a dozen."

A Small Profit Plus Security

"'You are sure of their growth, are you?' I asked, and he answered that he was. He then took five minutes more to dwell once more on the importance of the management, the human factor, and so on, to show me how conservative he was. He then confessed that he had just bought 1000 shares of the common stock of one of our largest manufacturing concerns. I pleased him greatly by admitting that the management were broad-minded men of vision, efficient and well organized. And then I asked him how long he thought he could be sure of the success of that company under such management.

"'As long as the form of government and the genius of the American people remain as they are today; and that is as long as it is necessary for me to know when I pick my permanent investments,' he replied.

"'Well,' I said, 'that is where you make a mistake. Take my own case: I retired years ago. I had enough money and I had, thank heaven, hobbies to keep me interested and busy. I think I may say without vanity that I had exceptional facilities for investing wisely. It had been my business for years and I had been quite successful. My firm, as you know, stood high. Well, when I retired I studied my own investment problems with great care. Of course I used my best judgment. In the end I picked out what I thought was a mighty fine lot of securities. If I showed you the contents of my strong box today, you would not find in it more than about 10 per cent of what I put in it twenty years ago. I have had to change and shift, which meant I had to watch. I have had to be on my guard—my expert knowledge helped so little! You can readily understand how irksome that can become to a person who, knowing that happiness is not to be had on this earth, still hugs the delusion that freedom from annoyances may be obtained at a slight sacrifice of income. I would rather be free from worries at 4¼ per cent than get 8 or 10—with insomnia. One question that every person must decide for himself is what it is that he wishes to purchase with money. You find youth venturesome and old men comfort seekers. I am not young.

"'Now you propose,' I went on, 'to back your judgment, cheered by the belief that things will continue to be as they are so long as honest and able men are at the head of your concern. Very well. I shall not tell you to buy bonds, but I will bet you that your safe-deposit box will show as many changes in the next twenty years as mine has. You are not as well posted about current conditions as I was twenty years ago. You don't look as far ahead as I did. You merely flatter yourself that you are less timid and, therefore, you are certain that you are more likely to win out.

"'Now, the ideal investment is not a short-term note. You don't want to be shifting your funds every few months. Take the case of the stock you mention. What has made that company so successful that today its common shareholders are envied by poor bondholders? Well, for one thing, its manufacturing methods. The product was something that millions could use, and the company felt sure that more millions would use it if it could be made cheaper. It did just that. Your corporation was a pioneer in mass production. It helped greatly to popularize an industrial philosophy which has revolutioinzed the life of the workingman in America. It has been, and is, admirably managed. In all probability it will continue to be admirably managed. The stock will pay good dividends—as long as it earns them—and the market price may rise much higher. Now, why do I hesitate to consider it a safe investment? Can you think of any good reason?

"'No? I didn't think you could, so I'll tell you why: You read the newspapers and I suppose you consider yourself exceptionally well informed. And yet you appear to be utterly ignorant of a most significant fact—a trend which is of vital importance to you common stockholders.

"'I don't suppose you know anything about population experts, do you? Well, I do. I have to know about many people that have to do with the future. I have always had to look ahead to be comfortable in my advice giving. Now the population experts know that serious conditions confront the United States and the rest of the world. A few years ago the population of this country was growing at the rate of 3,700,000 per annum. We used to get about 1,000,000 immigrants a year. Today only 350,000 come in. Our domestic increase was 2,700,000. It is now 2,300,000. I am quoting from memory, but the lesson is not impaired by a slip on my part. Moreover, don't forget that our totals were greatly helped by the greater longevity of our people due to better living conditions.'"

Mass Production for the Masses

"'Well, the population experts find that the attitude of the present generation toward life and living has greatly crippled the toting capacity of the stork. The United States, a young and vigorous nation, is now approaching what they call the zero mark, which is the point at which the number of births equals the deaths. The census of 1930 will enable the population experts to prove their contentions. But laymen like you will not see it until the census of 1940.

"'I would remind you that we are considering the safety of the common stock of a well-managed corporation as a long-time investment. What I have told you about our population should make you think. That common stock may not be a good thing for your children to hold. The reason is obvious. That highly efficient company depends upon mass production for its profitable operation. Mass production, to be carried on profitably, depends upon a continually rising population, continually increasing wages and a continually increasing number of consumers. Of course a stationary population will not bankrupt your company, but if the peak of its prosperity has been reached, you'd better think it over. You think you should study the company's annual reports for the last ten years, so that if you know what the company did in 1918, 1919, and so on, up to 1928, you will determine the rate of progress and, therefore, of future dividends. But you cannot read what will be in the annual report of 1938 or 1948. And any man of our age knows how fast ten years and twenty years skip by.

"'The population problem is giving me some concern. The zero mark has been reached in England. France long ago reached it. Remember how Mussolini is fighting in Italy. One of the things that made the ablest European capitalists so bullish on the United States was precisely our birth rate. Our corporations have made so much money less because they grew so fast than because they grew so steadily. The American birth rate was the real miracle worker that turned the water of stocks into gold.

"'I have only told you why I would not buy your stock or invest in it for my grandchildren and their children. I will continue to stick to the only thing I know that keeps me from worrying: Tax-exempt bonds of towns and counties and states. I don't wish to worry over my investments. I saved my money precisely to keep from worrying over money. I do not wish to make more money with my surplus. I wish to lend it to somebody who will pay it back when he says he will, and in the meantime will pay the interest punctually. I am not a bear on your stock. I am simply a bull on the industry and honesty of several millions of Pennsylvanians. Stocks are all right, but in these days of transition and readjustments, I am more interested in what the bond says.'"

Backlogs in the Credit Hearth

But the last word was not from him. It came from a confirmed stock player whom I met on my way home. I told him what the farseeing owner of the keen financial mind told me. To my surprise, the stock man said slowly: "I am not going to tell you that I was all wrong in thinking that common stocks were the best investments. You know, as well as I do, that the chief difficulty about any investment is to pick the right one, irrespective of its form. Of course I would rather have a good bond than a bad stock, and I also admit that bonds, by and large, are the safer choice. But I cannot help wishing to venture a little in order to gain a little when I tie up my surplus funds. I do not care to bet on the success of a brand-new enterprise, but I don't think it is rash to bet on the continued growth of an established and well-managed business.

"The chief objection to stocks has always been that it was harder to tell what you were getting when you bought a common stock than when you bought a bond. It kept many people from investing in common shares. Along came the investment trusts, and they told us substantially: 'The old, well-grounded objections to investing in common stocks disappear when the selection is done by experts. Moreover, the risk is further reduced by an intelligent diversification.'

"This sounded like a sane method of investing in common stocks, so I acquired shares in the two investment trusts that I thought were particularly well managed. Came the crash! I had to bolster up my margins. I had no cash, so I fell back on my investments—the securities I owned outright. They were in my safe-deposit box. All of them were sure dividend payers and I anticipated an appreciation in the principal. Now what do you suppose the brokers and the bankers told me? They said: 'We cannot use these securities. They are good stocks, but we cannot tell what we would get for them if we had to sell them. We shall be glad to tide you over if you will give us some good bonds; or, of course, cash.'

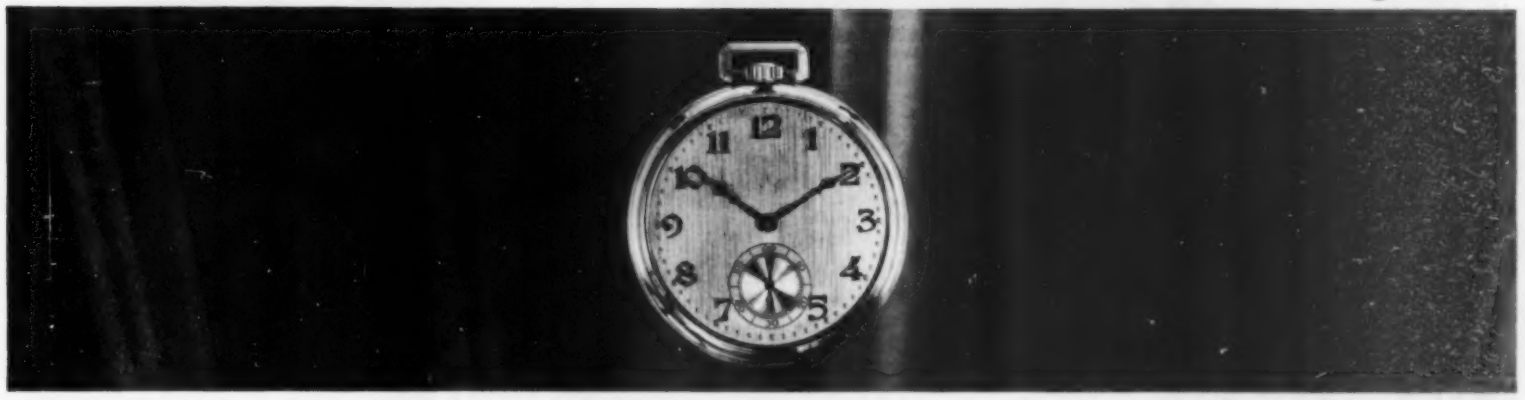
"Cash or good bonds! That is to say, cash or what was as good as cash! Bonds as the backlog in the credit hearth!

"I still believe in common stocks as a good investment. But just now I am buying bonds. I am going to keep on until the backlog is large enough to help if help should be needed. I don't expect to make any money out of my bonds. But I figure that I might as well be a lender—a bondholder—in case I ever need to be a borrower."

"So says the bond!" as Mr. Shylock insisted.

A Triumph in Precious Metal

Wadsworth creates new beauty in



NATURAL GOLD

The color of virgin gold! The very sheen and brilliance that for ages have made gold the most highly prized of metals!

Months ago, Wadsworth foresaw the return of yellow gold in the style centers of Paris and Fifth Avenue.

To meet this style trend, the Wadsworth Research Laboratories have long been experimenting in natural gold. As a result, they have created a new and brilliant color, thoroughly tested under conditions of actual use. A triumph in precious metals by America's leading precious metal workers!

This new color is different from what is usually referred to as yellow gold, different too from the reddish gold in style twenty years ago.

It is a gold of the very same brilliance as bright-washed, shining nuggets just picked from the bed of a mountain stream! The color of gold whose splendor has been sung in the Bible, in the Arabian Nights. The color of treasury gold—accepted by all nations as the standard of money value!

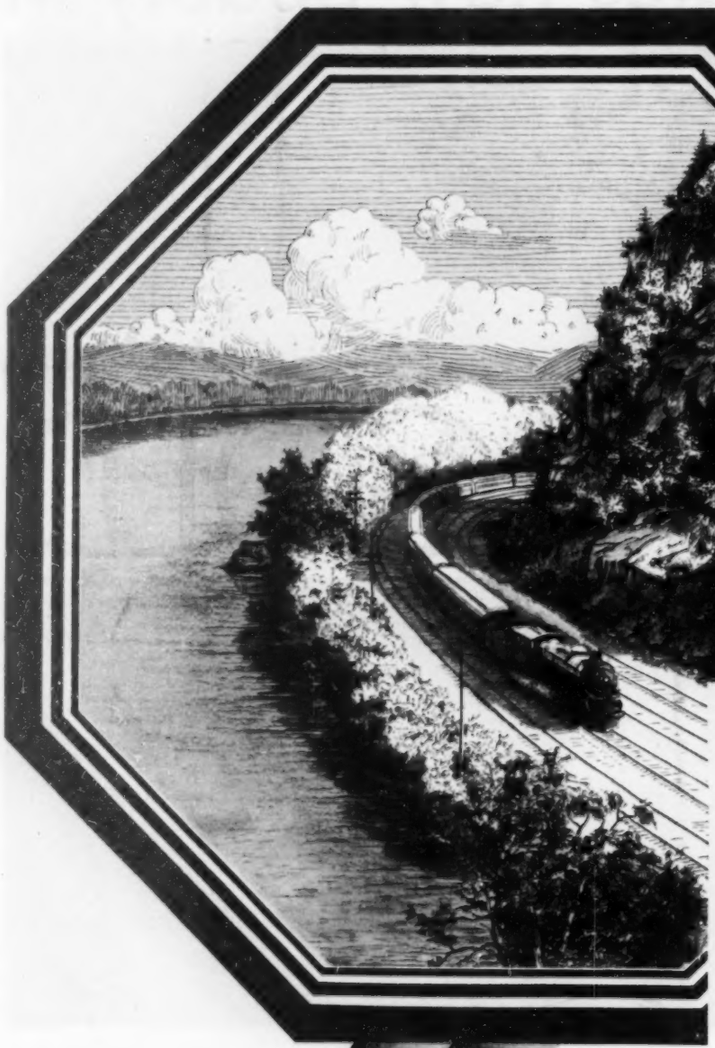
Natural gold is already available on many watches cased by Wadsworth. Wadsworth cases are sold to the makers of good watch movements only. Therefore, one way to be sure of securing a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case.

Ask your jeweler to show you your own preferred make of movement in a Wadsworth Case of natural gold. He can also show you a Wadsworth band of the same precious metal to match the watch.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Ky., Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth **WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS**

WORTHY OF ITS NAME



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For copy of "Key Notes" containing information concerning this railroad, its famous trains and the territories they serve, write The Milwaukee Road, Room 865G, Union Station, Chicago, Illinois

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

ELECTRIFIED OVER THE ROCKIES TO THE SEA

DINGO JOHN

(Continued from Page 25)

Dingo John relieved the other black man who for eight hours ruled the catwalk and watched the Big Wheel spin.

There were two other men. But somehow they didn't seem to count. Dingo John always left the Big Wheel spinning. When he came back the next day, it was silent. It seemed to Dingo John sometimes that he was the one who started it spinning and that the others, careless, permitted it to die down. Every day he put in eight hours, walking up and down the catwalk, pouring oil into little holes. At first that had seemed foolish. But in a very little while Dingo John had come to realize that without the oil he gave it, the Big Wheel would die; it would go into a fury and tear itself to bits, and probably kill a lot of folks.

"I seen a flywheel kill eighteen people oncet," Pete, the Greek, told Dingo John. And then, very vividly, Pete told the tale of a drunken oiler who had gone to sleep on the catwalk; how the Big Wheel had gone dry and torn itself to pieces. Half of it had gone through the ceiling, killing six workmen in the packing room overhead; the other half had hurled itself through the wall and out on the sidewalk, where people were passing. Dingo John had been impressed by that story, whether it was true or not. His was an important job. He was proud of it.

That had been five years ago. For five years Dingo John had worked on the catwalk beside the Big Wheel. It was a huge thing. And nearly human it seemed to Dingo John, after Pete had told him the tale of the flywheel that went on a rampage because it didn't get enough oil.

Dingo John wasn't the only person proud of the Big Wheel. It was claimed for it that it was the largest flywheel ever built, and every day, herded by guides, scores of tourists came to gape at the Big Wheel and to marvel at the facts told them—it was the largest flywheel ever built; it weighed so many tons; it traveled so many revolutions per minute, and so on.

It was a monster—a gigantic monster. Even with a third of it buried in the cement floor, it reached nearly to the ceiling. Dingo John was proud to be on the catwalk in charge of the Big Wheel when the gaping visitors came through the factory.

He took a great pleasure in slowly mounting the winding stairs to the catwalk. The Big Wheel was always silent when he mounted the stairs. Right after he got on the catwalk, it started to spin. It was like he started it. And leaning against the rail of the catwalk, Dingo John was fifteen feet above the dozens of other workers who took their posts during that minute the Big Wheel was quiet. Looking down on them, Dingo John felt a sense of power, of superiority. He knew he had nothing to do with the starting of the Big Wheel. A switch, a button, perhaps, did that. But it gave Dingo John distinct pleasure to be there, to be up on the catwalk with that great mass of steel when it began to move. Standing there, watching, Dingo John saw men, machines, begin to move when the Big Wheel—his wheel—went into motion.

He loved to watch it start. Slowly—ever so slowly, at first. The great gray spokes could be seen distinctly for a full minute after the Big Wheel started to spin. Then faster and faster, until the wheel became a dark blur, a great steel monster, a powerful, tireless giant that sang as it worked.

Yes, it sang. The Big Wheel knew enough songs to fill a big book. And in every known tongue. It knew songs from every part of the world. Dingo John had been a fool at first. When he first went to work up there on the catwalk and learned that the Big Wheel was a singing monster, he had foolishly thought it was singing just for him, and that he could teach it to sing songs that he liked. He was wrong about that.

The Big Wheel knew all the songs that he knew, and a lot more. It could teach him songs about Alabama, and even about Old Place. And did. At first, Dingo John had been jealous of the men who worked close to the Big Wheel. But soon he learned that the Big Wheel sang songs to those who would listen. And had no favorites. It sang an Italian song for the little wop who worked down the assembly line and who, about half the time, was crying because he couldn't bring his wife and kids over from Italy. The little wop had soft dark eyes, and Dingo John used to watch him, puzzled at first. He'd see the soft, dark eyes brim with tears and see the little wop's lips move in a song. Dingo John couldn't hear the words to the song. The Big Wheel drowned out everybody and everything. But one day he had seen the little wop singing the same song in the locker room. And heard him. He had asked, and another worker had told him the song was some sort of Italian thing, something about a woman named Ave Maria.

But the Big Wheel sang rousing Russian songs too. Down the line was the big Russian with the heavy beard. He could lift more poundage than any three men in the shop. Dingo John used to watch his great chest heave as he roared his native songs. It was the big Russian who first aroused Dingo John's jealousy. Perhaps—the thought hit him one day—the Big Wheel thought better of the big Russian than it did of anybody else. It was a huge thing of steel, a giant that roared its laughter at the work it had to do. Well, so was the Russian. He roared and sang and laughed at tasks an ordinary man would have quaked at.

That jealousy had lasted just one hour, or less. Dingo John knew the Big Wheel was impartial. There was the tiny Chinaman with the tinkle-tinkle voice. And the fat German who looked just like a mug of beer. Dingo John supposed the Big Wheel sang to the Chink songs about funny dishes of rice and terrible things like that; maybe even snails and bird's-nest soup. He had no idea what songs the Big Wheel sang to the fat, happy German. This nice, old, fat fellow couldn't be—what was it?—one of them Huns. Still and all, just a few years before Dingo John had come North he had heard a lot of tales about Germans.

Then there was the red-faced Englishman who had served so many years in His Majesty's Navy. Then kicked out. The limey sang not at all. He just stared and stared at the Big Wheel while he worked. Sometimes tears came to his eyes. One day in the locker room he had told Dingo John the Big Wheel reminded him of the swish-swish of heavy, apple-green seas tearing themselves to pieces against the prow of a powerful battleship.

The limey always stared with lonesome eyes, and the muscles of his tattooed arms knotted and his hairy, tattooed chest heaved.

It was like that. Music—the magic music of the Big Wheel—was like that. A man listened to the ceaseless hum of the Big Wheel and his mind wandered out of the stuffy shop and went a-roaming. He went to Russia, or to China, or to England, or to Alabama. It didn't matter where a man craved to go, the Big Wheel, traveling in a monotonous circle, round and round, took him there.

Even the shop foreman, a cold little man with unimaginative eyes, was under the spell of the Big Wheel.

"What she say, John?" he grinned one day, and pointed to the whirling, whirring blur of gray steel.

"You tell me, boss," answered John.

The foreman's face screwed up in a thoughtful knot for a moment. Then he started clapping his hands and singing an Ozark Mountain song:

"Oh, shoot that turkey buzzard,
Oh, shoot that turkey buzzard,
Oh, shoot that turkey buzzard.
A-comin' down the mounting."

The foreman had been away from Arkansas fifteen years, but the Big Wheel took him back there.

And holy tunes! Everybody in the shop claimed the red-headed kid from South Georgia was crazy and was subject to fits. One day he fell on the floor in front of the Big Wheel and started moaning and sobbing and squirming convulsively. Even the shop doctor said the kid was an epileptic. But Dingo John knew better. He had seen too many Holy Rollers acting up that way

John Stood on the Catwalk and Laughed Aloud. He Wanted to Kill Nobody

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to be fooled. Why, down in Alabama he'd seen as many as a hundred people, all down on the floor of the camp-meeting church, groveling in the dirt and babbling in the unknown tongue. To Dingo John it was simple. The Big Wheel had been singing church hymns to the little red-headed kid, and he had just acted natural and got down on the floor and started talking in the tongues. The shop doctor didn't know, of course. Maybe even the little kid hadn't known. But Dingo John knew. He and the Big Wheel had got to be pretty close buddies during the five years he had taken care of it.

At first he had hated the Big Wheel. He had been given the catwalk job right off when he came up from Alabama along with Lena and the other niggers from Old Place and thereabouts that Steve Long had persuaded to come North. He didn't know it then, but the labor agency had paid Steve Long's railroad fare to Alabama and back and given him five dollars a head for every black man or woman Steve brought up North and the labor agency placed. There was a great shortage of labor then. Factories were crying for men, good house servants couldn't be found. Steve Long must have made more than a hundred dollars plus a free vacation home, when he herded that gang of blacks from Old Place onto the train that was to carry them North to the land of milk and honey. Steve had been born at Old Place, but he'd left home early. And he'd come back to Old Place dressed up in a white flannel suit, wearing a derby and carrying a cane. The tales he told about the North sure did sound fine.

Well, part of what he had said was true. It wasn't any trouble then for any of the able-bodied men to get good jobs in the factory Steve worked in. They got good wages too. The trouble was Steve hadn't told the whole truth. He didn't tell about the snows that came early in the fall or the bitter cold winds that seemed to reach right down inside a black man and tear out his lungs. He didn't tell about the dirty, evil-smelling tenement houses into which the teeming thousands of the black city were packed, to stay there shivering and trembling at every gust of cold wind from September till late May. He didn't tell about the hard times that were to come when the best men couldn't get work and when food was scarce. Nor did he tell them that in this far north land of frost and snow and bitter wind black faces were apt to turn gray from a dreadful sickness that bit into a man's vitals, ate away his muscles and left him a shrunken skeleton, coughing his life away.

Dingo John hated Steve Long. Standing on the catwalk now, he could look down and over at Steve, working on a big lathe across the floor. Being able to see him that way through all the months and years of Dingo John's trouble perhaps helped Dingo John's hate along. Closing his eyes now, as he had a thousand times before, John recounted in his mind what had happened.

There was Steve in his white flannel suit, talking about the wonders of the North. And there was a train pulling in at Old Place. It was a bright May morning. All the niggers for miles around had come to see Steve and his bunch off. Twenty-two—twenty-two of Steve's victims. Laughter and music. A boy playing a harmonica. A banjo and a guitar plunk-plunking together while somebody clogged. Old Pappy Freeman sawing away on his fiddle. Slim yellow girls and fat black wives carrying bunches of flowers. A dozen big baskets filled with fried chicken and ham, pickled pigs' feet and chitlings, baked potatoes, pies, cakes—plenty of food to last everybody the whole trip. And Old Major Downey's warning:

"I'll send for any of you niggers when you want to come back—and you will want to come back. But you'll have to work it out at seventy-five cents a day."

And some of them had gone back. Others had liked it up North. Still others had died the first or second winter. Others wanted to go back to Old Place, but couldn't. Like Dingo John. He wanted to go back, but Lena had liked it up North. Now he couldn't go because he had to pay that alimony. He'd have to go to jail if he didn't pay. And a black man couldn't earn much more than eight dollars a week at Old Place.

He leaned across the catwalk rail and stared down and across at Steve Long, a slender yellow Negro working on the big lathe the length of the shop away. Dingo John wondered why he hated Steve Long so. As far as he knew, Steve was the only mortal on this earth that he hated. And he hated him so bad that he wanted to see him dead.

Yes, he wanted to kill Steve Long. He admitted it to himself now. The first time the thought struck him it had turned Dingo John deathly sick. But now he didn't mind. He knew that some day he was going to kill Steve, and rather enjoyed thinking about it.

The Big Wheel had whispered the idea to him. One night, not so many weeks before, he had been leaning across the rail staring down at Steve at work on the drill, when the Big Wheel suddenly whispered to him that Steve ought to die; that he—Dingo John—ought to kill him.

He laid off from work two days, he was so sick. And he came back hating the Big Wheel. But—he knew it now—the Big Wheel had worked on his feelings. That day just as soon as John took the catwalk it began to spin, and its songs were songs of Old Place. It made him terribly homesick. And there he was, perched high on the catwalk, where he could look down and see the man who had caused all his misery. Steve Long had brought him from Old Place, Steve had taken his wife, he was now taking his hard-earned money. And the Big Wheel was there making him homesick by singing songs about Old Place and whispering that Steve ought to die.

Sure, he wanted to kill Steve Long. But why? He never could make himself believe it was the money. He didn't love money. And, somehow, he couldn't seem to grieve so much over Lena.

Suddenly he knew—he wanted to kill Steve Long because Steve had taken him from Old Place to this misery land of bitter cold. But was that the only reason? He searched his mind. The Big Wheel was whirling ponderously and singing its song. Suddenly it changed its tune. The song it now sang was one Dingo John heard a pretty, brown girl sing two nights before he had left Old Place to come up North.

Oilanthe's parting song. He had gone to her cottage that night to beg her to go North with him. She wanted a stay-at-home man, she told him. He had always liked her better than Lena. But Steve had blinded John's eyes, talking about the wonders of the North. He left her cottage that night in a rage. She was humming a song—a lonesome thing that told him she wasn't happy at his going. The next day he had married Lena, who was anxious to go North. And the next day after that one they had gone North. And now the Big Wheel was humming Oilanthe's farewell to remind him why he wanted to kill Steve.

Standing there on the catwalk, a great hulk of a black man with close-cropped, kinky hair, ears flattened against his skull, a genial smile on his broad lips, Dingo John did not look like a man with murder in his heart. The foreman came up the catwalk. John was busy with his oil can.

"Policy number hit you, John?" asked the foreman. "You look mighty happy."

Dingo John chuckled softly. "Happy thought hit me 'twixt de eyes, boss," he grinned.

It had taken him a long time to figure everything out. Long weeks—months, he guessed—he had walked up and down the catwalk, gazing over at Steve and hating him. And all the time the Big Wheel was whispering to him, telling him what to do.

Really, it would be the Big Wheel that killed Steve. Not Dingo John. Why, the Big Wheel had not only thought up the idea but it had planned everything in detail. All Dingo John had done was walk up and down the catwalk and listen to what the Big Wheel told him. And, after the first moments of revulsion at the idea, agree with it.

While he was at work the Big Wheel ruled all his thoughts that way. All his emotions were an open secret to the heavy mass of gray steel that whirled heavily before him. It had been that way from the very first. When Dingo John had been lonesome the Big Wheel sang lonesome, blue songs to him; when he had been happy it sang ragtime. Sometimes when his troubles lay heavily upon him it sang religious hymns. It seemed to Dingo John that he had nothing whatever to do with his own soul from the very minute he climbed onto the catwalk and heard the Big Wheel spinning until he was clear of the shop. If the Big Wheel wanted him happy, he was happy; if it wanted him blue, he was blue. Probably had the Big Wheel been transplanted, songs and all, to some remote Southern swamp, Dingo John and his kind would have fallen down and worshiped it. But he didn't believe in spells.

But if the Big Wheel could control his moods at first, during the past months he had learned to control it to a certain extent. It had got so he could make it sing any song he wanted it to sing. All he had to do was close his eyes and listen for a minute, thinking about the song. And, sure enough, pretty soon the Big Wheel would break out with that song.

Mighty near every day he had a little musical concert all his own up there on the catwalk. He'd have the Big Wheel sing him all the Old Place spirituals, and then a little jazz and then some hymns. And of late, every once in a while, he'd lean across the rail of the catwalk and gaze down on Steve Long, and the Big Wheel would sing him a special song. It was his song of hate.

It had no words, this song. And it was kind of terrible. It was a chant, a singsong at first, that grew into a roar of hate. The gray spokes of the Big Wheel mumbled the chant as they whirled around, and Dingo John leaned across the rail and stared with dull, sullen eyes at the slender man working on the big lathe down below the catwalk. While the Big Wheel was chanting this hate song, Dingo John would be thinking about all the trouble Steve Long had caused him. But he would be thinking about something else, too—he'd be thinking about the big pay-off day that was coming to Steve.

Sometimes when the Big Wheel finished with the hate song, Dingo John would find himself weak in the knees. And he'd grow sick at the thoughts he'd been thinking. He was an Old Place nigger, and Old Place niggers were good folks. They didn't go in for bloodshed or stealing.

He knew mighty well that without the Big Wheel there to sing that murder song to him he'd never be able to kill Steve Long—never in a million years. But he also knew that with the big gray monster singing his song of hate to him, he could laugh out loud at Steve Long's popping eyes when Steve found he was about to die.

A repair man stopped at Steve Long's machine.

"Dingo John wants to see you, Steve. Said for you to drop over to the Big Wheel right after lunch."

Steve nodded a flashing smile of thanks to the repairman. Steve had brilliant teeth and smiled all the time. A handsome yellow man with hair that was almost straight. A quadroon, perhaps. No pining away for Old Place in Steve Long's heart. His breed was not meant for the soil, or for the labor of the soil.

John's shift was given ten minutes to eat a snack. Steve had a few minutes to spare then. He gulped a sandwich and hurried over to the Big Wheel. Dingo John was up there on the catwalk, watching the yellow man. As he mounted the little stairway, Steve Long hesitated. He had no reason to know that he was in danger. There was Dingo John, up on the catwalk, all smiles. There was the Big Wheel whirling

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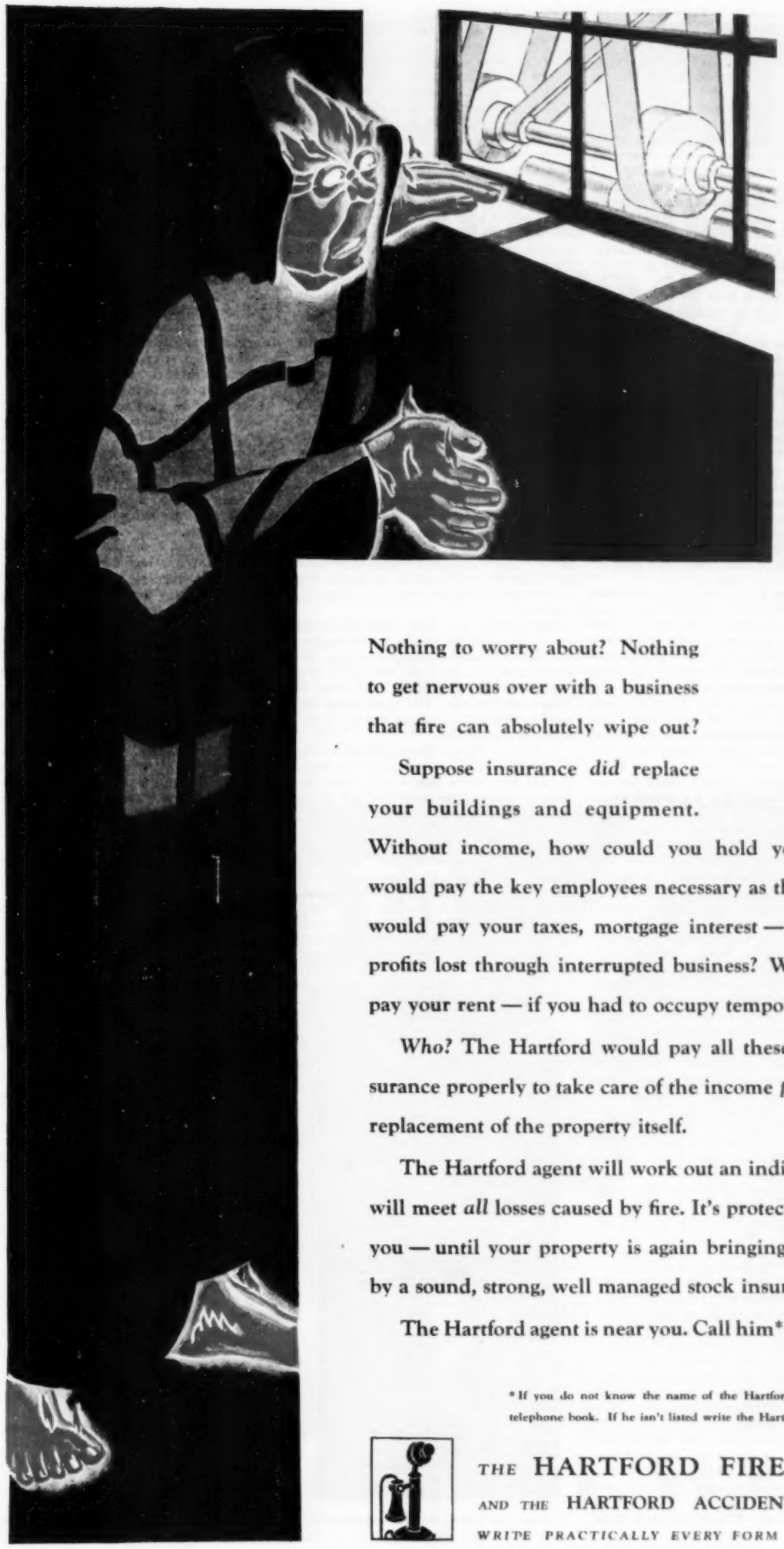

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(Continued from Page 130)

merrily around. Scores of workers were within fifty feet of Steve. But his knees were weak as he mounted the stairs.

As Steve's faltering feet carried him up the stairway, the Big Wheel was playing the hate song to Dingo John. Now was the time, now was the time! the Big Wheel kept saying. Dingo John had been listening to that song for an hour or more. He was ready for Steve's big pay-off day.

Now was the time! Here was the Big Wheel, whirling madly and noisily. Steve's death scream would not be heard five feet away. Here was Dingo John, big and muscular, able to kill half a dozen Steve Longs. There was Steve Long, already at the far end of the catwalk.

And a few inches from the center of the Big Wheel, along the walk, was the bar of soap!

Dingo John was proud of that bar of soap. It had been his only contribution to the killing scheme, Dingo John told himself. Everything else had been whispered to him by the Big Wheel. But Dingo John had thought about the bar of soap while he was in his room.

At first—the Big Wheel's idea—John had intended grabbing Steve by the throat as soon as the latter came up the steps. He would grab him by the throat and choke him slowly to death, choke him until his eyes turned green. Then he would lift the limp body high over his shoulders and fling it into the Big Wheel. And then wait for the police.

But that day in his room Dingo John had remembered the thirty days he had spent in jail. He wondered if there wasn't some way he could stay out of jail. Pondering thus, came the soap idea. There was no need that anybody should know how Steve Long died. He could take a cake of soap and plant it just so. The Big Wheel hid him and the catwalk from the shop proper. The Big Wheel made enough noise so that if Steve did scream when Dingo John first grabbed him, nobody could hear. Even twenty feet away, Steve's death scream would not be heard. The Big Wheel would take care of that.

So there was the cake of soap, planted on the catwalk within two feet of the Big Wheel. Dingo John, an hour before, had taken an old shoe and mashed the cake of soap. Just as if some foot had accidentally been planted on the soap and slid toward the Big Wheel.

And there was Steve Long on the catwalk behind the Big Wheel.

"Been gonna come see you, two, three days," smiled Steve, holding out his hand.

"Yeah," said John. He grasped the extended hand, slim and yellow, in one great, black paw. Dingo John's other hand closed on Steve's left wrist in a grip of steel. The big black man's grin faded. The yellow man showed fear in his eyes. They stood within a foot of the Big Wheel, its great gray spokes a blur of steel as they whirled and sang a murder melody to Dingo John.

Seen from a distance of a few feet even, the pair might have seemed the best of friends, talking with their faces close to each other because of the noise of the Big Wheel. A man passing by, or under, the catwalk would have noticed nothing unusual.

Apparently without effort, Dingo John leaned against the catwalk rail as if he were lounging. He held Steve in a vise grip, twisting the slighter man's body so that his face was toward the whirling spokes, a few inches away. He had been waiting for this moment for months and months. And tonight the only songs the Big Wheel had sung to him were the hate song and songs about Old Place. Nearly the whole of his shift he had spent leaning over the railing and watching Steve.

Well, now he'd get it over with. With Steve coming up the steps, his mind had been taken off the Big Wheel. And the Big Wheel had changed its song. Leaning there now against the railing, with Steve Long in his grasp, the Big Wheel seemed to have forgotten.

Steve's face was as gray as the spokes of the Big Wheel that flashed before him. His lips were trembling—a weak, blubbering, gibbering idiot who divined without being told what was about to happen to him. Well, he'd finish up now. He and the Big Wheel would get busy right now, and in a second Steve Long would be whirling with the gray spokes.

The great steel monster whirled and sang. And holding the whimpering yellow man in a vise grip, Dingo John closed his eyes and thought of the murder melody. To save his life he couldn't kill Steve Long without the aid of the Big Wheel's hate music. If he kept his eyes closed and thought about Old Place and Lena and Oilanthe, pretty soon the Big Wheel would switch off into the murder melody. He leaned there against the rail, a giant black man holding a whimpering yellow man in his arms. Yes, there it was! The Big Wheel had changed its tune. Now would come the hate song.

No, something was wrong. His eyes closed, his mind thinking of the hate song, Dingo John heard the Big Wheel lose its voice. Not exactly that, because its voice became louder—a sharp, rasping, metallic voice. Its smooth, velvety tones were gone. Its voice was creaky, scratchy, heavy—dull and croaking and grinding on the nerves. Like a phonograph record, cracked and beaten. Dingo John opened his eyes. His face clouded into a rage as he stood there looking at the Big Wheel. It had failed him! While there was a killing to be done and a murder melody to be sung, the Big Wheel had started off singing a scratchy, jazz song!

The hatred and rage lined in Dingo John's face changed to a frown of perplexity. Then his face softened into a grin. He looked down. Steve Long, his yellow face gray as death, had fainted dead away in Dingo John's arms. His weak, loose lips were sagging and his tongue was lolling out of his mouth foolishly.

Suddenly Dingo John smiled. He dropped the limp yellow man to the floor. Grotesquely, Steve bumped off down the little catwalk stairs. And then got to his feet and ambled away, rubbing his eyes.

Lordy, he was glad! Lordy, how glad he was he had been stopped just when he was about to commit murder! And there was the Big Wheel that had changed its tone from the somber, hateful, brooding murder melody to a foolish jazz piece. John stood on the catwalk and laughed aloud. He wanted to kill nobody. The Big Wheel wanted no blood. They were both big and strong, both of them worked hard, and both of them sang and loved music. How funny it was now that the Big Wheel was singing that kind of jazz.

The little foreman came rushing up. Screeching, cracking, groaning, the Big Wheel came to a dead stop.

"You're fired!" screamed the foreman at Dingo John. "Man, I'll bet you haven't fed this big fella oil all week!" He mopped his brow. "This kind of business gives me the creeps," he explained. "These big flywheels are sure bloodthirsty. Killing is their middle name. And this fella was just about to pop open."

Old Major Downey came riding down the lane to the cornfield. He hitched his horse to a little sapling alongside Piney Creek and waited for Dingo John and Oilanthe to finish their rows. Dingo John came up grinning, and taking off his straw hat, he bowed low.

"Glad to be back home, John?"

"Yas-suh. Sho is, majuh."

Lord, was he glad to be back at Old Place! He thought of the slush and the snow and the cold bitter winds of the big up-North city. The dirty tenement rooms scented with the stink of bad gin and opium and cocaine. The gray-faced black men, coughing their lungs out. All the miseries a black man suffers during five years in the North.

He thought of Lena and Steve, and the Big Wheel. Why, Good Lord, he had associated with a murderer for five long years. Hadn't the little foreman said the Big Wheel had a murderous heart?

"Well, maybe it don't pay so well down here," said the major, "but most of them seem glad to get back. It's kind of a nice country for niggers who like to farm and like warm weather."

Dingo John looked about him. Through the deep, dark thicket he could see the white columns of Old Place. To the left and rear, the cottages. All around him was warm, black bottom land where a man could stretch out and sleep on the coldest day or night. He could hear the tinkling music of the little spring branch. And there was Piney swish-swishing right at his feet. Away off there he could hear the mysterious whisper of the river. Around him were trees and vines: Great live oaks and chestnuts and walnuts; cypresses and water oaks and sweeping, whimpering, weeping willows; white iris; violets as big as half dollars; wild honeysuckle growing on sturdy bushes; pale, yellow, tame honeysuckle, strung along with the morning glories; on the big cool lawn at Old Place, great clusters of dark red roses.

And there beside him, obediently hoeing away while he talked to the major, was Oilanthe, brown-skinned and gentle and sloe-eyed.

"Yas-suh. Hit's a right nice country fo' dem 'at laks hit, suh," Dingo John answered.

The major broke a clod with his hickory cane.

"By the way, John, how'd it happen you didn't have to send to me for railroad fare?" he asked. "All the others did."

Dingo John grinned widely. "Wal, suh, y' see, hit's dis way. You 'member Ah tole you 'bout Lena an' de alimony an' de jailhouse?"

The major nodded.

"Wal, suh, de jedge didn't tell me all about hit. He tells me Ah mus' pay Lena dem eight dollahs ontwill she was daid or married again. And Ah didn't have brains 'nuff to tell de jedge Lena done got married wid Steve Long two days after she divorce' me."

Dingo John chuckled and scratched his head.

"De white social lady foun' dat out. Den she tells Steve an' Lena dey gotta pay me back alimony pay or dey go to de jailhouse. Dey pays me whut money dey got in dey bank." Dingo John laughed aloud now. "Dey'll be sendin' me alimony pay through de pos'office for five mo' months yit."

PHOTO BY HILEMAN

Flathead River, Glacier National Park, Montana

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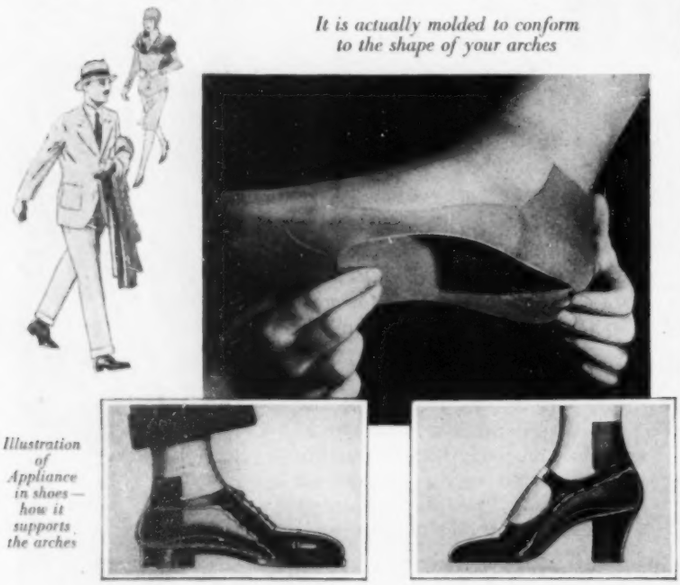

Illustration of Appliance in shoes—how it supports the arches

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THE HERMIT OF THREE BUTTES

(Continued from Page 27)

Lin started at a gallop; then, remembering Mrs. Bayless, he pulled his horse to a slower pace.

But she called reassuringly, "Go on! I've got hold of the saddle, back and front. I can stick."

He grinned approval. "Good work," he told her and rode on again. Enid followed her mother; and in this order they came at a canter up the trail to the spot where Ranse knelt by Mr. Bayless' side.

They pulled up their horses, Lin and Enid slipped lightly to the ground, Mrs. Bayless more awkwardly dismounted, and they dropped their reins and Mrs. Bayless came toward where her husband lay.

Ranse had been a little fearful of her coming; a little afraid of something like hysteria. She might be a nuisance. But the fact proved otherwise. Mrs. Bayless could make much of small discomforts and annoyances, but she was calm now. She tucked up her skirts and knelt beside Mr. Bayless, and she asked Ranse a question with her eyes.

"He's still alive, yes, ma'am," Ranse said steadily. "The bleeding has mostly stopped. I think the bullet angled out and down; maybe didn't hit anything so very bad."

Mrs. Bayless nodded. "I know a little about such things," she agreed. "Let's see."

Lin was lifting from his saddle a canvas bag; he opened it now beside them, revealing first-aid bandages. Mrs. Bayless removed the pad torn from Enid's waist which Ranse had pressed on the wound; and Ranse said:

"The bullet came from up there." He pointed. "Mr. Bayless was facing straight ahead."

"I see what you mean," Mrs. Bayless agreed. She looked at the hurt man thoughtfully. "He's suffering from shock, and he's lost a lot of blood. That hemorrhage may take care of itself." She surveyed their surroundings. "Can we bring a tent up here? Norris went to find a doctor, but I suppose it will be some time before he comes."

"Couple of days, I'm afraid," Ranse agreed. Then, as Moray scrambled down the bluff and joined them, he added: "But we can bring a tent, all right."

"I'm sorry to bother," Mrs. Bayless told him, and she smiled quickly. "But I know you don't mind."

Ranse looked at Lin; and Lin, as though he had been given a cue, said: "Say, Ranse! Old Peak's cabin is up here just a little ways. We could maybe move him that far."

"Be better than a tent, wouldn't it?" Ranse asked Mrs. Bayless, seizing the suggestion. "That way we could get him indoors."

She nodded. "We will want to keep him warm and dry," she assented.

Lin had a bed roll behind his saddle. "Fetch it down, Lin," Ranse directed. "I'll tell you, ma'am: We'll get him on that bed as easy as we can. Then I'll go borrow old Peak's ax, and cut a couple of poles and slip them through the sleeping bag. Make holes in the bottom corners. And Lin and me can carry him easy."

Mrs. Bayless said quietly: "The cabin will be better than a tent. Yes, do that, Ranse."

Ranse turned to where his horse was grazing; he caught the reins. "I'll go up there and get the ax, Lin," he said thoughtfully. "You-all stay here. She might need you."

He met the other's eyes, hesitated, looked toward where Enid stood. She smiled, and he spoke steadily.

"You might come along, ma'am," he suggested. "You could be getting things ready for him up there."

Moray cried, "Shall I come too? I say, Ranse, what can I be doing? I want to help, you know."

Ranse hesitated. He was thinking not about Moray, but about Enid. Was it fair to permit her to go along? If Peak were in a killing mood, there might be violence; yet her presence would in some degree protect them all. If Peak saw her with them, he would be unlikely to think himself suspected.

"You can both come," he agreed at last. "Lin will stay with Mrs. Bayless here. And we won't be long gone."

Lin came to Ranse's stirrup. "Who did it, Ranse?" he whispered.

Ranse shook his head. "I'll start wondering after I've got Mr. Bayless taken care of," he replied evasively.

And a moment later he and Enid, with Moray at their heels, rode up the trail.

Enid, Ranse saw, was white and still; yet her eyes were steady and unafraid. He touched her arm. "I'm sorry," he said gently. "But you know that. And I want you to know you've been great."

"Great?" she challenged, laughing faintly. "Why?"

And Ranse relaxed, and chuckled, and fell into his habitual drawl: "Why, you ain't screamed, nor tore your hair."

Then Moray spurred suddenly between them. "Ranse!" he whispered. "Ranse! I've just thought of something. This old man up here must have been the one who shot Mr. Bayless. Old Peak. Mr. Bayless had a grudge against Peak; and Peak knew it, Ranse. I just remembered. Wait a minute. You see ——"

He was babbling, and his tones rose to a higher pitch. Ranse swung sternly, silenced him. "Be still, Moray," he said.

"But I tell you," Moray cried, "he ——"

"Be still," said Ranse again; and the young man was still. Ranse hesitated; he sat his horse, his head bowed, thinking. Moray tried to speak again, but Ranse interrupted him.

"No use in talk," he said. "I figured all that out myself."

"We've got to grab him before he gets away!" the young man cried.

"He's got a gun," Ranse reminded the other; and Moray's eyes dropped in sudden dismay.

"I never thought of that," he confessed. "Haven't you got a gun? What sort of an outfit is this, anyway? We've got to get the police in here."

Ranse said slowly, "You go back and stay with them, Moray. In case he comes that way. Tell Lin to look out for himself."

Moray nodded with a vast and obvious relief. "Yes, that's best," he agreed. "Come on, Enid."

He swung his horse, but Enid hesitated, and she looked at Ranse, as though waiting his assent. He said at last, slowly:

"I'd like to have you come with me, Miss Bayless. For a good reason."

She nodded. "I will," she replied, and ranked her horse with his.

But Moray protested, "You can't do that, Ranse. There may be trouble. It's your job to handle this; not a girl's."

Enid said steadily, "Ranse is in charge, Emerson. We must do as he says. Go back to mamma, please."

"Come back with me," he urged.

But she only shook her head, and in the end he swung away.

"I'll send Lin," he called over his shoulder. "Wait for him!" And he cantered down the trail.

"Will Lin come?" Enid asked Ranse doubtfully.

Ranse shook his head. "I've told Lin what to do. He'll do it," he replied. He hesitated. "Here's the situation, Miss Bayless: I figure Peak did this shooting. If he did, and if he thinks I'm after him, he'll drop me. I haven't got a gun. But if he sees you with me, I don't think he'll look for trouble; and that way I can get near enough, maybe, to get hold of him."

"I see," she agreed.

"I'm laying my cards down for you," he pointed out. "I haven't any right to ask you to come along. But there it is."

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She nodded, smiling faintly; and she reached out to grip his hand. "Let's go," she said quietly. "I'm not afraid."

So they rode at a foot pace up the trail. They rode slowly up the trail, and Ranse pointed out the old shaft house among the tall pines on the other side of the brook. Then they turned to the left along a beaten path that wound through aspens where the sunlight dappled the ground; and so, after a few rods, they emerged into the open. Before them lay a vast green meadow where the old lake once had been; to the north the naked, rugged mass of Bodega rose. And beyond the meadow, through a notch in the hills, they could see the distant mountains blue against the sky.

Peak's cabin was set under two tall pines a little to one side, and Ranse turned his horse that way. Peak did not come out to greet them or to menace them; a great silence lay upon the spot. Only two or three ravens perched in the pines above the cabin croaked and flew heavily away.

The cabin door, Ranse saw, was open. He called the old man's name, but there was no response; and so he dropped lightly off his horse.

He had meant to approach the door alone, but Enid was quick to come staunchly by his side, and as she overtook him he looked down at her with a warm delight. She was so straight and fine.

Then he saw her eyes widen with quick terror as she looked past him into the cabin; and he whirled, expecting any onslaught. Whirled, and saw, and turned to thrust the girl aside.

"Please," he whispered. "Don't look again. I beg of you."

She obeyed him. She was trembling and shaking, shocked at last out of her steady courage. She leaned helplessly against the cabin wall while Ranse, because it must be done, stepped inside; he stopped on the lintel, driving his eyes to their duty here.

The old prospector sat in a chair beside the stove. He was bound fast in the chair. There was a handkerchief across his mouth, tied so tight it was like a gash there. His body was bare from the waist upward; and though the old man sat now motionless, sagging in his bonds, his very body seemed to twist and writhe in torment even now.

There was a blow torch, of the sort which plumbers use in soldering, on the cold stove by his side. It had had other hideous uses here.

And old Peak's head, which should have hung forward on his chest, was thrust back. The haft of a knife projected from the taut throat there.

x

RANSE stood for a space in the doorway of old Peak's cabin, staring straight ahead of him; and Enid, a little withdrawn, watching him, thought he must be making an acute and detailed inspection of the scene. But as a matter of fact Ranse gave the interior of the cabin only a single, swift scrutiny. Thereafter he stood still, not to look but to think.

He sought to adjust himself to the overturn of all his preconceived ideas; for it was obvious now that old Peak had not fired the shot which wounded Mr. Bayless. The mystery which Ranse had thought solved was blacker than before; the task which he must undertake was suddenly become infinitely more complex and more dangerous.

There was nothing to be done for old Dusty Peak. That much was pitilessly clear. So the others—Enid, just behind him here, and Mr. Bayless lying stricken half a mile away—must be his immediate concerns. And Ranse was about to turn from the cabin when a thought occurred to him. If Peak had had a rifle or a pistol, the weapon might be useful; so Ranse, without crossing the doorsill, nevertheless looked in every likely place about the cabin.

But he did not see what he hoped to find. Peak apparently had not owned a rifle; his pistol was gone. The cartridge belt with holster attached hung from the back of a chair, but the holster was empty, and Ranse nodded in understanding. Whoever had been here must have taken the gun, must have it now.

Then he remembered that he would need an ax to cut poles on which to carry Mr. Bayless. Peak's ax was in the box beside the stove; and Ranse crossed the cabin gingerly and picked it up and came back toward the door.

When he emerged into the open again he knew a momentary terror. There was a killer hereabouts; the man might be lurking behind the trunk of that big pine yonder; he might be sprawled among the aspens on the knoll a hundred yards away; he might be lying on that rocky pinnacle across the grassy meadow, peering over the sights of his rifle even now. And Ranse's instinct was to seek quick cover. But Enid was here, in his charge; and his sense of obligation to the girl and to the other folk in his party steadied him. He was afraid, as any sensible man must have been, but he turned toward Enid with a steady smile.

She had moved a little way off, as he had bidden her; and she waited for him there. He approached her, and her eyes questioned him.

"Peak is dead," he said slowly.

She nodded. "There is nothing you can do for him?"

His fist clenched in a slow anger as he shook his head. "Somebody's treated him—terribly," he told her. "But he's dead. No doubt about that. Now we'll get back to your folks."

The girl hesitated; she smiled reassuringly. "Ranse," she said, "of course we're in your hands. And we're on your hands too. But if we weren't here, what would you do about the old man in there? Because mother and I can take care of father till a doctor comes; we can even cook for him. If you and Lin and Emerson could be—doing anything about this ——"

He shook his head, lifting his empty hands. "There's nothing we can do," he said. "There's not a gun in our outfit; and whoever did this has got Peak's gun, besides his own. And shells a-plenty, I guess, because he didn't even bother to take the shells out of Peak's belt. So it wouldn't do any good for us to locate him. He'd drill us; that's all." He hesitated. "There may be some sign around, some tracks. But it won't rain right away. We'll get organized, and then we'll take a look and see what there is to see."

He helped her into the saddle, said again: "We'll ride back where the rest of them are."

She still hesitated. "Why not let me stay here," she offered; "till you can come back?" She was very pale, but her tones were steady. "I hate to think of the old man in there all alone."

Ranse smiled warmly. "Why, that's all right," he told her. "Old Peak's lived alone here for twenty years. He wasn't lonely alive, and I guess he won't mind it for an hour or two, now 't he's dead." And he added: "But I bet you would stay!"

Enid smiled. "I'd hate it," she confessed. "I'd be terrified. But I would." And after a minute: "I'm an awful coward."

"You're the sort of coward that won the war," said Ranse gently. "Doing things they were afraid to do."

And they turned their horses and rode back down the trail, along the little creek, till they came to that open park where Mr. Bayless had been shot. Mrs. Bayless and Moray and Lin Bunt were still there with him, and the hurt man had somewhat recovered his senses and his strength. Enid ran to his side, whispered to her mother and to him; and as Ranse followed her, Mrs. Bayless looked up at the tall young man.

"Well?" she asked. "Did you arrange it? Shall we move up there?"

Ranse hesitated, thinking he might spare her this new intelligence; then he said straightforwardly: "Ma'am, you're a grown woman; and Miss Enid here—she already knows." He looked at Moray for a moment doubtfully, then went on: "Here's the way it lays."

Lin Bunt turned to him in swift attention at his tone.

"Old Dusty Peak is dead," Ranse continued slowly. "I'm giving you all I know, because we're all in this together, you might say. Somebody tied Dusty up to a chair in his cabin. Then they worked on him with a plumber's torch, and this and that. Wanting him to tell something, likely. Maybe whoever it was wanted to know where Dusty got all that free gold he used to show. I don't know whether he told them or whether he didn't; but anyway, after a while they stuck a knife in his neck, and he's dead!"

He hesitated, and they watched him in horrified silence. Mr. Bayless had opened his eyes at the name of Peak, as though listening, but he closed them again in a great weariness and pain as Ranse finished. The others did not move, and Ranse went on slowly:

"That was quite a while back, I'd say. Sometime in the night, likely."

He hesitated. "I'm laying the cards on the table," he continued. "There's somebody loose in these woods that's in a killing mood; and he tried to kill Mr. Bayless, and he pretty near got away with it. Nor it wasn't any mistake, either. He could see Mr. Bayless plain, and he must have known who he was. Now, there isn't a gun in our outfit. But he don't know that, so I think he'll be careful about coming around again."

He paused, shifted his position. "I've decided we'd better move Mr. Bayless back to camp," he told them. "That's the first thing we're going to do."

Young Moray protested. "But I say," he urged, with an uneasy glance upward to the rim rock above them, "somebody's apt to take a pot shot at us any minute, aren't they?"

Ranse hesitated, smiling faintly. "I tell you, Mr. Moray," he returned, "they're just as likely to as not. So you act as scout, will you, please? You ride along on our flank up there. Of course, if anyone is there, you can't drive them away, but the sight of you may make them hesitate to shoot."

Moray stared at him, and his cheek suddenly was crimson. He cried at last, explosively: "Not by a darn sight! I'm not going to play decoy duck for anyone. You got us into this, and it's up to you to take care of us. Go yourself, if you want someone up there."

Ranse nodded. "All right, stay here," he agreed. "I can't go. Lin and me will have to carry Mr. Bayless. But I don't know as it matters. I don't believe whoever it was has stayed around this long."

Enid said, behind him, "I'll go, Ranse. There's nothing I can do down here."

Ranse shook his head. "There ain't any need, honestly, ma'am," he admitted.

"There might be," she insisted. "It might do some good." And without waiting to argue the point, she turned and rode back up the trail, watching for a place to ascend to the higher ground along their flank.

Moray stared after her with a resentful protest on his lips, but in the end, with a bitter exclamation, he mounted and followed on her heels. Ranse did not even turn his head. With the ax he had brought from the cabin, he went to cut poles from the thicket by the creek, and he called over his shoulder to Lin:

"Cut some holes in that sleeping bag, so we can carry him."

Lin had finished this when Ranse came back, trimming the twigs off the poles he had selected. While they were inserting these through the sleeping bag, Enid and Moray appeared on the rim rock above them, and Moray hailed Ranse importantly:

"I say, Ranse," he called; and when Ranse looked up at him: "Someone's been digging a hole up by the old shaft house. I saw fresh dirt by an old pine tree."

Ranse nodded thoughtfully. "I'll have a look at it by and by," he decided. "But we'll have to get Mr. Bayless settled now."

He and Lin carried the hurt man down the trail, a mile or more, to where the tents were pitched above the lake. Enid and Moray rode together on their flank; and

(Continued on Page 141)

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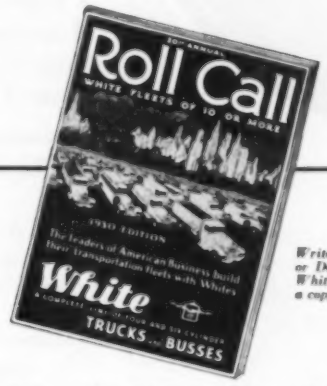

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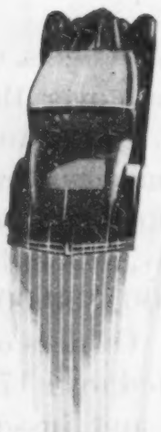

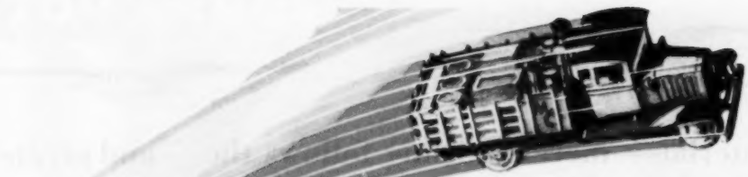

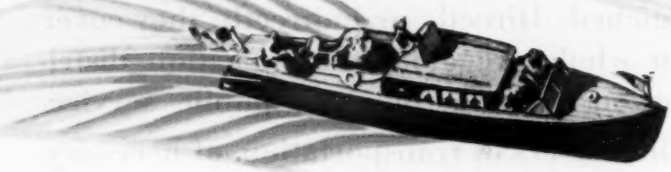

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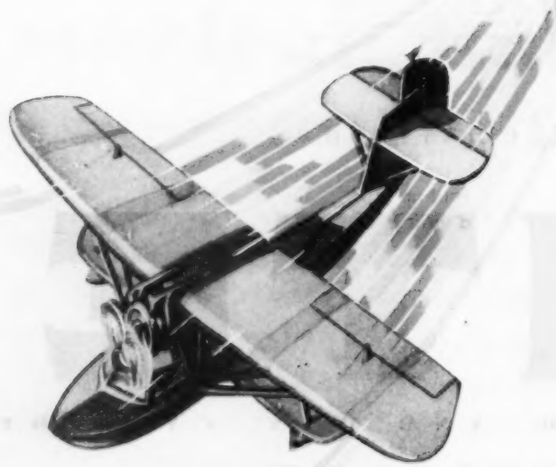

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(Continued from Page 137)

Mrs. Bayless rode behind and led the other horses, the reins of each one affixed to the saddle horn of the horse in front. They came to camp; and since it was difficult to transfer Mr. Bayless into a tent without risk of opening his wound, they laid his bed on the ground and pitched a tent above him where he lay. The hurt man seemed conscious during these proceedings, but he did not try to speak, nor did they urge him so to do.

When the task was done, Ranse drew Mrs. Bayless aside.

"There's one of the old cabins in pretty good shape, ma'am," he told her. "The roof don't leak anyway. I want to show it to you."

She nodded: "If we can get him under a roof, it will be more protection in case it rains."

"That's right," Ranse agreed. And he explained as they walked along the hillside above the lake: "We'd ought to have a doctor here, and plenty of help, by tomorrow night sometime. I don't know as there's anything to do for him between now and then, except keep him clean, and as comfortable as we can. But I was thinking, if you and Miss Enid wanted to scrub up this cabin some ——"

They were come to the open door and looked into an interior littered with dead leaves, tin cans, the rubbish of some old bough beds, and all the accumulated trash of years.

"We'll scour it to the quick!" Mrs. Bayless briskly assented; and she began to roll up her sleeves. "I'll heat some water, if one of you will build a fire. And some old rags? Anything will do."

Ranse nodded, smiling faintly; and they turned back toward the tents.

Ranse called to Lin there: "Lin, put the kettle on. And, Lin, can you scrape some of the trash out of that cabin? Mrs. Bayless is going to clean it up so's we can put Mr. Bayless in there."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Bayless interposed. "Lin has his own work to do, what with the cooking and everything. Emerson can help me clean up. And Enid can stay with her father."

"How about you, Ranse?" young Moray asked resentfully. "Where do you fit in?"

And Ranse said slowly: "Why, I did figure I'd ride up to Peak's cabin and take a look around. There's things to do up there, you see."

"Of course," Mrs. Bayless assented. "Emerson, these men have their work cut cut, taking care of us. You're as helpless as a babe, but you can at least clean the rubbish out of a cabin. Come along!"

Moray obeyed with a good enough grace, and Ranse turned to his horse. But Enid came toward him there, smiling mischievously.

"You've got us all at work," she said in a whisper.

"Yes, ma'am," Ranse drawled. "There's a pile of things to do."

Her eyes were twinkling. "And you know that as long as we're busy we won't bother you!" she said accusingly.

He grinned faintly. "Nor you won't fret your own selves too much," he reminded her, and turned his horse. She stepped back.

"You're a born commander, Ranse," she said, in good-humored mockery; and Ranse suddenly touched his horse with the spur. His cheek was burning with an absurd pleasure in her praise; he swung away before she could see.

From the border of the wood he looked back to where the camp lay serene in the morning sun. Then he rode in among the aspens and turned his thoughts to the grim business ahead.

He remembered old Vic Buker, over on the Puerco with his bear hunters and his dogs. Vic would be a help in this situation so suddenly developed here; and Ranse decided to send over for Vic by and by. But just now it was important to make some search for signs about old Peak's cabin, before time should have erased the marks he hoped to find. He spurred his horse, loped swiftly up the trail.

XI

RANSE, when he rode up the creek trail to old Peak's shanty, was in no easy mind. His situation was sufficiently difficult; the heavy responsibility which had suddenly descended on his shoulders was one which might have crushed another man. But until this moment he had been engrossed by immediate problems; by the necessity of placing Bayless in comfort and under shelter. Now that he was alone, he had time to consider and to appraise all the elements in the situation by which he was confronted. He was the commander of this expedition as truly as the captain of a ship is dictator over the lives of those on board. They were far from the nearest town, and the nearest town was far from the nearest constituted authority. Ranse's first act had been to dispatch young Norris Lee to bring a doctor for Mr. Bayless, and to bring an officer too. But it would be some time before these reënforcements could arrive.

In the meantime, in all this valley there were only the Bayless family, Lin Bunt, young Moray and himself. The sheep herders who ranged these high forests with their flocks did not enter into his considerations. Old Juan and young José were one of many similar partnerships; there must be twenty or thirty flocks within as many miles of the lake above the dam. But these folk did not molest adventurers here; they attended strictly to their own concerns; they drove their flocks to pasturage, and to water, and to shelter; they brought them up into the mountains in the spring and worked them slowly downward to the lower lands in the fall. But they were themselves as much a part of this country as the mule deer in the aspens, the beaver in the lake back there, the peaceful porcupines. Gentle, innocuous creatures, scrupulous to attend to their own affairs.

So, unless there was some other pack outfit in the neighborhood, Ranse and his party were alone. Their nearest neighbors, so far as Ranse could know, were old Vic Buker and young Art Shill, and the two sportsmen in camp on the Puerco, miles away across the saddle between Wild Horse Mesa and Bodega.

Ranse had already decided he would presently appeal to old Vic, if only to borrow a weapon. It produced a feeling of singular nakedness to ride unarmed through tangled forests when behind the nearest tree a man might be hiding who had shot one and slain another, and would perhaps kill again if the need arose.

Ranse looked over his shoulder at the thought. The creek beside him tumbled over the shallows, rustling and murmuring with a sound curiously full of sibilances, like a snake sliding through dry grass. The boughs of the tall pines and spruces brushed together above his head; and sometimes a great limb creaked or a twig cracked or a dead tree far in the forest came crashing thunderously down. A squirrel, ripping apart a pine cone to reach the seeds within, dropped the rubbish on Ranse's hat as he rode below; and the light touch on the broad brim startled the man so that he whirled his horse aside, looked upward in alert readiness. Then he grinned at his own taut nerves, and got off his horse to drink from the brook, and lighted a cigarette. It was time, he reminded himself, to settle down. Whatever else was going to happen would happen; he could not well avert it unless he could foresee the event. And the best way to guess what was to come was to investigate what it was that had already happened here.

But his thoughts wandered; he found himself considering not so much the tragic events of the morning, as how the various persons in his charge had reacted to those events. He remembered Enid with a quick delight. There had never been on her part a moment's confusion; never a moment's panic or hysteria. She was not much more than a child, he thought; eighteen or nineteen at the most. Yet she had been as

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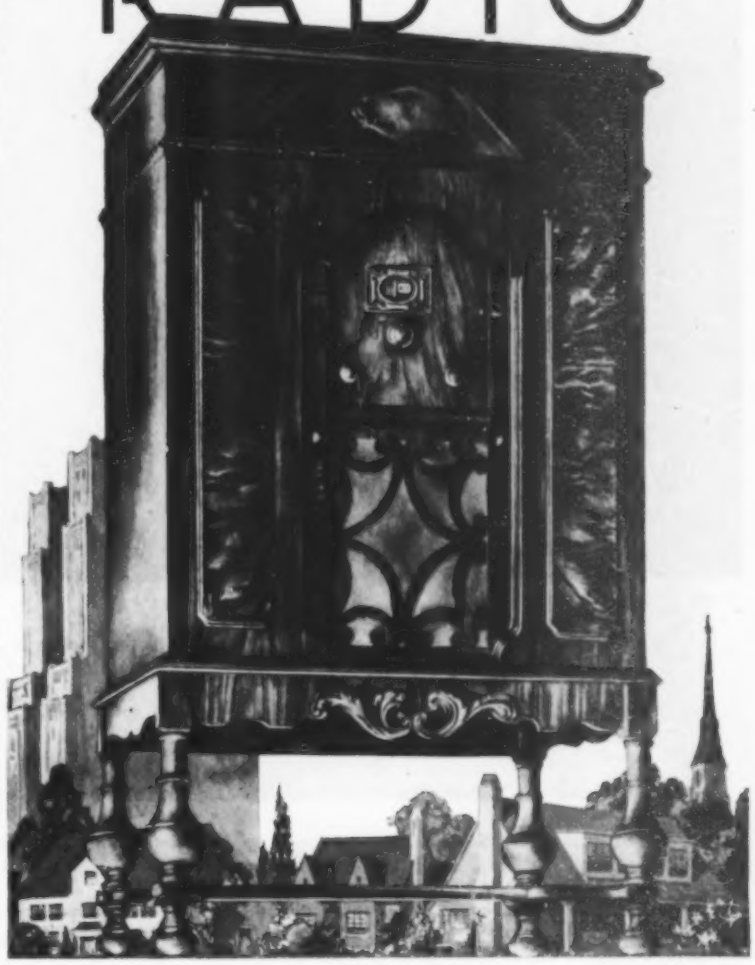

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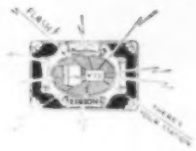

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In these five essentials man's toilet needs are completely fulfilled. Each is as masculine as a "Men Only" sign.

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You've heard how good a mint julep goes on a hot afternoon. Well, that's how a BRISK shave goes on your face. And there's a good reason why.

BRISK lathers freely in hot or cold water and plenty of lather is the first requirement of a good shave.

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Brisk

"THE MINT JULEP SHAVE"

and his 4 brothers

Zest — Smooth — Trim — Stip

steady as a man. When he sent her back to camp, a man might have refused to go, might have balked at riding alone through the forest in which a murderer was lurking. But Enid had obeyed instantly; she had done her errand well; she had come back undismayed.

She was, he realized, a thoroughbred, and so were her father and mother. Bayless himself, though badly hurt, was not unconscious; he might have talked, might have questioned and commanded and insisted. But the man had the wit to know that he could best do his part by silence and submission. A man worth respecting, Ranse thought.

"And Mrs. Bayless, she's a good man too," he said, half aloud, smiling. She had been querulous about little matters, but when a major crisis called upon her she was ready to respond.

Moray was another matter. And when he thought of Moray, Ranse suddenly remembered that Moray had walked up this way at dawn. He must ask the young man whether he had seen anyone on that morning stroll, Ranse decided.

He was come by this time almost to the spot where Bayless had been shot, and he realized now that there were sheep in the forest above him. He could hear their silly outcries.

Then he caught a glimpse of young José, in the woods behind the sheep; and he climbed up to ask whether the boy had seen any strangers in the neighborhood.

But José could give him no information. They had bedded their flocks the night before on the slopes opposite Ranse's own camp. They had moved this morning across the creek to graze here for a day or two. Old Juan was somewhere farther up the valley behind the sheep; he had taken the old dog and made a circuit that way an hour ago.

So Ranse descended again to where he had left his horse, and rode on up the creek till he came to the old shaft house in the woods to the east of Peak's cabin.

Moray had reported a fresh-dug hole there, and Ranse easily located the spot, at the foot of a great tree just beside the open shaft. The shaft itself was covered with loose boards so that no sheep or horse might inadvertently stumble into that pit; and he who had dug here had in his haste thrown fresh earth across these very boards; the energy of his labors, the desperate haste which drove him were manifest in the way the earth was scattered on every side.

The hole which this man had dug was of considerable proportions. It was, Ranse estimated, fully seven feet deep. It was an irregular excavation, with no form or scheme; and studying it, Ranse decided that the digger had had in mind not so much to dig a hole, as to find something buried in the earth below the tree. The hole was wide at the top, but it narrowed as it descended; and in the bottom there was stuck, handle down, a shovel. The handle had been thrust deep into the sandy soil, and worked to and fro and thrust down and downward like a probe.

And it had been abandoned there; an object curiously eloquent.

There were other traces too. All about the spot, in the soft fresh earth thrown out of the pit and in the excavation itself, there were footprints. The prints not of shoes but of feet—feet clad in socks or stockings. And Ranse inspected these imprints carefully; he examined the most perfect ones minutely. But there was nothing about them to distinguish them in any way. They were neither large nor small, neither conspicuously deformed nor the contrary. They were just the footprints of the ordinary feet of an ordinary man. Ranse went so far as to pull off one of his own boots and step in the soft earth. Save for a difference of half an inch or less in length, there was nothing to choose between these footprints and his own.

He was puzzled by these marks. There seemed no obvious reason why a man should take off his shoes to dig a hole in the ground. He was still seeking an answer to this small question as he rode on toward old Peak's cabin again.

There was, he remarked, a faint path from the shaft house to the cabin. It was not much of a path, but someone had come this way many times, following always the same route. The path was not bitten deep into the earth as a sheep trail is likely to be; it was, Ranse thought, marked there by the foot of man, and he wondered why old Peak should have come so often to the mouth of the shaft in these many years.

Ranse saw here and there in the path the marks of the stockinged feet, and he remarked in one place where the footprints, though headed in the same direction, overlapped. The man had passed twice, then, in each direction. He had gone to the cabin, returned to the shaft, gone back to the cabin and returned a second time.

Ranse was forming conclusions, but he did not put them into words, even in his mind. He came to the cabin and alighted. His horse showed a certain nervousness, tossing his head, nostrils distended, and it occurred to Ranse that the animal might stray and leave him afoot; so he tied it, knotting the reins about a tough bough of pine. If the horse sought to break loose, the elastic bough would yield and save the reins from parting; the animal was secure.

Then Ranse turned to the cabin. He saw the marks there of his own horse, and of Enid's; and the prints of those stocking-clad feet were plain too. Ranse covered one of them with a box, weighted down with stones—a wooden box which had once held canned tomatoes, and which Ranse found in the lean-to that had served old Peak as woodshed, just behind the cabin. Then the young man made a careful circuit of the cabin, scanning the ground, but except near the door there were no marks of any entrance or departure. The murderer—whoever he was—had come boldly to the door.

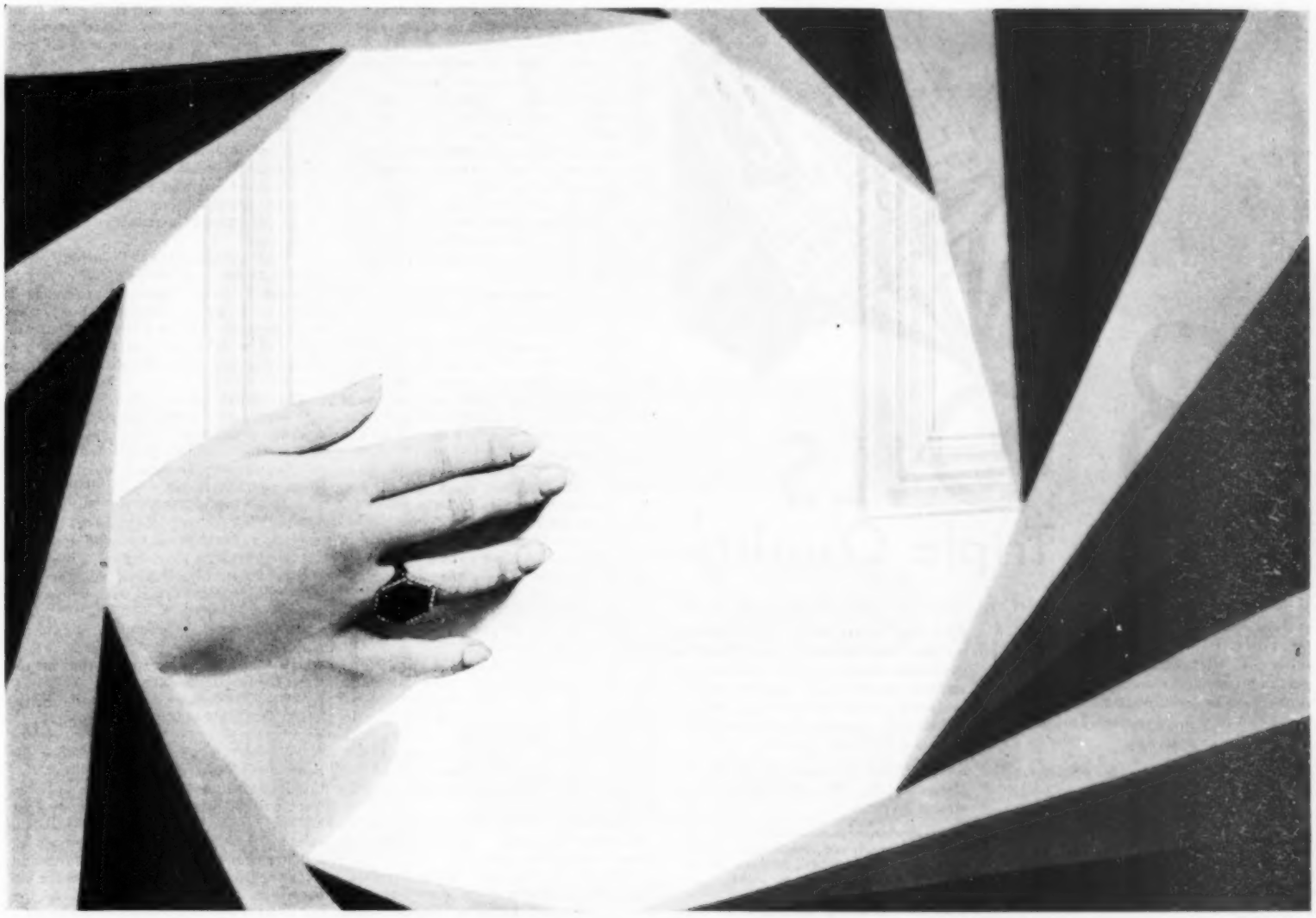
Ranse returned to the door and stood scanning the interior of the cabin here.

It was all open to his eye. Yonder at the farther corner was Peak's bed; a frame of boughs nailed together, with ropes in lieu of springs, a bag filled with grass from the meadow as a mattress, a heap of tumbled blankets. And the bag which served as mattress had been ripped open, the grass scattered across the floor. A litter of odds and ends under the bed had been dragged out and thrown aside. Everywhere about the little room were such traces of a rigid search. The shelves had been cleared of canned goods; the very cans had been broken open with an ax, and there was in the corner by the table a heap of them, each one shattered, their contents—tomatoes and preserved pears and corned beef and beans—spilled on the floor, offering a feast now for a swarm of flies.

Ranse saw in this confusion merely proof of the one obvious thing—that the marauder had searched the cabin thoroughly. He turned his attention to the more sinister indications. On the table beside the chair in which old Peak was still secured, there stood an object incongruous and bizarre. A plumber's blowtorch, with a soldering iron beside it. The uses to which it had been put were hideously manifest. The old prospector must have endured exquisite torment; and Ranse, at the thought, had a sudden memory. Sometime last night he had been roused from sleep by a far cry, a distant scream. He had thought it a lion or a coyote, but his hair pricked at the recollection now, and his quick imagination ran. Was it after that one cry that the murderer gagged Peak, or had the gag slipped long enough for that outcry to escape? For a frightful moment Ranse saw with his mind's eye that scene; then he steadied himself and continued his slow examination of all that lay before him here.

He was roused at last from his intent scrutiny by a sound at his elbow; and the man's nerves were strung so taut that he whirled like a wild animal, alert to fight or flee. But his fears passed instantly; for the man who stood in the cabin door was old Juan. The sheep herder was smiling in

(Continued on Page 144)



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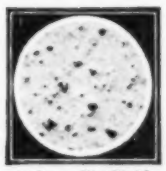
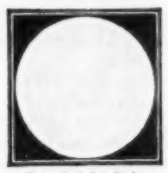


Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



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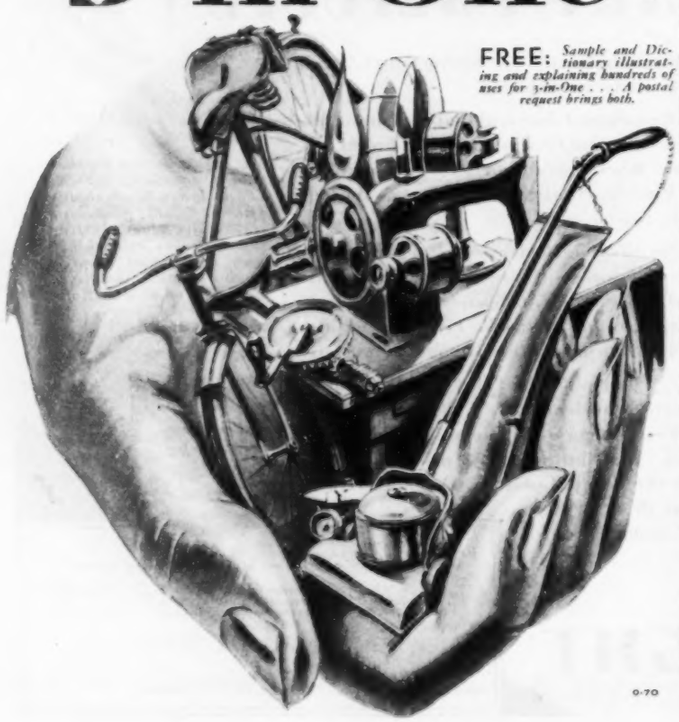

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(Continued from Page 142)

that benign and kindly way which was his habit, but his eyes were full of sorrow.

"The boy, José, has told me," he said gently, ruefully, in his own tongue.

Ranse nodded. "Good day, Juan," he returned. "Yes." He made a gesture with his hand. "You may see."

Juan stood quietly in the doorway; then he made a movement as though to come in. But Ranse checked him.

"That is not best," he pointed out. "There is nothing here for us to do. I will nail up the door, the windows; leave it so, till those come whose business this is. I have sent for them."

The sheep herder said sorrowfully, "My old friend has suffered. See, Ranse."

"Yes," Ranse agreed.

"I do not like suffering," said Juan, half to himself. "There is too much of it in this world. To all of us it comes. The little lambs, the ewes, our good dogs, our horses and our burros. Always comes a day to them when they begin to suffer. I do not like those days."

Ranse nodded, thinking hard of other things. "Yes," he said again, and his jaw set. "Juan, I mean to find the man who did this to old Peak."

"He is gone?" asked Juan slowly.

"He's gone," Ranse agreed. "But he took a shot at Mr. Bayless first. Mr. Bayless is in my party. He is badly hurt."

"Does he, too, suffer then?" Juan asked, in quick sympathy, but Ranse shook his head.

"No. He will be all right, I think. Unless something happens, some infection. No, he is all right. Mrs. Bayless and his daughter will keep him comfortable." He remembered that pit yonder by the shaft house, and spoke of it. "I put some brush around it to keep the sheep off," he explained. "Don't let them trample the spot, Juan."

Juan nodded. "We will move them down the valley," he agreed. "And, my friend, if I can be of help to you ——"

"I'll call on you, yes," Ranse promised. There was nothing to be done here, no more to be seen than he had seen. "We'll nail up the door, Juan, and leave things as they are."

When, by and by, with Juan helping him, this task was done, he mounted. The old sheep herder moved away toward his flocks to start them down the valley as he had promised; and after they had separated, Ranse rode slowly down the trail.

Halfway home he stopped, struck by a sudden thought; a curious circumstance. Old Peak lived out of tin cans; he made regular trips to town to get supplies. Unopened cans of fruit and meat and vegetables had been ranked along his shelves till the murderer, in his search for hoarded gold, split them and spilled their contents on the floor.

Yet nowhere around the cabin were there any empty cans; and Ranse found in this fact something puzzling, for Peak was not the sort to take any pains to keep his home ground clean.

But Ranse decided that the empty cans were tossed aside somewhere near the cabin, in the woods. He tried to dismiss the matter from his mind. There were mysteries enough here to baffle a man, without this lesser one.

XII

RANSE came back to the camp above the lake to find all there unchanged. It was by this time almost noon; the high basin ringed by the three buttes which gave the spot its name lay drowsing in the sun. The surface of the lake was like a mirror; the water, yellowish green with the algæ which grew therein and the freight of clay brought down from the surrounding hills, reflected the images of towering, fleece-white clouds. A camp robber hopped around the fire where Lin was cooking dinner, and a hawk soared overhead. The horses grazed along the fringe of the wood, save that Lin's mount, ready saddled, was tethered in the shade near the camp for any instant need.

Ranse dismounted and Enid came from the tent where her father lay to greet him with a smile; to assure him that all here was well.

"Is he comfortable?" he asked.

She nodded. "He has spoken, once or twice," she replied. "But I told him to be still."

"If he could tell us anything, it wouldn't help much," Ranse confessed. "We can't do anything but wait till they come from outside. Don't let him talk. Let him hold on to his strength and try to get back a little more."

"Yes," she assented. "Yes, that's what I mean to do."

He said slowly: "I want to tell you. I didn't have time this morning. But you've been all right. I know I can count on you. You did what I told you to do, and no questions, and no hysterics. You've got nerve."

She smiled, her eyes dancing. "What else could I do?" she retorted. "You didn't ask my permission. You just gave your orders, and I didn't dare disobey." He laughed slowly; and she added, suddenly serious: "But thank you, Ranse. I want to help all I can. I'll try to."

"I'll bank on you," he agreed; and she offered him her hand, and she said smilingly: "Then that's a bargain."

"You keep Mr. Bayless quiet as you can," he repeated; and she saluted, in amused obedience.

"Aye, aye, sir," she promised, and turned and marched smartly back toward the tent where her father lay. Ranse went on toward the fire to speak to Lin.

"Anything happen?" he asked quietly.

Lin shook his head. "Find anything?" he returned.

"Whoever it was that did it took his boots off," Ranse explained; and he hesitated, puzzled by that fact again, and then went on: "I figure it was somebody that had heard old Peak had some dust hid away. So he stuck the old man up, tied him to a chair; and he had a blowtorch and soldering iron, and he tried to make the old man talk. That was pretty bad, Lin, by the looks of it. You remember, we heard a yell in the night. I figure old Peak let out one screech before this fellow gagged him, or maybe the gag slipped." He wiped his brow, shook his head. "And I don't blame the old man for squealing, Lin. I'm not going to sleep so good tonight, thinking about that."

Lin nodded. "There's some tough babies in these here mountains, Ranse. I've run into some of them. They'd burn the toes off you for a nickel, cash."

"Peak must have told the fellow that the gold was buried by that old pine, alongside the shaft," Ranse explained. "Because this chap dug a deep hole there. I figure that when he didn't find anything, he decided Peak had lied to him, and went back and finished the job on the old man. Or maybe he did that before, when he thought Peak had told him the truth. Anyway, Peak's dead." He hesitated. "And I guess he was glad to die when the time came," he added thoughtfully.

Lin lifted the coffee off the fire. "What'd this guy take a crack at Bayless for?"

Ranse shook his head. "You tell me!" he retorted. "Only, Bayless came up here to see Peak. I'm satisfied of that. And Peak knew Bayless. I could see that last night. I thought, first off, that Peak might have been the one to shoot Bayless. But he didn't. That's sure. He wasn't doing any shooting about that time." He hesitated "I don't know where Mr. Bayless comes into it. But, Lin, whatever it is, I'm betting Bayless is square."

Lin nodded. "Me, too. Him, and the old woman, and the girl—they're all on the level. That's my say."

Ranse considered. "The thing that bothers me," he confessed, "if this fellow finds out that Bayless is alive, and wants him dead, he might come around again. And we haven't got a gun in the outfit. I think you better ride over to the Puerco

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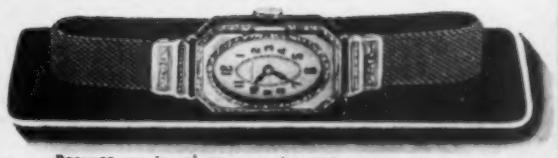
BULOVA *Watches*



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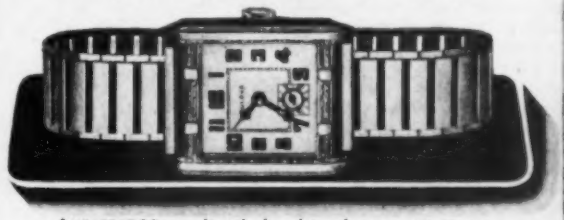
BANKER: 15 jewel movement; radium dial; smart woven mesh band to match . . . $24.75



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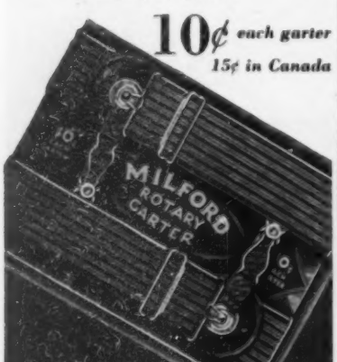

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(Continued from Page 144)

this afternoon and borrow a gun from Vic. Maybe you can get him to move his outfit over here. But get a gun anyway. I'll feel a lot better if we're heeled. How does that listen to you?"

"Right," Lin assented. "I'll go. I can get back this evening, but you'll have to cook supper, Ranse."

Ranse nodded, grinning. "They won't like my cooking, but I can keep 'em alive," he agreed.

"I'll go," said Lin again, "soon as ever I get the dishes done."

They had been intent on their talk and upon Lin's tasks about the fire; so neither had seen young Moray come toward them, a pail in his hand, till he spoke from close by.

"Lin," he said, "Mrs. Bayless wants some more hot water and another cake of soap."

They turned together, and Ranse grinned at what he saw. For the young man's knees were wet with soapy water; his hands and arms were grimed to the elbow; he was dripping with perspiration.

Ranse said, "You been busy, looks to me, Mr. Moray."

Moray nodded sullenly. "Cleaning up that blasted cabin," he assented. "The more you scrub it, the more dirt comes off. It's half an inch deep on the floor, and almost as bad on the walls."

"I'll spell you this afternoon," Ranse promised.

Then, as Lin took the bucket and began to pour into it some water from the kettle on the fire, Moray caught Ranse's eye. He made a significant motion with his head before Lin turned, with the bucket half full of hot water in his hand.

"Now go fill that up with cold," he suggested.

Moray received the bucket and started toward the lake, with another glance toward Ranse; and Ranse picked up the empty kettle. "I'll fill this for you, Lin," he offered, and he followed Moray down the slope. When they were out of hearing, Ranse said quietly, "I judge you want to talk to me."

Moray nodded. "Yes. I know something about why Mr. Bayless came up here. It may have some bearing on what has happened, Ranse. You ought to know."

Ranse hesitated; and Moray went on: "It started with a story in a magazine. Mr. Bayless used to live out here when he was a young man, Ranse. Then, about six weeks ago, he read this story."

Ranse interrupted, "Wait a minute, Mr. Moray. Did Mr. Bayless tell you all this?"

"No, but I've put two and two together."

Ranse shook his head stubbornly. "Well, I'll wait to hear it from him!"

"He will tell you as soon as he is able."

"You in business with him?" Ranse asked. "Authorized to speak for him?"

"No," Moray confessed. "But of course I'm like a member of the family. You must have seen that. Enid and I ——"

Ranse suddenly disliked this young man. "I'll wait till he tells me," he repeated.

Moray protested. "But this may be important," he urged. "You see, Mr. Bayless ——"

"If it was important as all get out, we couldn't do anything," Ranse insisted. "Not till help comes."

"But you see, he's bought all this land around here from the company that used to own these mines," Moray urged. "He bought it three weeks ago. After he read that story."

Ranse said sharply, "I've told you I don't want to hear it from you, Mr. Moray."

Moray smiled patronizingly. "Your scruples do you credit, Ranse," he approved. "But as the only other man in the party, since Mr. Bayless is hurt, I must assume direction of affairs. I'm sure he would want me ——"

Ranse interrupted. "What you think he wants doesn't go! But what I want does go, Mr. Moray. Is that clear?"

Moray was stiff with sudden fury. "Very well," he retorted. "If you choose to shut your ears. But I must insist that immediate measures be taken ——"

"You can insist and be damned," Ranse interrupted; and he was suddenly astonished at his own anger. There was no tangible reason why he should not listen to Moray, except that he disliked the man. And likes and dislikes should have made no difference now. He dipped the kettle and filled it, and he decided he was wrong. Decided to hear what Moray had to say. But before he could announce his change of mind, Mrs. Bayless appeared on the bank above them, and she called:

"Emerson, where are you with that water? You've been long enough to bring it from home!"

And Moray, without a word, started up the slope toward the cabin where his labors lay.

Mrs. Bayless waited for Ranse, to hear what he had seen at Peak's cabin; and at what he had to tell, he saw her shudder faintly, but her tones were steady enough when he was done.

"Well, all that is your concern, Ranse," she told him. "My job is to take care of Mr. Bayless. We'll be able to move him before supper, as soon as the sun dries out that cabin a little. Things do dry so quickly up here."

"It won't rain tonight," Ranse pointed out. "Let him rest a day where he is. Tomorrow will do. I just wanted the cabin ready, case we needed it."

She looked at him smilingly. "I suspect you just wanted to give me something to do." And Ranse grinned in confession of this charge.

Midday dinner was a silent meal. Moray was sulking, Ranse was busy with his thoughts, and Enid and Mrs. Bayless took turns at eating, returning to sit with Mr. Bayless. Then Enid and Moray strolled away together along the lake shore toward the beaver house; and Ranse, looking after them, saw that they were arguing; that Moray made some indignant complaint to the girl. He was more and more uncomfortable because he had refused Moray's confidences; and also he remembered regretfully that he had forgotten to ask Moray about that morning walk of his. But it was too late now.

XIII

HE AND LIN started to wash dishes together, but Ranse decided that Lin might as well set out at once for the Puerco, to find old Vic Buker and borrow a gun; so Lin went on his way.

Then the sheep came like a gray flood along the slopes above the camp; and on their upper flank Ranse saw young José, and behind the flock, the old shepherd.

But when the sheep passed the camp, Juan came down to where Ranse scraped the kettle by the smoldering fire, and he laid something on the ground under Ranse's eyes. It was a strip of leather, obviously the end of a rein, about three feet long. And the end showed raw where it had broken under some heavy strain.

Ranse looked at the thing, he stared at Juan, he asked a low-voiced question; and Juan explained.

"I found it as I came behind my flocks," he said gravely. "It was tied to a tree; to the trunk of a tree, half a mile this side of the old shaft. And it was broken, as you see."

"Tied to the trunk?" Ranse repeated. "Horse tracks there?"

"The sheep had trampled the place," Juan confessed. "The tracks were not clear, but, yes, a horse had been tied there; he had broken free."

"Tied to the trunk?" Ranse said again. "Juan, one who knows does not tie his horse to the trunk of a tree. Tied in that fashion, a horse may always break away."

"That is so," Juan assented.

"We will go by and by and see this tree," Ranse decided. "You will show me where it was."

"I can tell you, Ranse," the old man returned. "You know by the old road to the workings on Bodega where three large spruces stand together, and one of them is lightning splintered so that but a stub remains." Ranse did know. "It was a young spruce just beyond, beside the road," said Juan.

Ranse nodded, his eyes narrowing. And suddenly he came to his feet, with a swift movement of understanding and dismay; and he looked up the trail by which Lin Bunt had gone.

He had remembered Vic Buker's lion hunters! And the memory seemed instantly to solve all these mysteries, to fit into the pattern of the puzzle here. There were no other outlanders in this locality; these two had seemed to him, at the station, men of an ugly mien. They were the sort who would in ignorance tie a horse to the solid trunk of a tree instead of to the yielding and elastic boughs.

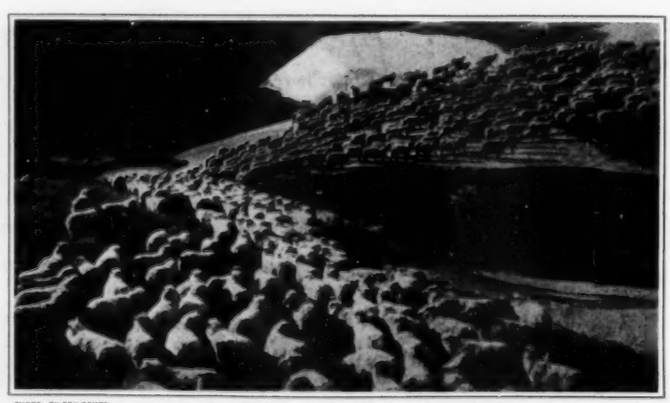
Once on this track, his thoughts were swift to find confirming circumstances; and he cursed his own blind folly for that he had not understood before. If his wits had been alert, he realized now, the fact that the man or men who tortured old Peak had taken off their boots would have been sufficient. For there was no reason why they should have gone unshod through the forest unless it was because the prints of their shoes would have been recognized. And he remembered the new hunting boots which old Vic's customers had worn when they got off the train. Conspicuous indeed!

He was instantly sure these two were the murderers, but with the realization there came a sudden paralyzing fear. For Lin had gone to borrow a gun from old Vic. But if these two were the murderers, would Lin return alive? And would they not already have slain old Vic and young Art Shill?

Ranse knew a stark terror for these friends, for Lin whom he might have sent to death. And his first thought was to pursue Lin and call him back again.

But Lin had a long hour's start, and Ranse could not leave these other helpless ones utterly unprotected here. He must stay, await the event, pray for Lin's safe return.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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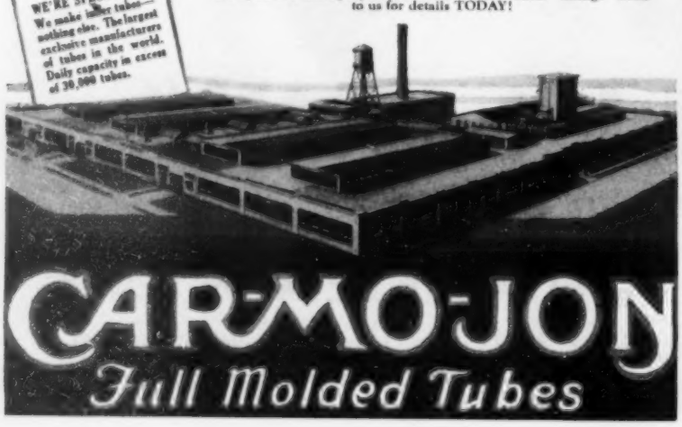

MR. PICARELLI TAKES A BATH

(Continued from Page 15)

but that and Appleby's red cigarette fizzing out in the leaden water under Harry Prout's hand as it rested on the gunwale of Number 2 boat.

It wasn't the cigarette only with Mr. Picarelli, and it wasn't that he wore thin silk socks over the lumpy bottoms of his underdrawers—so thin you could see right through them. It was his eyes too. Hard and narrow like. Cruel eyes.

"'Ate to 'ave 'im mad at me."

Harry slicked up the bathroom and dumped the wadded towels on top of his pile in the passage. He emptied the ash trays into his dust pan and wiped them with a damp rag.

"Always work hard when I'm here, don't you?" said Mr. Picarelli.

"Oh, no, sir; the work ayn't so 'ard."

"Don't I know it? Why don't you quit it and get a man's job, instead of being a lousy chambermaid?"

"Chambermyde, sir?"

"Sure—flunkying. Don't you ever get tired of it?"

"Oh, yes, sir; sometimes I do. I ayn't as young as I might be."

"How long 've you been at it?"

"Twenty years and more, sir."

"Twenty years! On a job like yours?"

"Well, sir, it 'as its ups and downs, sir. But it's more int'resting than it seems, sir."

"Yeah? Well, you can have it."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir."

Back in his locker once more, Harry Prout unwadded his pile of dirty towels and separated them, bath from face—separated them and laid them flat, one upon the other, to roll up and take to the drying room and the laundry.

"'Ullo; 'ole in this one." He held it up. There was a round, frayed hole in the center of the towel big enough to stick his finger in, and three more holes near the border.

"'Oles in this one, too, strewth! 'Oles in every bleedin' one." He held up the last two towels. They were full of small charred holes, and the last one was scorched in the center for a space that he could hardly cover with his hand.

"'Oo'd be puttin' 'oles in good towels like that? Like they stuck 'em in deliberate wiv a red 'ot poker! Spoiled they are—complete. Shyme." Harry Prout shook his head and tossed the towels aside. He rolled the others and stood up.

Above his head, the buzzer purred and the indicator snapped to 206—Mr. Picarelli.

Harry Prout touched the clearing handle, pulled down his coat and closed his cubby. He went down to the cross passage and knocked.

"Come in."

He stepped into the cabin. The bathroom door was open. The shower curtain was drawn. Mr. Picarelli pulled it open slightly with one hand and stuck his head out.

"Get me some soap, will ya? How am I going to take a shower without soap?"

"Yes, sir; sorry, sir."

Harry went out and hurried up the passage. As he opened his locker once more and reached for the soap box, the buzzer purred again and the arrow quivered on 202—Mr. Borco. Harry backed out.

"Mr. Picarelli's soap first." He hurried up the corridor, but at the first cross passage his throat tightened as if a wire had been looped around it, and he stopped dead in his tracks, palms suddenly wet. The echo of the shot died in the ship's muttering. There was a light, splintering crash and the heavy noise of a falling body.

Harry Prout turned on his heel and a split second later he was rapping on Mr. Borco's door. There was no answer. He wrenched the knob and opened the door.

Mr. Borco lay flat on his back on the cabin deck, with a gun just beyond the clenched fingers of his left hand. A splintered chair lay across his feet. He stared up at Harry, his eyes questioning slightly, but no longer afraid. Harry Prout shut the door and locked it with his pass-key as Mrs. Donaldson turned into the end of the passage with her small daughter.

Harry opened her door for her and went up to the corridor. For a moment he stood there trembling. There was something in his hand—soap. Mr. Picarelli's. From force of habit he knocked on 206.

"Come in!"

"The soap, sir."

Mr. Picarelli stretched a hand outside of the shower curtain and reached for the cake.

"You took long enough!"

"Sorry, sir."

Five minutes later Harry Prout was in the chief steward's office forward on the saloon deck. The purser opened the door.

"Tell him, Prout," said the chief.

"Hit's abaht the gentleman in 202, sir; 'e's bin an' killed 'isself."

"What?"

"Not ten minutes gone, sir. I 'eard the shot m'self; an' I opened the door, I did, an' there 'e was on the deck, sir. Mrs. Donaldson was comin' in the passage. There weren't no use o' touchin' 'im, sir—I can tell by the eyes, sir. I closed the door and locked it wiv m' key."

"The devil," said the purser.

"Yes, sir; that's wot I thought, sir. It ayn't 'appened on this ship before, sir."

"Get the doctor. . . . Let's have your key, Prout. . . . Come along, Drury."

IV

THE doctor, Mr. Evans, the purser, and the captain stood just inside Cabin 202, with Harry Prout behind them, backed against the closed door.

"That's that," said the doctor.

"Right you are." Captain Holmes nodded. "We'll take him in to Southampton. Arrange for it, will you, McKenzie?"

"Yes, sir."

"The steward will lock the door now and give you the key. Wait until after midnight before you take the body aft. Steward, you'll say nothing about this to anyone."

"Oh, no, sir. I won't sye a word, I won't."

"What's the matter, Evans?"

The purser was kneeling and looking under the bed. He turned around.

"I was just wondering, sir." He pointed to the automatic that lay just out of reach of Mr. Borco's stiffened fingers. "The empty shell should be somewhere about."

"The empty shell?" said the captain.

"Yes, sir. I don't seem to see it anywhere."

"By Jove." Doctor McKenzie stepped across the cabin.

"Maybe he's lying on it," said the captain.

"We'll soon see, sir. . . . Here, steward, take the feet, will you? . . . Lend us a hand, Evans."

They lifted Mr. Borco to his bed. The captain tilted his cap back. "Funny go," he said. "Must be somewhere, unless it jammed in the gun."

"It didn't." Mr. Evans shook his head. "You can see. The gun is lying ejector side up and the panel's closed, sir."

"So it is." The captain bent down. "Those things snap out with some force. Perhaps it bounced into the lavatory."

"I'll 'ave a look, sir."

"Not in the cabin, that's certain, and the ports are all down."

Harry Prout came out of the bathroom. "It's not in 'ere, sir—nowhere."

"What do you make of that?"

"I'm damned if I know. Are you sure it's nowhere about?"

The four men went down on their hands and knees.

"It must be somewhere."

But it wasn't.

"See here," said the captain, "who started this empty-shell business anyway?"

The purser flushed. "I did, sir. I don't know why it occurred to me, but it does stand to reason that if a man shoots himself

(Continued on Page 150)

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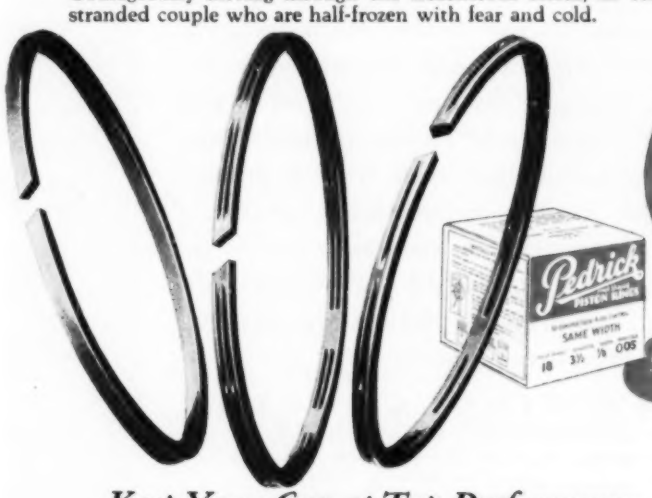

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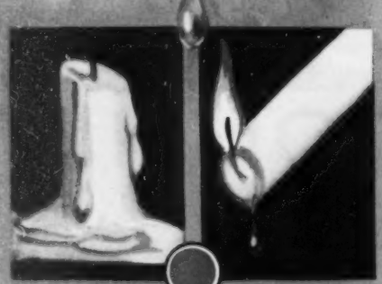

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(Continued from Page 150)

"I suppose you come here now to find my rod and fit the shell to it? Well, have a look around for it."

"Beg pardon, sir; your bath's running over." Harry Prout stepped into the bathroom and turned off the taps.

"I guess you're wise enough to toss the gun overboard; so we won't bother about looking," said Shapiro.

"Good boy," said Picarelli. "All right. Move on to the next number. Who saw me do all this?"

"The steward heard the shot."

Mr. Picarelli looked at Harry Prout. "You heard it, hey?"

"Yes, sir, I 'eard it."

"When was that?"

"Between the time you sent me for your soap, sir, and the time I brought it, beggin' yer pardon, sir."

"And where was I all that time?"

"If I might sye so, sir, you were be'ind the shower curtain, sir."

Mr. Picarelli grinned. "You got a good memory, Skibo. Think you can remember that, if my friend here is foolish enough to want it told in court?"

"I believe I could, sir, if hit's necessary." Harry Prout looked at the captain. "I wonder, sir, if I could be excused 'arf a mo'?"

"Go ahead."

Harry Prout went out.

"What more can I do for you, Shap?"

"A lot of things, see? Don't get the idea I ain't going to bust that alibi sky-high. I know this steward believes what he says, but he's got the time wrong, and I'm the white-haired boy to prove it."

"All right, I wish you luck. Now, if there's nothing more ——"

Shapiro stood up.

There was a rustling noise from the bathroom. Shapiro and the captain stepped forward and pushed the door wide open.

Harry Prout's head and bare arm were sticking out of the drawn shower curtain.

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir, an' not meaning to myke no trouble, but wot does it look like?"

Mr. Picarelli slid forward.

"It's a lie!" he yelled.

"Steady!" Shapiro caught his wrist and twisted him to his knees.

Harry Prout slid the shower curtain back. He was standing on the deck outside, with his head and one arm, sleeve pushed back to the elbow, thrust through the porthole.

"The lousy rat!" screamed Mr. Picarelli. "You can't prove nothing, see! Borco took a pot at me first; it was self-defense ——"

"Yeah? Through a porthole. You better get a good lawyer to explain that for you, Pic."

"They can't touch me! Borco was pulling out, see? He was a rat too."

"Aw, shut up." Shapiro grinned. "Wha'd I tell you, cap? Ain't Pic the sweet boy? We'll just get a wire ahead to have him met, an' I guess we'd better have some bracelets for him until he cools off."

VII

"THERE'S one thing," said Inspector Shapiro, "that I'd kinda like to know."

"Yes, sir." Harry Prout straightened his shoulders and pressed his hands against the seams of his trousers.

"The cap tells me that you've helped the Treasury men now and then, and that you're straight. I believe that Pic fooled you on the alibi, but how did you tumble to it?"

"Tumble to hit, sir?"

"Yeah, how'd you get the idea that he had been outside when you thought he was in the bath?"

"Oh, sir, if you please, that was easy after the second bath."

"The second bath?"

"Yes, sir—the one as nearly overflowed when we came in to see him."

"How come?"

"Well, sir, hit's the little things on shipboard that you get to notice. I'm very sorry, sir, that I myde the mistyke, I am. It's very 'umiliatin', sir, an' I arsks yer pardon, I does, sir."

"That's all right. I've forgotten it, so you forget it."

"Yes, sir, and I certainly thank you, sir, I do."

"Well, go on about the bath."

"Yes, sir. Well, Mr. Picarelli, beggin' yer pardon, sir, 'e 'adn't tyken no baths before, an' when 'e was tykin' two wivvin an hour or so of each other, it struck me funny like; so when I went in to shut off the taps, I 'ad a look at 'is towels on the rack. There weren't one of 'em wet or disturbed since I put 'em there, the curtain of the shower wasn't wet inside, sir, an' the soap I'd brung 'im was still in the pyper wrapper, it was. Then I remembered wot you 'ad decided abaht poor Mr. Borco bein' shot through 'is porthole, an' it occurred to me wot did occur to me; so I went out on deck an' tried it, an' Mr. Picarelli did the rest."

"I see. H'm. You're a pretty good amachure detective, Prout, and I'm glad to know you."

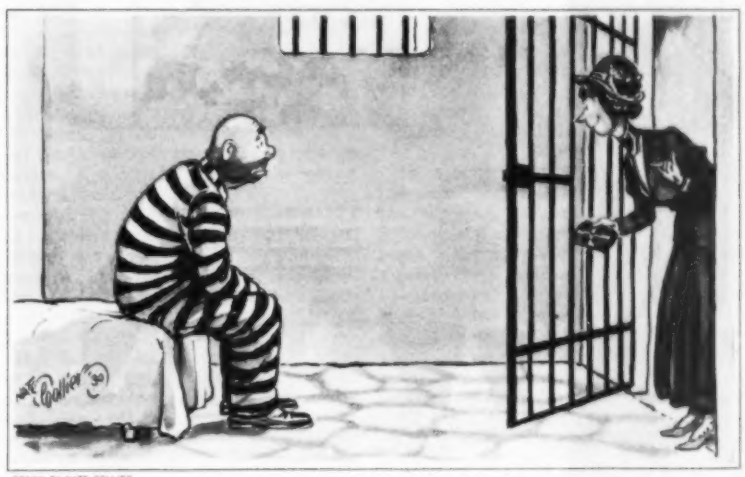
"Thank you, sir."

"But there's always one thing you gotta remember in this work. When one guy murders another an' they're both a coupla rats like these two, never let no alibi stand in the way of your evidence. That's the trouble with amachures—they do too much thinking an' they never get to the point of the matter. I've seen lots of 'em, an' I know."

"Yes, sir, I'm sure you do, sir, an' I'm very sorry I hinterfered."

"That's all right." Mr. Shapiro waved his hand. "Forget it. I'm not holdin' it against you; don't think that."

"I'm sure, sir, you're very kind, sir, an' I thanks you, I does. An' now—beggin' yer pardon, sir—it's best I get abaht m' bed turning. I'm 'arf an hour lyte as it is, sir."



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You can see the ice cubes, you can feel the cold, but you can't hear Electrolux work either when it's new or when it's old. You can't hear it because this refrigerator has nothing to make noise—no machinery; not a single moving part to wear, to vibrate or to need attention.

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The extreme simplicity of Electrolux also makes it the most economical of refrigerators. 50 cents a month is the total operating cost for gas and water in some localities. And no matter where you live, the cost is usually far less than that of any other automatic refrigerator—about half what you pay for ice.

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Yet Electrolux costs no more to buy, size for size, than other refrigerators. $195 to $430—at the factory. Liberal purchase terms. See the many models at the showrooms of your gas company or other Electrolux dealer. And write for complete illustrated information. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has five cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

QUACK! QUACK!

(Continued from Page 41)

There is the fellow, too, who suddenly discovered that the sea gulls are eliminating the ducks by smashing the eggs and killing the young in their breeding grounds of the Far North. Incidentally, to judge by a letter in answer to an inquiry, the acting chief of the Biological Survey does not attach added importance to this source of depletion. But that is a typical kidding-ourselves-along argument and would rate mention only were it not brought forward as an argument against a reduction of the limit. A moment ago, too, there were as many ducks as ever. Now all at once, as convenience serves, they are scarce and the objector offers a reason for their scarcity. And he seems to think that as long as we can find a reason outside ourselves, we ought to go on killing. To preserve the ducks—make two destructive forces grow where but one grew before!

Then he goes on to teach us that the wealthy clubs are really public benefactors, agencies of conservation, in that they preserve their lands carefully, and spend a lot of money planting and distributing duck feed—which is undoubtedly good for ducks. Of course it is praiseworthy to feed your ducks before you kill them. It is also a fact that feed attracts multitudes to be killed that otherwise would stay away and perhaps not be killed. I doubt if the club member ever thought of himself as an altruist before this gentleman pointed out to him his own virtues. Indeed he did not use to call it "feeding"; he called it "baiting."

The next argument seems to have abandoned entirely the vehement assertion that there is no depletion. It is a pity to quote so many pseudo statistics, only to leave them orphans in the cold. Sure there are fewer ducks—pretty soon we won't have any ducks! Why? Because we are killing them off at the rate of from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 a year? Certainly not! Also we may now forget the sea gulls. It is the Mexicans. The flight is skipping right on by us and our lack of feed—and the Colorado delta—and is spending the winter in Mexico. There are, he says, no game laws in Mexico. Anybody can shoot all he wants, and sell them, and anybody can buy them in the open market. Therefore, there are no birds to come back in the spring to face the sea gulls. That seemed worth looking up; so we did so.

The Hunting Season in Mexico

Señor Francisco Salazer, of the Department of Hunting and Fishing, replies courteously and at length. He gives statistics of open seasons, regulations and fines. The open season is about the length of our own, the fines somewhat higher, and, he assures us, "In our country the hunting is carried on with moderation and the commercial exploitations of the game are being regulated according to the abundance and the scantiness of the species." In corroboration from a private correspondent—an American—we learn, "The Mexicans as a race are not hunters. The average Mexican citizen is too poor to afford the cost of ammunition, license, and so on. Nor do their markets show any great amount of game." As a matter of fact, however, there are a very considerable number of ducks killed in Mexico. It is done largely near the border, and by Americans who go there for the purpose after the close of our own season. If I am to believe their tales, they take full advantage of the fact that no bag limits are imposed. I suppose they never stop to reflect that they are shooting their own ducks in which they have made heavy investment at home.

But the gem in this collection of arguments is unblushingly based on the high moral issue. After a preamble concerning the influence of outdoor life on the younger generation, and of adulation of the sacred aspect of sportsmanship, an impassioned appeal is made to avoid doing anything that tends to impair and eventually to destroy this spirit of sportsmanship. The reduction of the duck limit from twenty-five to fifteen will do just this. How? Why, when the limit is as low as fifteen, naturally shooters will extend the caddie system and other devices for evading the law. That is bad for their morals, and it actually results in more ducks being shot than under the old, more liberal limit. Comment seems out of place. We can but admire.

As to clubs, of 127 voting on a straw ballot, 121 were in favor of reducing the limit to fifteen. As to organizations, the annual convention of the Associated Sportsmen voted unanimously. So did the Fish and Game Commission, and the California Department of Natural Resources, the Western Association of State Game Commissions, the San Joaquin Valley Marshlands Protective Association, which is composed of duck clubs. As to individuals, just before the last session of the legislature, the state chamber of commerce held a straw ballot through the newspapers, requesting only duck hunters to vote. The result was at the rate of 33 to 1 in favor. Outdoor Life, submitting the proposition to 20,000 of its readers picked at random from its subscription list, found 95 per cent in favor; in one sample club of sixty members, fifty-two voted aye.

Extending the Shooting Range

In other words, as I have said, the opposition is small, but it is very effective, because it does its stuff, and because it acts coherently, and the majority, as yet, does not. It consists—it must consist—in (a) men honestly mistaken, deluded by the loose statements sketched above; (b) men with private personal interests in the matter; and (c) just plain game hogs who want to get them while the getting is good and to hell with the future. Class (b) is, of course, Ethiopian and dwells in woodpiles. It probably comprises men who want to sell duck lands, for example; who have a stake in the duck bootlegging.

Though it involves leaving our main subject for a paragraph or so, pecking at 'em out of range gives us an angle on duck-shooter psychology that is extremely interesting. A good sportsman of the old school did not shoot at birds out of range. Distance in the air is very deceiving, and one of the first and most difficult things a tyro had to learn was how to estimate it. Wild fowl always seem to be much nearer than they actually are. The greenhorn was continually banging away hopefully, but he was forgiven because he was a greenhorn. But when he had graduated from that class, if he persisted in the habit he found himself becoming unpopular. It kept the birds in the air, for one thing, and spoiled the shooting for those within half a mile of his blind. But that was a lesser count. The major count was that it crippled too many. The fact that occasionally, at these extreme ranges, he managed to scratch one down dead proved nothing. But now, with growing scarcity, it does prove something. That something is expressed by the frequently heard statement:

"Oh, well, shells are cheap! Might as well take a chance! Every once in a while you get one, and you're that much ahead!"

In that statement is the best, indeed the only, argument against the pump gun and the automatic. There has always been more or less objection to these weapons. Some clubs bar them completely; some regulate them, insisting the mechanism be so arranged that they can handle only two shells at a time. There have even been some attempts to legislate against them. In most instances those who like them are honestly puzzled by this opposition, and ascribe it to old-fashioned, cranky conservatism.

"I can't see," one of them protested, "why it makes any earthly difference. I am allowed by law twenty-five ducks, and I stick to the limit. What does it matter whether I kill them with a double-barrel or a pump gun—or a club! Might as well make me use a flintlock and be done with it."

On the face of it that would seem to be a sound argument. Here is the thought that does not occur to such men: When a flock of ducks comes in to the decoys and is shot into, it towers with unbelievable rapidity. By the time two aimed shots have been delivered, the birds have mounted high in the air. The expert pump-gun man, not the average manipulator, may get in a third before the birds are at the limit of range; and one with an automatic may better that by one more. But he has still two or three shells in his gun. Does he quit shooting? He does not! The whole six are discharged, and the fact that he occasionally staggers down a final bird or so confirms him in the habit. If he is a good shot he lands the pellets, nearly spent, but still in many cases with velocity enough to penetrate. Watch the flock as it speeds away in retreat. First one bird, then another, lags behind, slanting lower and lower, beating the air desperately, but in vain, to keep pace with its fleeing companions, until at last, in a long, despairing slant, it falls into the tules a mile or so away, irretrievable, to linger, wounded and sick, until it dies a lingering death or is snapped up by some furred or feathered prowler. I have run across dozens upon dozens of these wounded birds fluttering frantically at my approach, hundreds upon hundreds of decaying bodies washed against the borders of the tules or the banks of dikes. That is the real argument against the repeating weapon.

That is the result mainly of thoughtlessness. The thoughtlessness is directly the result of the fact that so many of the modern shooters are not sportsmen in the old sense of the term. And they are not sportsmen simply because they have not had the long traditional education from boyhood which we sketched a short time back. Shooting has become fashionable. I know any number of men of forty or more who have begun to shoot for the first time in their lives within the last year or so, and who get an enormous kick out of it; who have discovered a whole new fascinating world, a whole set of outdoor influences, that they did not know existed. They come to it with the wonder and zest of the small boy. As far as it is concerned, they are small boys. I am glad for them, and I am for them, and I hope they have as good a time as I have had, and absorb the glories of sunrise on the marshes, and the whisper of rustling in the tules, and breathe as deep of that strange wild wind of life as have I. They are good fellows.

The Schoolroom of Sport

Personally I have quit duck shooting, so I have no personal axes to grind. I have done so partly because I do not like to hammer a disappearing race, but principally because I have had my share, and now I want others to have theirs. And I want them to take their own boys afield and teach them to be sportsmen in the old-fashioned manner.

But first they must learn to be sportsmen themselves. Since they cannot be educated as we youngsters were educated—by the breathing-in process, so to speak—they must educate themselves by taking serious and earnest thought on the matter. And part of that thought is the preserving of opportunity for those boys. Which is why I am writing these articles—to furnish food for that serious and earnest thought.

It would not be worth while to spend so much time in an analysis of the opposition were it concerned only with the reduction of the limit to fifteen birds. It was effective in preventing that reduction in California, but the Federal Government intervened. The fifteen-bird law became a fact in spite

(Continued on Page 157)

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She puts it in the rumble seat
Or else into the hamper;
Her husband is (and so is she)
An Apple Butter Camper!

. . . the very essence of apple wholesomeness and apple deliciousness

THIS SPRING as you hark to the call of the open road (*Honk! Honk! Move along, move along . . .*)

You'll find a new joy in picnicking, if you liven up your outdoor lunches with luscious apple butter—Lippincott Apple Butter.

Combined with cream cheese and finely chopped nuts—or with prunes or ground meat—Lippincott Apple Butter makes a fascinating variety of tasty spreads for sandwiches . . . the kind that disappear as if by magic, so be sure to make *plenty* in the first place!

Of course, you know that the name Lippincott on the jar means the very *essence* of apple wholesomeness and apple deliciousness! Juicy, sun-ripened apples . . . sweet, fruity cider . . . the purest of cane-sugar . . . thin-quill Saigon cinnamon from far-off Cochin-China, and other choice spices . . . all cooked together in the good, old-fashioned way . . . simmer and stir . . . simmer and stir . . . until *perfection* bubbles in the pot . . . a smooth purée in appetizing brown . . . enticing . . . scrumptious . . . indescribably good!

Lippincott Apple Butter can also be served to the family in so many other ways . . . in a dozen different and delicious desserts, as a filling for pies, or a crown for hot tea-biscuits, as a condiment for cold cuts, or as an unusual and amazingly successful seasoning *baked into* meats.

Whether or not you're going picnicking tomorrow, you really ought to telephone today to your grocer for a jar of Lippincott Apple Butter.

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER BISCUITS

4 tablespoons shortening
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
Enough milk to make a soft dough
Lippincott Apple Butter

Work the shortening into the flour which has been sifted with baking-powder, sugar and salt. Add the milk. Knead the dough lightly on a floured board, roll it out until only a quarter of an inch thick, and cut out rounds or squares about two inches across. Fold over each biscuit into half its size, drop in a teaspoon of Lippincott Apple Butter, press the edges firmly, and bake in a hot oven about fifteen minutes.

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER SANDWICH FILLING DE LUXE

4 ounces cream cheese
2 tablespoons milk
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon Lippincott Apple Butter

Soften cheese with milk. Add salt and Lippincott Apple Butter, and a dash of cayenne, if desired. Spread this mixture between thin slices of bread.

THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY · *Cincinnati, Ohio*

Lippincott Apple Butter

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(Continued from Page 155)

of it. They still mutter dark threats of ignoring the law on the ground of its unconstitutionality, but that will not amount to anything. But this same type of opposition is active and effective by the same methods in other conservation matters.

Take the question of duck refuges, for example. It is literally a fact that on shooting days the birds are constantly in the air from daylight until noon. Every pond and patch of water has its concealed shooters. When the flock, long awing and desperately tired, stoops toward hoped-for rest and safety, as evidenced by the presence of their brethren on the water, they are saluted by another blast of gunpowder. The safety is illusory, the brethren are decoys. A great deal has been made of the value of duck clubs in that they permit shooting only two days of the week, and in the interim afford sanctuary and feed. To a certain extent this is true, but the only reason for this regulation is that more ducks can be killed under that system. The ducks are fed, tamed, petted for five days, so that they will be attracted to that locality and lose much of their natural caution.

Death Lies Over the Hill

There can be no manner of doubt that there is a crying need for a certain number of refuges or sanctuaries to which the harassed and weary flocks may at last resort for respite. So self-evident is this that even the opposition recommended the policy, though with a slightly different slant. "What we need," said they, "is more refuges, not reduction in the limit." This was a happy thought, and they hammered at the idea as a convenient argument. Indeed, they rather overdid it, for the idea reached the point of expert planning. Logically there should be a number of refuges at strategic intervals—one in the Glenn-Colusa section; one in the Yolo Basin, or delta country; one in the upper San Joaquin and one in the main; and one down in the Salton Sea country, for example, to cover one line. Then certain tidal areas should be set aside. And so on.

But this was much too definite and much too near to home. Refuges right among the shooting grounds would—horrible thought—be used as refuges! On shooting days the ducks, after they had been hammered sufficiently, would gradually accumulate on the preserved bodies of water and would stay there, instead of doing their duty as ducks and flying around to be shot at all the morning. Ducks are clever that way, and learn fast. I remember very well two lakes just over the hill from each other. One was on a ranch whose owner did not like to have ducks killed and had always forbidden shooting; the other was open shooting ground. On the first ranch you could, in plain sight, walk directly at the shores of the lake; not a duck would take flight, and very few would bother even to swim out of range. On the second ranch you could not even stalk within a quarter mile of them. Same ducks—they flew freely back and forth across the hill. At another place a local ordinance forbade shooting within half a mile of a certain bridge. This was, I suspect, more with the idea of conserving bridge passengers than of protecting the ducks. But in the shooting season that mile of water was at most times alive with happily snoozing wild fowl. As the river, of course, ran with a current, the birds were slowly carried downstream. But when they reached the danger line they knew it instantly. It was comical to see them wake up, take a startled look to right and left and hustle upstream again.

Such being the case, there was grave danger that refuges placed right among the shooting grounds might actually prove to be refuges. That wasn't the idea; they were supposed to be merely arguments. So now the opposition has developed ingenious objection to placing them in the great valleys, and suggests a number of other lakes and other locations of more than equal area. What could be fairer than that? Nothing, except that two small objections obtrude themselves. One is that they are so distant from the ducks' customary grounds that the ducks must make a long journey to get to them, even if they happened to know about them.

The other is that they are largely in the high Sierra regions and, during much of the shooting season, are apt to be frozen over. To set aside these places would be farcical from the point of view of accomplishment, but satisfactory to round out the argument.

I am not going to do more than mention what specific expedients are to be considered valuable. We are not so much concerned with ways and means as with the situation. The limit has been reduced to fifteen, thanks to the Federal Government. Suitable sanctuaries, suitably placed, should be established. A serious and honest effort must be made to stop duck sales and bootlegging by hitting at the source—the markets, hotels and restaurants—as well as at the poacher. The judiciary should, as a body, be made to emulate the Maine Federal judge who recently assessed a violator $2700 for illegal killing of ducks. We must act reciprocally with our neighbors north and south. We must prohibit the use of live decoys; otherwise there will not be a goose left in less than ten years. We must take game regulation out of the hands of the combination of indifference, hostility and selfish interest, as exemplified in some legislatures, and place it in the hands of experts. I know; game commissions themselves have not been so hot at times. The smell of political smoke has at times been strong. But those few instances do not alter the principle. We can get at a small appointed body with our public opinion.

That is right where it starts—public opinion. Now, most efforts to arouse an effective public opinion on any specific thing that in no way affects the lives of the majority is a very difficult thing. You have to educate not only the intelligent but the moron, and back of the honest classes are the deliberate and defiant roughnecks who do it anyway! But, curiously enough, here is a case where, in California at least, necessary public opinion is automatically restricted to the very men most interested in the question. The men who have made this enormous capital and annual investment in the sport have its outcome entirely in their own hands. They can kill, or permit to be killed, all their wild fowl within the next few years, or they can spread them out into the future. If they do the former, the investment is finished, must be scrapped.

Gun Clubs Control the Future

The reason I am so confident in saying the situation is in their own hands is this: More than 90 per cent of the possible duck-shooting areas are in the ownership of private duck clubs. And furthermore, the areas open to public shooting are confined almost wholly to the salt-water bays, so that the apparent acreage is misleading, as only a small portion of each is worth anything for shooting. The water reservoirs of San Diego County, the Salton Sea and 2800 acres at Tule Lake comprise the remainder. But in comparison with the 300,000 to 350,000 acres of club land, this is negligible. We may safely say that the shooting of the state is in the hands of the club members and that they can do exactly what they please about it.

I mean that, and I mean it in more senses than mere obedience to the laws of the land and of sportsmanship on the part of the individual. The membership of these clubs includes an enormous body of men of great wealth, of great influence, of commanding ability. Were it to direct its resources solidly and earnestly in any direction, it could accomplish about anything it pleased. It could cause to be passed whatever legislation it deemed desirable; its pressure could very promptly, and entirely legitimately, change the present lenient attitude of the judiciary; it could stop the illegal bootlegging and sale of game overnight,

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Food in your refrigerator may look safe—but is it?

Your eyes won't tell you when disease bacteria begin to multiply, endangering the health of you and yours.

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The new Alaska betters these Government specifications by a wide margin so that food and milk are kept safe beyond any question of doubt!

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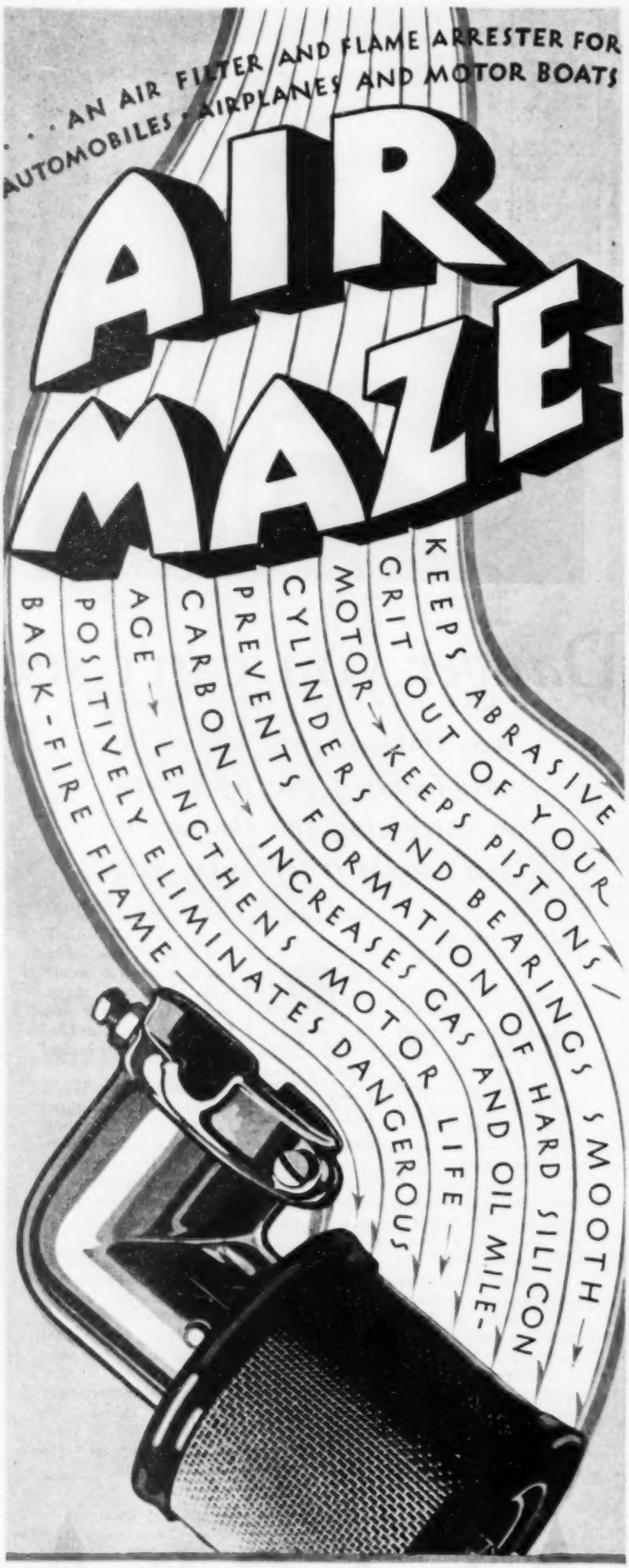
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both by checking the demand and by throwing the fear of God into the violators through the tabulation of a list of known offenders and the persistent shadowing of the men; it could impress unmistakably upon the proper authorities the fact that, aside from recreational value, a business that has been carefully estimated as worth to the country $100,000,000 a year is worth a little trouble in the matter of treaties and appropriations. The men are there; the money is there; the influence is there. And they are the whole public opinion concerned! Furthermore, as evidenced by their own votes in the matter of the limit reduction, they overwhelmingly favor saving their investment—in theory.

But they must wake up, and they must get together as a unit, and they must be willing to do something. Especially wake up. A great many of them are good sportsmen; a great many more of them are potential good sportsmen if they would shake themselves together and realize what it is all about; a lot of them are good shots, but rotten sportsmen. But at least they ought to be good enough business men to protect their own investment.

Teamwork Among Sportsmen

They are the fellows who must be educated; they are the only men who really need to be educated, except that quite a number of us who do not shoot ducks and geese rather fancy a planet that contains splashy and quacky creatures. There is the nub and center of this conservation business; there is the first part of the job, the first point of application for those seriously interested in these matters. Educate the shooters into sportsmen, and build a fire under them. They have the power and the money and the influence to do the rest—if they will. If they will not, then the situation is quite hopeless.

Dr. E. W. Nelson, former Chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey, is undoubtedly the greatest living authority on the subject of wild fowl. In answer to a letter asking his opinion on the subject, he replied as follows:

> Unless the sportsmen of the West are ready to join with good will in a reduction in their killing at the present time in order that the birds may have a better chance to survive and come back in numbers, then I consider the situation in that region to be practically hopeless. If the states involved will act themselves and will coöperate with the Biological Survey in its effort to help the situation, I believe the handicaps now existing may be overcome and that wild fowl may be restored in very considerable numbers throughout the West. This is a time to sink local and individual differences and get together on a really constructive program which calls for the most effective kind of teamwork between the states and the Federal Government.

Beginning, he might have added, with "the most effective kind of teamwork" among the sportsmen themselves.

I admit the outlook is discouraging. It takes time to educate people—even intelligent people—and there is not much time. We are over the edge on this duck matter and are beginning to toboggan fast. One of the most enthusiastic conservationists I know has finally retired from the situation in disgust. From his lore he is perfectly willing to produce anything an inquirer wants in the way of information or statistics. But he hands it over with a wary shrug.

"Go to it, if it amuses you," he says in effect. "You have my best wishes. But you won't get anywhere. Modern sportsmanship is dead, or is overwhelmed by the roughnecks, which is the same thing."

There is an element of weariness to be discerned in the manner of the single-handed fighters for the preservation of game. They are continuing the battle because they are themselves game, but with diminished zest.

"Conservation has a hard row to hoe," one of these men writes me. "Both Congress and the legislatures are lax, hesitant and ill-informed. Commercial lobbies are constantly at work in behalf of exploitation. Practically every legislative act, even when restrictions are conceded, is several steps too late. Sportsmen and citizens in general are indifferent or lethargic. Large business interests, which derive much business from recreational fields, are indifferent to the potentialities of wild-life development. Philanthropists, in a few instances, have established sanctuaries, but in the main they are ignorant of the need for their coöperation."

Nor does this man seem to think much of the average duck shooter of the present day—the fellow who is to be educated before anything effective can be done—though he acknowledges, of course, that very many are good sportsmen.

"Their senseless desire to slaughter game leads many of them to break the law knowingly and without compunction," he writes in another letter. It is, in his opinion, a form of exhibitionism having little to do with sport. "See how they one and all strut with their bags," says he. "I have known of several instances where men of considerable attainments made it a point to drive blocks out of their way in order to exhibit their kills before uninterested strangers, displaying their bags on the outside of their costly cars to the great damage of the finish. To be frank, we find that the men who are as a class unprincipled in business, the men who are dominant, arrogant, intolerant, are the ones most likely to overstep the bounds of decency in the killing of game."

I am afraid that statement is, to a certain extent, true. The incorrigibles are of two classes—the bulldozing wealthy and the plain roughneck. They make a lot of noise and bluff, but they are in the minority. Their influence is precisely that of noise and bluff, and is effective only when no other, more solid influence takes its place. I repeat: This duck business is in the hands of the duck shooters, who are already organized into duck clubs, and should thus be in a position to save their shooting for themselves, and incidentally protect a heavy investment, if they have intelligence enough to count on their fingers, energy enough to lift their eyelids, and sense enough to unite.

Not a Very Good Idea

Nor can I believe the matter of education of these people quite hopeless after the experience of a friend of mine. In the old days he maintained a fishing camp far back in the high mountains, to which he used to resort for weeks at a time in the summer. Bill's only neighbors for years were the Indians of the region.

Now, it used to be customary for these Indians to sell dried deer meat—jerky—at the railroad, seventeen miles away. They received something like a dollar a sack for it from officials and employes on the train, who, in turn, retailed it in the city. In due time, what with growing scarcity of deer, this traffic was made illegal. It continued just the same, surreptitiously, for it was profitable to all concerned.

Bill knew that it was going on. He met Indians carrying the jerky to their market, and with them exchanged the time of day. And invariably he added to his greeting, mildly, "Taking in jerky? I don't think that's a very good idea."

That was all he ever said, and the Indians knew perfectly that he would never inform on them. Nevertheless, of their own accord, one by one, they left off their illegal practices, to the great disgust of some of their regular customers. One of the latter took an Indian named Sammy to task.

"What for you no bring jerky no more?" he demanded. "I give you plenty money—two dollar."

"I no think that's a very good idea," returned Sammy gravely; and as the conversation took place in Bill's hearing, Bill was greatly tickled.

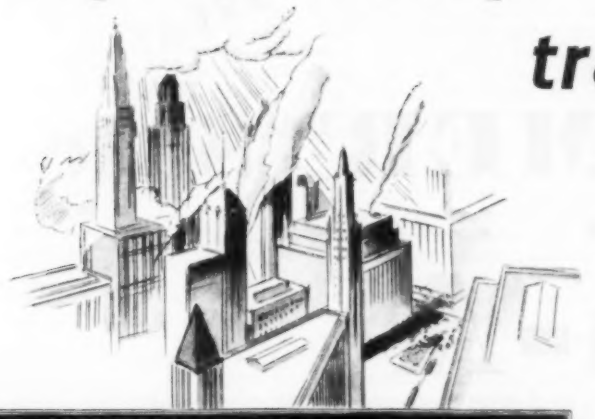
That shows that education is possible even when it cuts across long custom.

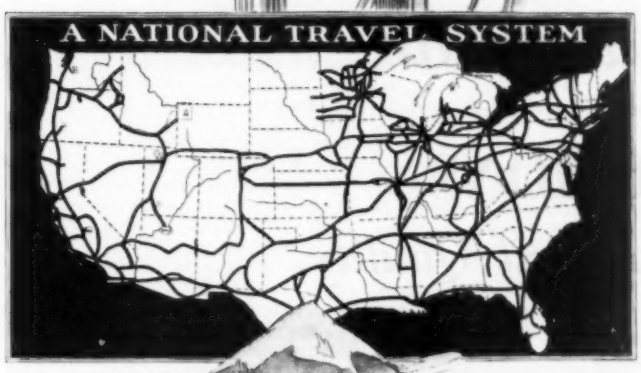
I don't think this present duck business is a very good idea.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. White.

City to City or Coast to Coast

travel the open road . .





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The most striking spring styles in silk and rayon, or mercerized lisle and rayon. In plain, clock or stripes. All with the invisible inner-foot that doubles the wear.

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THE WAY TO WEALTH

(Continued from Page 5)

For then each advance is marked by a lower price peg. Once a peg is put in, the management must continue to do at least as well as it has ever done. Usually it must do much better. That is why there is more than sales to be considered in a price-lowering policy.

The policy strikes at the very heart of management. If one keeps the price always as high as one can, one has no margin for an increase when fair treatment of the product and of the public requires an increased price. The public will meet an increase in the price of a product that has dealt squarely with it before. But it is only when one lowers prices without regard to whether or not the public is willing to pay a higher price, that the public maintains a confidence which not only results in steady buying but which permits an advance in prices if conditions should make such an advance necessary. You cannot use up your margin and have it. The public will know from experience that the advance is being made only because it cannot be helped, and therefore it will not resent the advance and no good will will be lost. It is better to have a good margin for a necessary increase than for an enforced drop. A product that has been priced at what the traffic will bear cannot get help from the public in an emergency, and it often cannot get help in itself, because such a policy softens the muscles of management—it has had too much easy living.

These fundamentals apply to any business, large or small. They are universal. If they were adopted a flood of properly made goods would flow through every nook and cranny of the country, drive out high prices, produce employment everywhere at good wages and make poverty impossible. The getting of these goods into consumption is the problem of business leadership.

Creating Demand to Absorb Supply

The question is not simply to have people buy more goods, but to have them buy more of the goods which will benefit them. We use the word "buy" because that is the only method that we know of distributing goods. We must use money.

The limits of production will be reached when everyone has all the goods he needs or can use to increase his comfort in living. And since every improvement in goods or the methods of making creates a new need, the day when we can actually have overproduction is far distant.

Take our theories of what is extravagant and what is economy. In the business world it is considered wasteful for a manufacturer to retain a machine that will satisfactorily do work, if another machine appears which will do the work better or more cheaply. American industry never hesitates to scrap a machine the moment that a better one can be had. That is considered as economy in business. But our old notions of economy, which, in business, we have shaken off, still hold in the home affairs of the individual. It is considered economical to retain a thing in the home until it is worn-out, regardless of the wear and tear that it may involve on the human beings concerned. That is not economy at all, but extravagance. We progress as we conserve human energy—as we get more for the expenditure of the same effort. That principle in a true national economy has to be carried over into the life of the home. Our homes and our ways of living are still too much influenced by the Old World standards.

In our younger days we knew men who wore their coats until they were green and threadbare, and these men were called thrifty. It was a thrift that hindered progress. There was no exchange, no circulation of services, no life in such an attitude. Goods are made to be used. Use is the power that keeps the wheels of life moving.

But how are the people going to find the money to buy these goods? That again is the business of management—of leadership. If we wait upon demand we shall wait forever. Demand does not create, it is created. If we begin a large production of goods and make the wages high enough, then a supply of buying power will be spread through the country which will absorb the goods, provided they are properly made and properly priced. And the flow of exchange—which is the blood of society—will be resumed. There is only one way, and the way of production is the beginning of it.

If we should achieve what is called a stabilization of industry, making just what is asked for and no more, the power to buy the goods would fall off, for enough purchasing power to buy would not be distributed. The ideal of stabilization is a pretty one, but it stabilizes the wrong kind of condition. It stabilizes the kind of condition the country wants to be rid of. It would result in certain stagnation, for there would be no pressure toward bettering goods or methods and we should begin to sag.

Cumulative Effect of High Wages

The purpose of industry is to produce goods that serve people. It is no part of the purpose of industry to support people, and if we start into industry from the angle of making it support a certain number of wage earners, then we destroy the purpose of industry and therefore make it incapable of supporting people.

If, however, high wages are not paid and there is no pressure toward ever higher wages as production increases, then the output will not be absorbed and there will be no reason for producing it. Thus, although industry does not primarily exist to pay high wages, it cannot exist in any large serving capacity unless it does pay high wages.

The approach, however, is important. If we imagine that industry exists to support people, then the more men that it employs the better. In this view an employer who took on two hundred men at two dollars a day would be better serving the public than one who took on fifty men at eight dollars a day. That sort of program is often urged as in the interests of society—employ more men, they say, even if you have to pay them smaller wages.

It is, on the contrary, directly against the true interests of society and makes for poverty. The man at two dollars a day will have no surplus spending power at all, and he will not be a factor in the market. The man at eight dollars a day will have a spending power, and in the use of that power he will be bound to create work so that the other men will eventually have well-paid employment. There can be no greater fallacy than thinking that employing large numbers of low-priced men is humane or helps the country. It is only helping to make poverty universal.

The task of industrial leadership is not to find jobs for as many men as possible but to find high-priced jobs for as many men as possible, and the start has to be with a few high-priced men. For not otherwise can the low costs be attained which will increase consumption and make more high-priced jobs necessary. Production calls out man power; production is not called out by man power.

We are traveling a road that no one has ever traveled. The way is not easy. Many well-meaning people have held out that there is another road and the going is much easier. They point to the road of regulated prices, state aid and the sanctifying of things as they are. They do not know that road is a very hard one. There can be no substitute, either temporarily or permanently, for work and leadership.

It may be that the road we are on is not worth traveling. But that point should be decided before we take the other road. For we know that the other road leads back to universal poverty.

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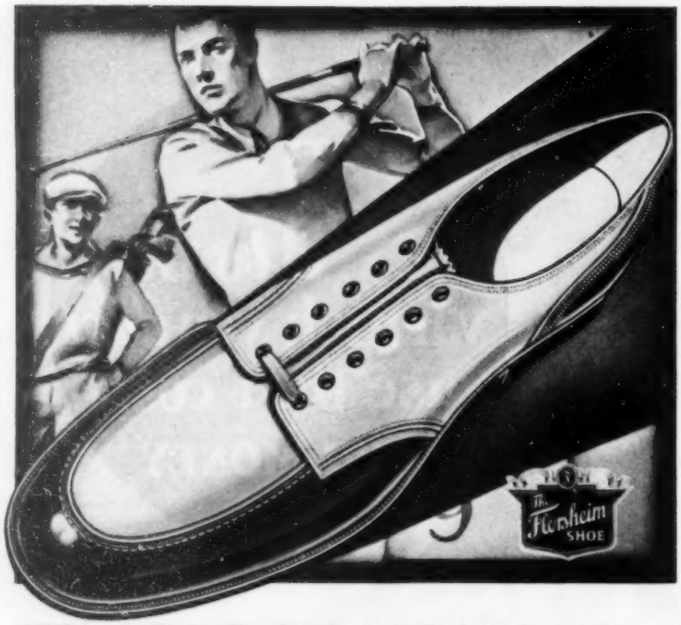

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DEAUVILLE SANDALS

COUNSEL RETAINED

(Continued from Page 19)

had some delightful bridge, they stepped from the train at Grand Central as radiantly expectant as a young couple on a week-end.

"Darling Lu," said Mrs. Crain. "How sweet of you to meet us. . . . What a nice hat! . . . The twins were at Springfield; two terrible boys from Amherst drove them over."

"Hello, Lucia," said her father, hugging her.

How handsome they were; they wore their clothes, or anybody else's, with an enviable air. At sixty and fifty-eight, they had the energies and tempers of thirty; they quarreled hotly over trifles, laughed a great deal, and loved to go to parties.

Their rooms at Miss Crumpacker's delighted them. A few things salvaged from the auction were already in the sitting room and bedroom Lucia had engaged. The annuity would pay their board; the rest must come from Lucia. Everything at Miss Crumpacker's was nice, in the old New York manner. That model of gentility took no climbers, no unfashionable poor; her guests, like the Crains, went regularly to the nice homes of their richer relatives. At Christmas the house was almost deserted, and Miss Crumpacker had a grand day in bed, eating, and reading French novels.

The Crains had never lived in New York before, and while the novelty lasted they were taken up with orientation. They went to church on Sunday, did free lectures, galleries, mass meetings. Then Cousin Erica Willington on Park Avenue had them to dinner and urged them to drop in to tea; they went, and, worse, made many friends. The idlest people in the world are the elderly well-to-do; the Crains were available to amuse them. Lucia had to give pa and ma more money, because they had so many invitations. The twins came down for Christmas, stayed at Crumpacker's, and were invited to a great many debutante parties given by people Mrs. Crain had never heard of.

Lucia was very busy, but she took time off to harangue them. One hectic morning she sent for Sophia to come to the studio. Sophia's marks were very low; the spaces in her mind where trigonometry and German should have been were crammed by slang phrases, telephone numbers and boys' nicknames.

"Listen, Sophie," Lucia said to her, "you've got to pass this midyear's. If you are kicked out, what will you do? I can't support you; you're not trained to do anything."

Sophia was nineteen, small, lovely, a masterpiece in effortless charm. She admired Lucia's cleverness, but what did the old girl get out of it? Poor old Lucia was still clinging to Plymouth Rock.

"You stop worrying, grandma," Sophia said. "I'll handle my own exit. There are lots of jobs which take no brains. Did you know Bill was drinking again?"

"Don't try to put me off. You've got to pass your midyear's. You're registered at Smith, not Williams, or Amherst, or Yale. Who is this drunken boy you have been seeing the dawn with?" This was not tactful, but Lucia had a model coming in fifteen minutes, and three days' work to finish by six tonight. Miss Crumpacker, over the telephone this morning, had implied that Sophie's escort had been unpleasant, and that Sophie herself had not been perfectly polite.

"His name is Canning," she told Lucia flatly. "He's not a bad louse. He was pretty far gone last night. That decayed duchess had a cat fit."

Sophie didn't, obviously, give a whoop for anyone's opinion. Lucia wanted to break her in two. "Mother is wild. She has to live there, you might remember."

"Poor thing, paying rent for a tomb. Skid isn't bad; he's merely young."

"How old is he?"

"Twenty-one next January nineteenth."

"How do you know the date?"

"I'm interested. Why?" She gave Lucia a look, suspiciously. But Lucia had seen the clock.

"Get out of here quickly," she ordered, "and don't come back. Take ten dollars out of my purse, and not another cent until you go back."

Sophie took the money, powdered her nose, slipped on her coat, and put one last shot at the target. "Something ought to be done about Bill," she said loftily, at the door. "He was put out of the Fox Hole last night by three waiters. Honestly, as a professor he's hot."

This was the last straw—this bad news about crazy darling Bill. "He isn't a professor," Lucia snapped. "He's a research chemist. He slaves day and night over a test tube, and once a month he goes on a bust. What of it? If you had half his energy or brains ——"

Sophie sniffed maddeningly. As luck would have it, in walked Bill. One of his eyes was blackened, his hair was tousled, his suit wrinkled.

"Hello, Luch," he said gayly. "Give me some coffee. . . . Hell's bells, gaze upon Northampton's baby wonder! Didn't I see you last night, out with the primary grade?"

Bill and Sophia were born in enmity. As usual, they began now with mean raillery, verbal insults. They drew closer; pretty soon they would be pushing, shoving, fighting. Lucia lost her temper. "Get out of here!" she yelled at Sophie. "Go drown yourself at the Ritz!" She shoved her, hand bag, coat and body, into the hall, slammed and locked the door. She turned on Bill. "What do you think I am?" she cried. "You kids will drive me crazy! I've got a whole day's work to do and at eight o'clock the telephone rings; it's Crumpacker, complaining about those twins. They come in every night after four and eat oranges in bed. Ma telephones and sobs; she thinks Sophie is a wild woman. Pa telephones he lost ten dollars at bridge last night and needs a new set of teeth. Sophie got home last night at four with some moron who was drunk. Who was he?"

"He's a moron, but he has millions," amended Bill. "Say, Luch, you ought to tie us all in a bag and drop us in the East River."

"You'd slip through the bag," she said disgustedly. He pulled her down on the couch, put his arms around her, and she relaxed. He was her only colleague, the only other Crain who worked. Periodically he dismayed her, but his dissipations were bursts of explosive restlessness, and not weakness within himself. He cut loose, broke chairs, sang loud songs, slept it off, and went back to work.

"You were drunk again last night," she said. "You big fool."

"Drunk as a lord. Soph oughtn't to run around with that Canning; he's got too much money. He's wild and crazy; he could buy her an ocean liner if she wanted it."

"He isn't that solid-gold Canning orphan?"

"The same. He's Sophie's golden dream this week. What a combination." He lighted a cigarette.

"You shouldn't smoke before breakfast."

"Don't moralize me. I'm a scientist. This Canning boy is crazy. Nuts. Do you suppose she's after his money?"

"She's too witless to be so worldly. No, Sophie is simply one of those kids who must run to every fire." The doorbell rang and she shot to her feet. "Beat it, Bill, into the kitchen, and get some breakfast. Don't come back. I'll kill anyone who comes in this room before six o'clock tonight."

Bill knew the mood and went. The model came in, put on an evening gown and posed herself before an imaginary linen closet. Lucia would draw such a picture of such a woman craving linen that every man and woman in America would want more linen

(Continued on Page 165)

THE BETTER THE WRINGER THE WHITER THE WASH

How your wringer serves you

Lovell

YOUR modern washing machine is equipped with a "wringer" operated by a motor built into the frame of the machine. This wringer takes each piece of your wash, and, with little effort on your part, gently squeezes out the excess water, so that the piece is made ready to hang on the line. All this you know, because you have frequently seen it take place.

But your wringer also serves you in another and even more important capacity. For your "wringer" is really a *pressure-cleanser*.

While it is squeezing out water it is also pressing out those particles of soap and soil which stubbornly stick in the tiny crevices of the fabric. It is these particles which, if not removed, give a yellow or grey cast to your wash.

Pressure is required for their removal, and that is why all effective methods of washing clothes, from the most primitive down, employ pressure, in one form or another, at some stage of the washing process.

Write for Free Booklet "Wringing, The Secret of a Whiter Wash"—giving helpful hints on washing, the removal of stains, etc.

LOVELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
ERIE, PA.

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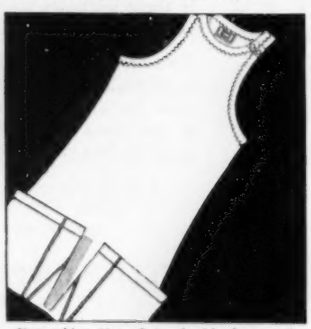
PRESSURE CLEANSER

AND PRESSURE IS NEEDED TO MAKE CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN

At left: $1 Samsonbak *Athletic Union Suit with patented tug-of-war belt. Others from 75c to $2.* At right: Hanes *Shirt and Shorts, 50c, 75c, $1 the garment. Shirts of combed cotton, mercerized cotton (Durene) and white or colored rayon. Shorts in white and smart new color effects.*

Men's Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits from $1 to $1.50. Long or short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. For work or play.



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HANES HAS PRICED UNDERWEAR LUXURY SO LOW every man can afford it!

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COMPARED with a new Straight-Eight, the first horseless carriage always turns up a good laugh. But for real mirth, for that ultra-modern feeling, gaze on a pair of red flannels. Men, man's underwear has come a long way. And the P. H. Hanes Knitting Company has helped push it up a lot of hills and over many rough spots.

Millions of men now wear HANES Underwear. They are sure it is the finest that little money will buy. They know that whatever the style, it is always cut full-sized to exact measurements, that it is made of soft, comfortable materials, expertly finished, and that it will wear as only such fine underwear can.

Get your favorite style for summer now, and there's the same low-priced luxury for your boys. If your regular store can't show you the complete line, write to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS

HANES TRADE MARK

FOR EVERY SEASON

(Continued from Page 162)

likewise. It was a job Lucia did superlatively well. The model wondered why a girl who made so much money should live in such a dump. From where she stood, craving linen, she could see the worn velvet on the couch, the plainness of the bedroom beyond. Perhaps Miss Crain was saving up her gold for a trip to Europe, or a hope chest. Women were queer creatures.

On the twentieth of January—a cold bleak morning—Lucia slept until nine o'clock—late for her. She had dined at her Cousin Erica's last night and had come home to work for three hours on a Greek mythology for Mr. Dakin. Lucia loved the Greeks now; they never tried to sell things.

She bathed, started her coffee, dressed, cooked herself an egg and made some toast. While she ate, she read the morning paper; she was the only Crain besides Bill who had an interest in the world outside the day's engagements. This morning the newspaper repaid her. She gave a gasp as she saw the two-column head on the second page, and set down her coffee cup. There was Sophie, in skiing trousers and a bandanna, and Canning at Palm Beach the previous winter. "His twenty-first birthday," she read, "brought more than a coming of age to the famous Skid Canning. It brought him a lovely bride, an even lovelier income of three hundred thousand from his late parents' estate, and a mad midnight motor ride to New York in the demon projectile disguised as Skid's motor car. When New York was hit at midnight, both bride and groom were still living, aiming happily for the Hotel Elegance, whence they will honeymoon to Europe. Skid is so rich that he can have the liner brought up to the door if he feels like it ——" And so on.

Lucia took her eyes away and groaned. After a while, she looked farther down—there it was: "Miss Crain, who is pretty, has a twin sister at college. Her family once lived in Boston, but now lives in New York. Her city address is not known." Lucia smiled grimly; imagine Cousin Louisa raging over this dragging of the Crain name, not only into mud but into obscurity!

The telephone rang, and then the doorbell.

Lucia went to the telephone first. "Hello. . . . Oh, mother, wait a second. I've got to open the door." She pressed a button and left her door ajar. Over the wire came lamentation. Crains had got drunk, absconded, abandoned, but this marriage with the low tribe of Cannings was the ultimate degradation.

Lucia, thinking it awful in its own way, turned. At her door stood a young man, looking in.

"Does L. C. Crain live here?" he asked. "L. C. Crain?"

She said to her mother, "I'll be over in a little while. Don't say a thing to anybody." She hung up. "You're not a reporter, are you? Because if you are, out you go."

The young man smiled. "I believe you. My name is Eliot—Amory Eliot. Mr. Hasbrouck sent me to see you—Hasbrouck, Carr & Bevan. He takes care of the Canning millions. I help him."

"Oh, you do, do you?" she said, eying him. "Won't you sit down? What would you say to having this marriage annulled? Do you know at what hotel my crazy sister can be parted from her moron groom?"

Eliot would have been surprised if his day had not already been a series of shocks. Old Hasbrouck had hauled him out of bed at six A.M., and had sent him after the bridal couple. He had breakfast with them at the Elegance and was still weak from watching the bride and groom plan their day. And here was this young Miss L. C. Crain, about to eject him, in place of the blond, blackmailing mother whom he had expected.

"What are you so snippy about?" he said. "Don't you like my client?"

"Not as a member of my family or my sister's husband. Do you believe in mating the irresponsible to the idiotic?"

Amory Eliot began to defend his client. When he first took Canning over, he admitted, despair had ravaged him. He had considered asking for help from the legislature, the state police, the Sixth Marines. But in the past two years Canning had quieted down remarkably, grown, for him, almost static. At college he had passed several courses, had never quite been expelled. His disposition was engaging and his morals were pure.

"Miss Crain," he urged, "this is the first girl he's ever married. He's never chased ladies. He merely thinks every day is Fourth of July or Halloween."

"But that's Sophie's trouble," she protested. "They're dangerous. It's terrible for them to marry." She was seriously disgusted, and he laughed at her.

She began to argue angrily. Mr. Eliot was as incisive and bossy as she; a good lawyer, an excellent psychologist. He did not make the mistake of handling Miss Crain with gloves. In the end she gave in; she would not ask her father to sue for an annulment of the marriage today.

"I'll give it a trial," she said. "But now that they can afford to pay a lawyer, let them tell their troubles to you. I've got to work. If I had known what she was going to do, I shouldn't have bothered to send her to college."

"That's where she met him."

"I don't understand it," she said. "I work like a fool to buy her an education, so that she may get some sense; by being foolish as possible, she gets more money than my brains could ever earn. She has the laugh on me. Is it sensible?"

"Nothing is," he allowed. "What do you expect life to be? Logical? I shall telephone you, at times, in rôle of counsel."

He was not impressionable, but he knew, going away, that he had met his equal. This Crain was an astute, ridiculous baby with too much conscience. If he could spend some time with her, it would be fun reforming Skid Canning. Indeed, a certain *réclame* would come from such a feat; it would bring business into the firm.

"Leave them to me," he ordered as he left. "We'll ship them off to Europe, let them have a fling, and when they come back, we'll stick them in the country to raise things."

"Children," she said disgustedly. "Horrible unruly children. Tell Sophie she must never mention money to any one of us. Nor give us any presents worth more than five dollars." They were not to come to see her, but were to go to her mother for a formal pardoning.

"Let me know if you want them to walk across Twenty-second Street on their knees," said Eliot.

She thought him overbearing, conceited, cocky, yet he was the kind of man she liked. Not a bit like Mr. Lambert, who would have fluttered about helplessly in the face of this elopement.

She pictured Eliot in a great room on the thirtieth floor of a downtown skyscraper, snapping out commands to stenographic hirelings. New York was a metropolis because of men like him. Impatiently she snapped her fingers at herself and went to see her mother, whom she had completely forgotten.

It was like Eliot and Lucia that they fell speedily and mutually in love, like them that they took the cosmic urge so differently. Eliot mobilized quickly; after the departure of the bride and groom, he telephoned or appeared daily with letters, documents and cables, relative to their property and behavior. Within a month he was appearing for no reason at all. The young Cannings were burning up the Continent, ruining nice resorts, demoralizing casinos, hiring yachts and villas, but he took their crimes as a joke. Lucia was bewildered at first; then amused, then pleased. The most serious girl could not but be impressed by such a lover, who came down upon one like the Assyrian, left no flank uncovered, burned every bridge behind him, and outtalked and bedazzled even Lucia in the name of love.

Under his spell, Lucia relaxed; any girl grows tired of high finance. The spring came, flicking her delicate skirts over the

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muddy streets of March, turning the twilights into violet bewitchments, the evenings into hours of licensed madness. One late April night, Miss Crain collapsed into Mr. Eliot's arms in a taxicab in the conventional New York manner. She was very happy, and immediately began to cry.

"I love you," she insisted, "but I can't marry you for years."

Eliot roared, "What nonsense!" There was nothing the matter with next Saturday afternoon, he said. Why waste time, separate longer two hearts which thumped as one?

"Saturday afternoon!" she cried. "Darling, you're crazy! I've got to get Francie through college, and I'll always have to take care of mother and father. You're not going to support them."

She could go on working after she married him, he said. He could lend her money to endow her parents; he argued until midnight. She said she loved him, but would make no promises. Eliot went away confident but annoyed, as a great many other people were by the Crain family. Much to his disgust, he found at his flat a cable which read:

SAILING HOMERIC TOMORROW TWENTY-NINTH PLEASE HAVE SEVEN MILLS HOUSE OPENED FINISHED WITH EUROPE SKID

Disappointment had tired Eliot; he wanted his love to crash through to a brilliant finish, and not meander along like a case in the law courts. So he was in no mood now to muffle the explosions which the Skid Cannings mistook for marriage.

Life to Lucia during the next few weeks became a delicious picnic. She turned out vast quantities of work, was never tired, bought herself new clothes, and went out every night with Eliot to dinner, to the theater, and to dance. Every morning she jumped out of bed at seven o'clock and was hard at work by eight.

Even the disturbance caused by the Skid Cannings when they returned from Europe did not crack the glaze of her elation. Mr. and Mrs. Canning, married three months, were like a revolutionary country, still in a state of disorder. A struggle for dictatorship was in progress and Sophie was winning.

For a fortnight they were in a suite at the Elegance, while the house on Long Island was being got ready for them. Lucia hardly saw them; the very thought of this merger of irresponsibility disgusted her.

"If Sophie wants me," she told Eliot, "she can come down here. Don't ask me to see with my own eyes the children burning Rome. You may be right. Perhaps Sophie will save Canning, but what for?"

Sophie came down, nevertheless, to see the cynic, in lovely furs and the simple Parisian clothes that send poorer women into neuroses. Outside Lucia's shabby apartment house, the Canning town car waited, with the chauffeur standing at attention.

"What style," said Lucia. "Isn't it an awful strain?"

Sophie said one got accustomed to anything. She was thinner, fractious, and furious because her father and mother would not take money from her.

"Why are you the only one who can give them anything?" she wailed.

"Perhaps they like my honest money better than the Cannings'."

"Well, then, let me help with Frances."

"I'd rather you didn't." It was ridiculous of this chit. "You never helped me before by studying; you can't help now with Skid's money. If he had earned it, I'd feel differently."

Sophie was tearfully contemptuous. "You're the stubbornest girl I ever knew. Why don't you let Bill pay something?"

"William Crain," said Lucia oratorically, as she always became over Bill, "gets the large sum of sixteen hundred dollars a year. He is doing something marvelous about the diseases which infect sugar beets; he hasn't any money to buy Frances waffles. I'll wager your coat cost five times Bill's salary."

Sophie blinked, frowned, sniffed and got up. "You're fanatical. But far be it from me to contaminate you," she said, and flounced out.

But Sophie's anger never lasted. A week later she came again, bringing Skid to urge Lucia to visit them on Long Island. Skid was attractively young, ruddy, deaf to logic or necessity. No teacher, parent or nurse had hung on long enough to make him finish a lesson, obey an order or pick up a toy. His life was a chaos of undirected stimulation, of uncoördinated egoism. Lucia liked him against her better nature, and Eliot had faith in him as one hopes for nice weather next summer. He liked Sophie less, but believed her necessary to keep Skid out of jail. Already she had been getting him up earlier, going down to his office occasionally, and planning to settle in the country. But they quarreled like children, coming to blows over trifles. Sophie scratched Skid because he wouldn't hand her the telephone book, and he broke two chairs at the Elegance because she locked his dress clothes in the closet one night when she thought he shouldn't go out.

As soon as they went to the country, Lucia resolutely forgot them. Now she could be happy again, enjoying her broken heart. But Eliot could let nothing rest. The day after Sophie and Skid left, he suggested that they be married the next Saturday.

"Stop all this fuss about money," he ordered. "I make plenty. I can't stand seeing you bothered. I want to lock you up in a house where your mother can't get you on the telephone at eight o'clock in the morning to ask you for money."

She shook her dark little head. "No. Give me until next winter. I will have saved enough for Frances' last year by then. You don't know what it is to have a family."

"Don't I, though?" he said. "Where did you get the idea I didn't have a family? They're all in town this week; that's why I wanted to have the wedding this Saturday."

"You must be mad!" she cried. "Next Saturday! It's impossible. I'll cry, Amory, if you don't let me alone."

He kissed her, but not good-naturedly. He respected her doggedness, as he loved her beauty, but it annoyed him to see her spending these upon the Crains.

"Who are your family, and how many have you in it?" she asked, flabbergasted at the thought of meeting them. He had mentioned his family—a mother, some sisters—as casually as one says that the best train for Peekskill goes at 6:15. He had been vague about their residences; for all Lucia knew, he might be ashamed of them. Now he produced his mother and two married sisters, staying at the Ritz for a few days before going to Europe.

"They want to come down to call on you," he said. "I've told them all about you. Don't be frightened; they're not so terrible. They bore me awfully, but lots of people think they're wonderful. My father died of them, but we don't have to see them often."

"What's the matter with them?"

"Oh, nothing. Just generally dumb. Always changing location. You'll see."

After he went, Lucia called up an illustrator who had lived in Chicago, the Eliots' home town, and asked what he knew of Mrs. Hastings Eliot. He filled her with apprehension; early the next morning she set Lottie, her maid, to work cleaning the flat, and sent out for some expensive cakes. Then she herself dashed to a shop for new teacups and a decent cover for the couch. She went hurriedly, crossly, for she had to submit before the next noon sketches for twelve full-page advertisements of a vacuum cleaner, and she resented Eliot's relatives and their invasion of her day. Their worldly wealth frightened her, and if Amory disliked them, they must be terrible.

They arrived promptly at 4:30, tall, dashing, tremendously agog. The bare room became a cosmopolitan center as they stood there flinging off furs and gabbling ecstatically. They were the very people she

(Continued on Page 168)

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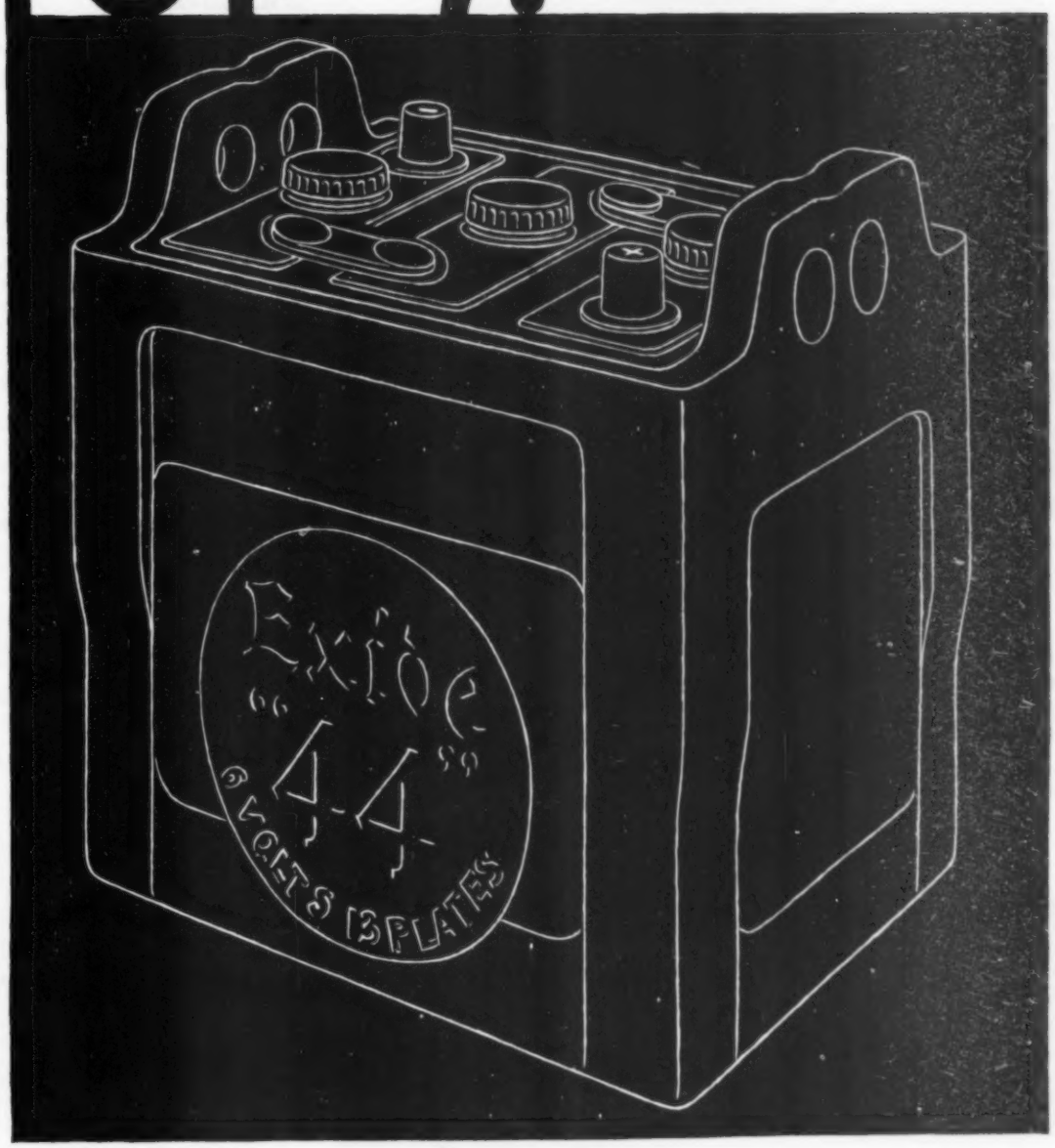

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(Continued from Page 166)

drew, at such high prices, come to life. If she hadn't been so frightened, she would have laughed.

The mother had a house in Paris, whence she flitted every season to spas or casinos, wherever a party promised. She was sixty and must have once been beautiful; she was still a simple girl, crazy about people and excitement. The daughters, Chloe and Clara, were of a later pattern; mold was on their hearts, they had ceased to find a laugh around every corner. But they could not bear to miss anything, so they ran with a pack of people like themselves from Chicago to Palm Beach to Nassau to Europe. Lucia forgot her embarrassment as she listened to their plans; their railroad fares alone would support her entire family for a year.

Mrs. Eliot wanted them to be married in Paris. "I am dying to give a wedding party," she said. "I shall get myself up in gray chiffon, and go on a perfect spree of motherly sentiment."

"No," said Amory rudely, "you won't. No one is going to our wedding but us."

"Where are you going to have it—in a canoe?" said Chloe.

"I've always eloped," explained Clara to Lucia. "Nothing like it."

"How we're married is no one's business," insisted Amory. Lucia smiled at him. Brave boy!

"I want another of those cakes," said Mrs. Eliot. "I haven't had such a cake in years. Don't tell me you made them. I hope you're not a clever little thing with the egg beater. You wouldn't do for Amory."

"You should be a clever little thing with an ax," said Chloe.

"Why don't you take Ethel Leek's house on Eighty-seventh Street?" suggested Clara.

"Wouldn't you hate to be named after one of the lesser onions? Why not Garlica?" This from Chloe, the brighter one.

Lucia was a serious girl, lost among these peacocks. But certainly there was no mental strain meeting Amory's relatives. Getting to her own tea at last, she sat back and began to eat hungrily, for she had had no luncheon. Amory sat down beside her on the couch and began to argue with his sister, defending life in the country. Still he had to think of Lucia's work. Perhaps the East Seventies would be better for an industrial wife.

Lucia was thinking how nice to have a house again, when the door opened with a loud clump, slammed shut, and there in the late spring sunlight stood Bill, debonair, handsome and certainly very drunk. She knew that moist forehead, that dreamy eye. Lucia got up and spoke to him, to measure the degree of his sobriety.

"Bill, this is Amory's mother and his sisters, Mrs. Tully and Mrs. Garrett."

Bill fooled her by bowing grandly, if uncertainly, in the direction of each Eliot. Over Amory he was most effusive.

"Eliot, Eliot," he said dramatically. "Behold the bridegroom cometh." He advanced in a series of swoops and grasped Amory's hand.

"Good boy," said Amory conciliatingly. "Sit down and have some tea. Have some black coffee."

"Nope," said Bill. "Not a thing. Don't want to spoil my lovely bun."

"Bill," pleaded Lucia, "hush!"

Chloe laughed right out loud, her sister passed Bill the cake, which he waved away, and Mrs. Eliot said to Lucia, "I didn't know you had a brother." Bill sank into a chair and began to look a little queer. He was dreamy, beatific, distant, elevated—all the unmistakable signs. Meanwhile something had happened to Mrs. Eliot's poise; she had been a perfect old trump in Paris, Carlsbad, Juan-les-Pins, St.-Jean-de-Luz and other places where nice people misbehave together, but instinctively she now reverted to type; she became an old-fashioned mother whose son was marrying a girl whose brother—a most dissolute-looking boy—was about to pass out at her feet. Her face became an antarctic map; her mouth tightened; it infuriated her to see Chloe step over, with another laugh, and help move the tea table as Bill slipped helplessly to the floor. Were no things sacred? She stood up, gasping.

"Don't bother! Sit down!" snapped Amory, her only son. "I'll drag him right into the bedroom." Bill was an inert load. He might be sick in there, or dead, or unconscious, stertorously breathing, for hours.

Lucia sat in her chair, pale, saying nothing. Amory came back. "Did you cover him up?" she said coolly, as if such collapses were common at teatime. He said he had; he looked angry.

There was a short silence, a brief attempt at passing it off lightly by Chloe. Then Eliot's mother began gathering her wraps. Lucia stood up, the tears on her long lashes.

"He isn't a drunkard," she said. "He simply goes on a bat. He's fond of me, and he usually ends up here. It's better, in a way, than if he went up to the college. They might fire him."

"College? Is he a student?"

"No, he's an instructor, a scientist." She was irritated at having to explain Bill; what could these women know about a boy who cared so much about science that he worked all day in a stinking laboratory, ate miserable meals, and lived in a hall bedroom? Even Amory was pretty darned comfortable, with his clubs, and his tweeds, and his car. She shut the door on all those Eliots gladly. Gosh, how awful! Her hands were shaking. Then she took a look at Bill, who was asleep, making great loud noises, cleared away the tea and went back to work.

But she had hardly got started when the doorbell rang. It was Amory. He strode in, took her in his arms, kissed her long and hard. She liked it, but there was a threat behind it.

"Listen," she said, "what's the matter? I thought you were going to dinner with your mother."

"I am—later. I wasn't going to leave you here with that drunk."

"Drunk? That isn't a drunk. That's my brother. Besides, he passes out so easily. You know it only happens about once every six weeks. It's hard luck that he had to come this afternoon. I'm sorry that your mother ——"

He dismissed all that. "Bother my mother. Honestly, Lucia, you've got to give up all this nonsense and marry me."

"What nonsense?"

"Looking out for your family. They don't thank you for it. If Bill cared anything about you, would he come around to your house drunk?"

"But he's drunk. He doesn't know where he's coming."

"Every time I go into the Harvard Club, there's your father losing money at bridge. Your mother is extravagant; your sisters are selfish little pigs. As soon as Sophia gets all she wants out of Canning, she'll leave him. Wait and see."

"She's not like that!" she cried. "She won't! . . . Bill isn't a drunkard! . . . Oh, Amory, I couldn't bear that!"

"It's too true for you to bear alone. Marry me, and get out of it all. I tell you," he said desperately, as he saw she wasn't going to be moved, "it won't get better. It will get worse."

"It's so much better," she insisted. "You don't know what it was like when we lived in Brookline. Now I can pay our bills. Bill is really grand. What did you care about when you were twenty-two? You'd never stand with what Bill puts up with. You're wonderful, but so is he. And you must have been drunk yourself sometime."

"Plenty," he admitted. "But listen, Lucia, if we're married, you won't like it if he arrives in the middle of a dinner party, soused. Now would you?"

She was getting annoyed. "He won't; and if he does, I'll handle it. I wish you wouldn't worry about me and my family so much."

"I thought I was supposed to have some claim on you."

"You have," she said—"every claim in the world. But you can't change my nature.

I've got to finish this thing. It's bad enough swinging the Crains; if I marry you, and have to fight you, too, I shall go crazy." Her voice rose; she was on the verge of tears.

"I should hate an insane wife," he said, loftily. He had a temper too. They could hear snoring in the bedroom. Eliot went toward his hat and his gloves and his stick. It was the first day of June, the street outside glowed with gold and crimson from the setting sun; it was the hour to walk out together to dinner, and then home again in the warm night.

"I wish, Lucia, you weren't such a Christian," Amory said. "I loathe martyrs. Martyrs are out."

She walked away from him to the window; he was hurting her instead of helping her. He was an insistent beast.

"I wish you'd go"—the surprising words came from somewhere—"go as fast as you can, so you won't be in depressing company."

There was a pounding on the door, and he opened it. There stood Sophie—Mrs. Skid Canning—perfectly turned out in green crêpe, carrying a small bag, wearing a tear-ruined face. She stunned Eliot, her sparring partner's attorney, with a look, and crossed the room toward her sister.

"Can you give me a room tonight?" she said melodramatically.

"Why, yes," said Lucia, diverted. Sophie was so imperial and so young. "You won't be comfortable. Bill is drunk and asleep in my room. We'll have to sleep on the sofa." Sophie laid down her bag. "Quite a family," added Lucia.

"I don't care as long as it's not at Seven Mills. I'm leaving Skid, Amory," she said. "I may as well tell you now."

"You little fool," said Amory. "I suppose he twisted your wrist."

She was furious. "How would you like to be pushed down half a flight of stairs? And have all the glasses broken every time you give a party?"

"He pays for the glasses. It's a purchaser's privilege," said Amory bitterly. "Myself, I like the crash of Venetian crockery. It adds to the hazards of entertaining."

"Amory," said Lucia intensely, "don't be mean."

"Anyway," said Sophie sullenly, "I'm through. I'm not taking a cent of his fool money. I won't have it said that I touched it. I'm tired of his money. He buys theater tickets and never uses them; he leaves all his clothes on the floor; he throws cigarette stubs into the flowers. I'm through. I can't stand it." She began to cry.

Lucia put her arms around her. "Don't cry, darling. You can stay right here with me." She was somehow proud of Sophie; so she had decencies after all. "I'll look after you," she said, and looking up, met Amory's eyes. He shook his head reproachfully and made that noise, half whistle, half hiss, which is so suggestive of complete defeat.

"I'll be running along," he said. He opened the door and went.

Lucia looked after him over Sophie's head; there was no meaning to anything in the room, now that he had gone out of it. She walked to the door, opened it and looked down the stairway. He was gone. She came in again, and there was Sophie, staring.

"He hates me," said that tragic figure, "because I've left his client. He'll try to make me go back. But I won't. Stick by me, Lucia, won't you? And let me stay here with you. I haven't any money. If Skid got me alone he might kill me."

Lucia said she could stay, if she would keep quiet and not interfere with her work.

"Perhaps you should go back," she suggested. "You're undisciplined, but you've done Skid a great deal of good. Why not see it through?"

Sophie's list of indignities took until ten o'clock. Then they went out to eat, came back, and found a revived Bill, who was so overcome by contrition that Lucia didn't have the heart to flay him.

"Bill is certainly your pet," said Sophie, after he had gone home. "He ought to be boiled alive."

"I'm too tired," said Lucia, "to put on the water." She went to bed, then and there, and after she was sure that Sophie, in the next room, was asleep on her couch, she let herself cry. The lovely tears, salt and releasing, took the edge off the uncertain future.

Amory acted just like a man in a book. For four days he did not turn up. Lucia was frantic; she was busy, but she could not work. Her pride was aroused; her heart was wounded. Sophie fluttered about the flat, did marketing, had her hair waved, lunched uptown with her foolish friends, in nervous anticipation of being kidnaped. But Skid did not appear, and neither did his lawyer. Sophie grew gloomy, but was too obsessed by her own tragedy to observe that her big sister was going about, a pale, distracted presence, unable to work or eat, starting like a neurotic each time the telephone rang.

Five nights later, on a Friday, Amory telephoned and said to Sophie he was coming directly up. Lucia was out, but was expected back, Sophie said, at six o'clock; she was uptown at one of her clients.

"All right, I'll come up and wait," said Amory. "And I want you to be out of the flat. I want to see her alone. You come right downstairs when I ring, and my taxi can drive you about the town for an hour."

"I don't want to be driven around the town. I'm going out now."

"You do as you're told," he ordered, and for some reason she obeyed. Like all tyrants, she had inexplicable fits of submission.

When Lucia got back, hot and a little weary, Amory was standing waiting in the middle of the room. He had never seen her look so pale, so fatigued, so worn. He forgot that he was the cause of her wilting; he blamed it on her family. She fell into his arms; how awfully she had wanted him. He held her tight. But instead of holding her and taking it easily for a moment, he began to scold her. For such a clever young man, he was very stupid; he gave her, instead of rest in his arms, an ultimatum.

"Listen, Lucia," he said: "I want you to marry me early in the morning. I am leaving tomorrow afternoon in a boat for Rio. I shall be there six weeks on a case. I can't stand your not being with me. Will you come, or won't you?"

"Oh," she said, "you're crazy. I love you so, and you're so hard on me. Don't go to Rio."

"I've got to," he said dictatorially. "And if you love me you'll go with me. You won't fool around any more, running this associated charities."

"But Sophie," she said—"I can't leave her. My mother can't control her. She hasn't any money."

"Let her go back to Skid, her husband."

"You're trying to force her back," she said, seeing it all.

"I'm forcing nothing. Did you know that she scratched his face? He has court-plaster all over his cheek."

"Good for her." She shook him by the arm. "Tell me, why do you have to go tomorrow? Why didn't you let me know?"

"I didn't know until today," he insisted.

"Well," she said, "it isn't fair of you. I can't possibly go. If I give in to you now, you'll expect me to submit all the rest of my life. Wait until the autumn."

"Tomorrow," he said, "or never."

"Never," she said. "If you will be dramatic, I can be dramatic too. I hate you for making me hurt myself this way."

He took her in his arms, kissed her, and let her go. "It would be lovely hell, marrying you," he said, picking up his hat. "You're too strong-minded. You like being queen of these Crains better than being with me."

He went out and down the stairs. Lucia wanted to run, crying, after him, but she was drained dry; she sat in the dark, trying to think, overcome by bleakness. She sat

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perfectly still until twelve; and then, turning on the lights with a start, realized that Sophie had not come in. She telephoned her mother's, but she was not there; so she went exhaustedly to bed, fell asleep, and awoke at seven. There was no unruly yellow head on the pillow of the living-room couch. Something awful might have happened to Sophie; something awful had certainly happened to her. If Eliot were leaving for Rio, he would be up now, packing his bags in his usual last-minute hurry, giving orders to his man Charles, stopping, perhaps, to telephone her as he dashed for the boat.

She waited for that call, but it did not come. At three o'clock she shivered; certainly that crashing sound had been its bell. Her hand shook as she lifted the receiver.

"Lucia," it was Sophie's voice, "did you worry about me? I'm all right. I was with Skid. He was in Amory's taxi." Her voice was different, softer, less determinedly offhand. She was the little sister again, telephoning her report of crime.

"Where are you?" asked Lucia. Some people had all the breaks.

"Out at Seven Mills. We came out last night. Listen, Lucia; won't you come out? You know we're going to have a baby."

"What?" shrieked Lucia. "You mustn't. You'll kill it between you."

"No, we won't," said Sophie. "That's why I left Skid. We fought about stopping the fighting because of the baby. Everything's all right now. Everything's grand. Lucia, you and Amory come out."

Lucia said, as optimistically as she could, that they would try to. She would bring Sophie's dressing case when she came. No, let Skid call up Amory; for all she knew, he might be drawing up divorce papers. She hung up and went back to work.

Well, Sophie was off her hands, perhaps permanently. That night a telegram came from Francie asking if she could take a job for the summer as a swimming counselor at a girls' camp. Also there was a good chance of her getting a scholarship next year. "Aren't you proud? Love. Frances," it ended. Wonders never ceased. Lucia was so pleased that she stopped working on a large painting of well-adjusted matrons who owed their happiness to a perfect toothpaste, to walk around to Crumpacker's. Mr. and Mrs. Crain had some legal say over their children, and although there was no good reason why Francie should not earn her keep at a girls' camp, her mother might have one, and it might as well be nipped in the bud. She welcomed the walk. Either Eliot was half a day down the Atlantic Coast, or he was sitting in New York, listing the reasons why he should no longer love her. The line between these disasters was threadlike; she was the one who had to walk it.

Her mother and father, in their sitting room playing double dummy bridge, greeted her with screams of joy. It was a nice room, and Mrs. Crain's chintzes, lamps and photographs of her kin gave it an air. They sat by a long window through which came the night breeze and the noises of Third Avenue around the corner. Mrs. Crain could hardly sit through the news of her daughter's cerebral improvement and aquatic employment; she was bursting with big news of her own.

"Darling," she admitted, "it's too wonderful. For a year you will be completely free. What do you suppose Cousin Louisa has done? I was about to telephone you later; I thought you might be dining with Mr. Eliot."

"No," said Lucia indifferently. "He's out of town."

"He is? Well, I know you see a great deal of him."

"What about Cousin Louisa?" asked Lucia impatiently.

"Wait till you hear," put in her father excitedly. "The old lady is showing her check books."

"She amazed me," said her mother. "Telephoned tonight—imagine telephoning instead of writing an eight-page letter—and asked us if we could sail the twenty-fifth of June. Three weeks off. She's taking a house in England for the summer. Then she wants to go to Carlsbad and do the cure, and then down into Italy, and for the winter in some very warm place on the North African coast. Her arthritis has brought her to this debauch. Her doctor orders it, and she will pay everything. And why not, instead of leaving us the money when she dies? She says she can't face traveling alone with that Miss Maddocks."

"I don't blame her," said Lucia. "Of course you'll go. It's too marvelous."

"Isn't Louisa incredible?" asked her father. "As soon as her own bones are at stake, she parts with a little money."

Her father was hoping that Cousin Louisa's house would be near a good club where he could get his bridge. Lucia listened and gave away nothing. They had played an awful joke on her—these Crains. How Eliot would mock her when he knew; he might even dislike her, as men did women, for being in a ludicrous position. She kissed them good night as soon as she could and walked home.

For several hours she lay awake wondering what she would do, now that she had no one to support, and then fell into a sleep of vile dreams in which Amory figured, never recognizing her, never speaking, always fading away.

These dreams had their effect. She was awake at seven, dressed and ready at eight, and in the subway at nine. At Brooklyn Bridge she got off and found a telephone booth. What luck to live in this age, this decade, this week, when there were subways and telephones and fast elevators to speed a bold modern girl along to get back a lover.

If he had gone to Rio, she would follow on the first boat. She got out a pencil, so as to take down his address; it would be Portuguese and hard to spell.

The girl automaton at the switchboard in his office said, "South America? Say, Mr. Eliot didn't go to no South America. Who is it? . . . Miss Crain? Say, I think he's right hyah. Hold the wiah."

Lucia held it. Mr. Eliot was talking to Chicago on another wire. She would not hang up; no, he might leave the office. Her heart was swollen, the receiver wabbled in her hand. He was coming; she heard the click, the rustlings, the voice.

"Amory, it's Lucia," she said defiantly. "Didn't you go to Rio?"

There was a black silence. "Does that matter to you?" he said finally. "Does it?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said. "Why didn't you go?"

"I loathe traveling alone," he said. "Where are you?"

"I've got to meet you right away," she grabbed him for life. "Not here. Up at the City Hall. Can you come? This minute?"

"The Municipal Building, you mean," he said. "Know the difference? You won't change your mind before I get there?"

"No. But why did you lie to me?"

"How else could I get you?"

She had no answer for that. "Listen"—she broke the silence—"they've all left me—gone off and abandoned me."

"Shut up," he ordered. "Don't think up reasons. Stay completely acquiescent. I'll be over in ten minutes. At the main door."

He was gone. She stepped out from the telephone booth into a redecorated world. Now she was living again.

"You had Broad 78——," announced the operator.

"Did I?" she answered foolishly. "Oh!" She paid and crossed over to the Municipal Building. At the door she stood, ecstatic, unaware of the worst draft in Manhattan. Her darling face, swept of pain, was turned toward Park Row—that way he would come, that way peace and violence. In a few minutes she was seen to start, to run, to charge into the arms of a young man who came, dodging taxicabs and trucks, toward her.

No passers-by in that hurrying crowd of New Yorkers even turned a head to see her bridegroom coming.

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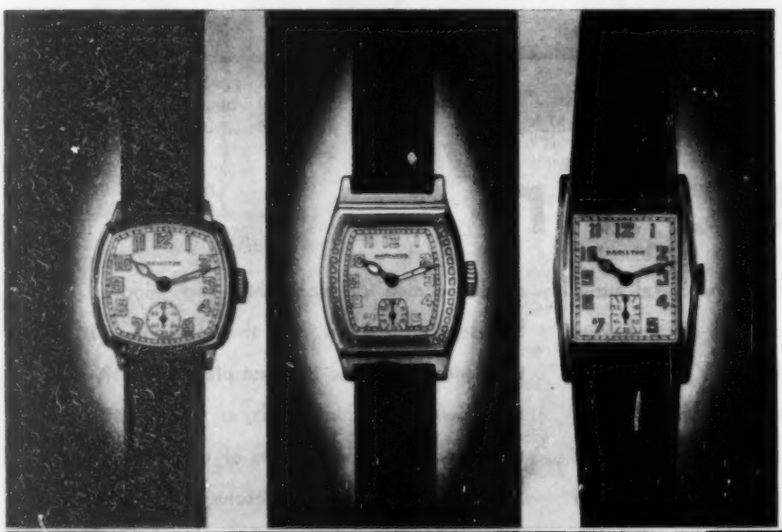

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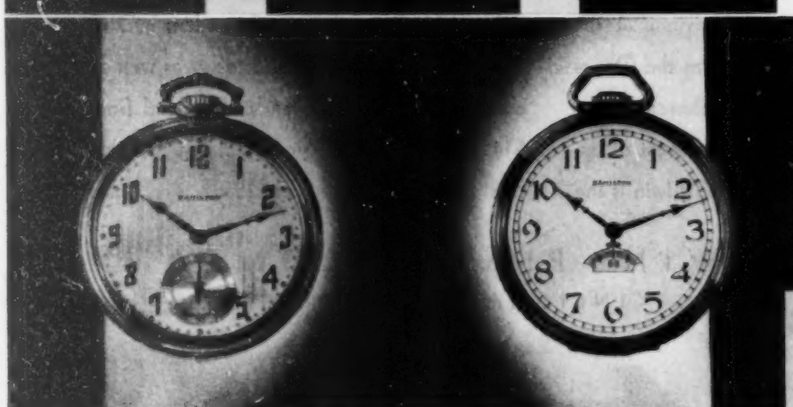

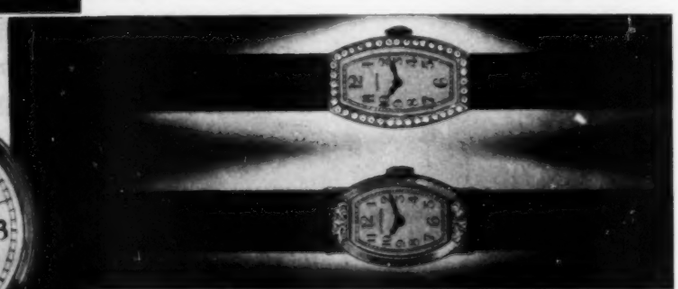

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CONSEQUENCE, A MEMOIR

(Continued from Page 23)

of the president of the Duma bespoke confusion bordering on helplessness. The situation changes from hour to hour. The cautious, wise men are in the minority. The question is, will they take some definite line? Anyway, tomorrow I shall order a Te Deum in the cathedral, after which will be read the manifesto of the Emperor's abdication and of the ascension on the throne of the Grand Duke Michael. It may have a calming effect."

On this we separated. It was already four o'clock. The aides took me back to the hospital. I went up the dark stairway of the hospital and stumbled into my room.

In the morning Russky sent a messenger to advise me to go to the cathedral for the Te Deum. Revolutionary excitement was, he said, spreading in Pskov; it would be well for me to appear in public, so that it could not be said that in the face of new conditions I was sulking.

I did not argue; it was all the same to me. I don't remember who went with me. The square and the cathedral were crowded. In the crowd were many soldiers, their breasts adorned with red ribbons, their faces excited. Entering the church, I placed myself behind Russky; someone thrust into my hand a red bow. I glanced at it unseeingly and found it tightly gripped in my glove when I returned home.

The clergy in their glittering golden chasubles came into the center of the temple. The service began. But the mood was not devout; the habitual solemnity of the occasion was altogether absent. Almost no one seemed to be attending to the service. It was the same old Te Deum, but all the atmosphere was changed, new. It proceeded, a thing in itself; all the congregation were thinking and feeling by themselves, apart, and all seemed eager for the end of a needless performance, so that they could take up business more agreeable.

Their faces did not manifest any particular joy, or even agitation; they were only excited. After the manifesto had been read and the prayer for the prolongation of days to the new Czar and the new government had been offered, I pushed my way through the crowd to the church steps.

The Famous Soviet Order No. 1

Until now, way for our passage had always been cleared by the police, but today police were absent. The crowd took evident pleasure in pushing the old general, the officers of his headquarters and myself, and sought, whenever possible, not to yield an inch.

There was, however, as yet no real provocative in their attitude. Eyes stared at me with cold curiosity and were ill-rewarded, for my face was stiff, my eyes dry and empty, and my body seemed to be made of stone. I descended the church steps, entered the car and was driven home.

By evening, disorders started in the city. Crowds of insurgent soldiers surged along the streets and prisoners were freed from the jail. Within our walls this roused perceptible reactions. Our wounded no longer straightened up when addressed by the doctors; they began strolling along the corridors in their underwear and smoking, both of which were forbidden. Those who were seated now rose no longer when I passed; and I heard at first timid jokes, then rude remarks. Although it was now disagreeable for me to go through the wards, I nevertheless did so twice a day on my way to and from the dining room. After the first day the doctors asked me not to come to the bandaging room any more. To this I agreed. I saw that this was no longer my hospital. My child was no longer mine; little by little, it was being torn away from me, and there was nothing that I could do about it.

On the morning of March seventeenth, rumors as to the abdication of the Grand Duke Michael, which had been circulating about town since the day previous, were officially confirmed. About that time, also, the famous Order No. 1 reached us. Issued by the Soviet of Soldiers and Peasants' Deputies, without the knowledge of the Provisional Government, at established Soviets throughout the army, it abolished the disciplinary subordination of the soldiers to the officers and the familiar appellation "thou" used by the officers when speaking to the soldiers.

Order No. 1, increased, naturally, the general ferment and disintegration. At the front, soldiers began to maim, torture and kill their officers. I was, ostensibly, an officer in the support, and my situation was becoming dangerous. Only two doors separated my rooms from the hospital. These were, moreover, glass doors. There was no place for me to hide and no chance for me to slip away. We had in the hospital at that time around three hundred lightly wounded soldiers who could move about quite easily, and eighty orderlies, of whose attitude I could not be certain.

Unfamiliar Dinner Partners

When I had investigated the mismanagement and reorganized the hospital, I had taken these orderlies in hand, and although I had no official right to do so, I had nevertheless punished them, as need arose, ever since. Recently I had appointed as head orderly Tickonov, a workman of Moscow, painter by profession and a very intelligent man. He read everything he could get hold of, discussed with some self-assurance all possible subjects and never touched a drop of alcohol. Toward his superiors he held himself always in an attitude of independent self-respect. He had socialistic leanings and the doctors had not approved of my choice, but I knew him well and trusted him. It was now, however, altogether guesswork, when I tried to figure how the turbulent events of recent days had affected him.

I was soon to learn. On the very morning that the famous Order No. 1 was issued, the orderly appointed to the dining room of the personnel came to see me. He was also a workman; a small, agile Lett, very thorough, and one of my favorites. In his hand he held a pack of group photographs—our orderlies, with me in the center, taken a few days previously.

"Your Highness, allow me to ask you to sign these with your name; the comrades desire it very much," he said, smiling broadly and placing the photographs upon the table in front of me. "Also Tickonov has asked me to tell you not to come alone in the dining room; we both shall accompany you," he added, continuing to smile. The head orderly's name, you will recall, was Tickonov.

"All right," said I, asking no explanations, and began to sign the photographs. "Listen to what I want to tell you. We have lived here more than two years together and you all are like my own children. I cannot begin right away to use 'you' instead of 'thou.' Do you understand?"

"Yes, I do. Well, call us as you like; we have always been satisfied with your treatment," he replied, and bending over, kissed my hand, which was holding the pen.

I told what had happened to Tishine, who came to ask me not to pass through the hospital; now I could not refuse to go into the dining room. A few minutes before dinner there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said I. Tickonov stood on the threshold. I looked into his face; it seemed changed to me—morose, hard. Doubt stirred for a second in my heart.

"Come, Your Highness; dinner is served," he said simply. I rose and followed him. The Lett was waiting outside. From that day on until my departure, those two accompanied me twice a day into the dining room and back.

But in spite of everything, and of all my wavering hopes that such insane conditions could not endure, it became each day plainer that for me to remain in the hospital was only to invite disaster. Only a few days later, for instance, a crowd of drunken soldiers publicly beat up in the town square the general commanding the Pskov garrison and threw him into the river.

This same crowd suddenly remembered me. The husband of one of my nurses, for whom I had obtained a clerkship at headquarters, told some of his comrades to try to divert the mob's attention and rushed to the hospital to warn me.

I dressed and, accompanied by Tishine, went through the garden into the headquarters, where I was met by Russky's aides. But even there I could not feel entirely safe. The crowd, not finding me in the hospital, would have in the end discovered my whereabouts. The little group of officers could not have defended me, even if they had wanted to. However, nothing happened this time, for the crowd, although they set out for the hospital, never reached it. In some form or other, such incidents occurred several times.

To stay, virtually a prisoner, in my own hospital under such conditions was senseless. I went to see Russky and was amazed by his harassed, exhausted appearance. The situation at the front, he told me, was going from bad to worse. The soldiers dealt with their officers with increasing ferocity. Soviets had been organized in all the units; discipline had almost completely disappeared and the soldiers were deserting their positions in crowds, taking arms and ammunition with them and attacking trains. Guchkov, the War Minister of the Provisional Government, had made the round of the northern front, trying with his speeches to reëstablish in the army the fighting mood, but it was all perfectly futile.

Creating a Frankenstein

As to my departure, the general said that I would have to wait a few days; the trains were so overcrowded with soldiers running away from the front. If, as he hoped, this flood soon would stop, then I could go. He would let me know in time to get ready.

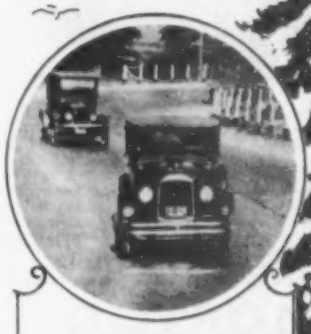
Leaving Russky's study, I came out into the vestibule, where several Ural Cossacks, who served as bodyguard to the commander in chief, were warming my coat by the stove. They offered to accompany me to the hospital. Such an attitude both surprised and moved me.

It was by no means the general attitude. On all sides all that related to the old régime was being trampled under foot with revolutionary contempt. The Emperor had been abandoned with surprising lightness by everyone, beginning with his courtiers and ending with the clergy. There was something terrifying in this lightness, expressing, as it did, not only contempt for tradition but the utter absence of any conscious attitude toward the future. The intelligentzia, now at the helm, had nothing concrete to offer for what they had destroyed, and the people appeared to distrust this new caste just as they had the caste preceding it.

The new rulers felt that distrust and wavered before it. They who had not expected to encounter a beast in the people found themselves from the very first in the power of a beast whom they could not overpower. All that remained was words. Flaming generalities, fluent demagoguery, fiery speeches; the air was rank with them, endlessly arising; and at that time words still produced an effect upon the superficial Russian imagination.

Amid all this turmoil I felt myself entirely lost. A feeling of complete helplessness never left me; it seemed as though I had thrown myself into the waves, which might swallow me up at any moment; the people floating upon the wreck laughed at my efforts and were ready at any convenient moment to put an end to me. They did

ONTARIO IS DIFFERENT



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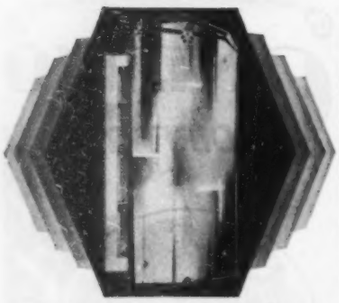

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not seem to notice that all the time the waves were rising higher and that they themselves were in mortal danger.

On March twenty-first, following the reading of the manifesto of the Provisional Government, the oath of allegiance to the new order was taken by the soldiers of the hospital, just as in all military units. I did not have enough courage that day to enter the church, but I remember wandering in its vicinity and hearing from afar the words of the Te Deum and of the manifesto.

No one needed me any longer; I seemed to have become an enemy of the people—of my own countrymen—to whom I had given all my strength. To them, I was worse than a foreigner; they no longer reckoned with me.

The head doctor, with whom I had never been on good terms, sent the indignant Zandina to ask me when I intended to leave Pskov; he was, he said, expecting his wife and wanted to put her in my room. It was his revenge, and my heart contracted painfully. This doctor's hostile attitude toward me could at any time reach Father Michael, and I decided, before it was too late, to send him, with the monk who served him, to Kiev to a friend of his. Father Michael, Tishine and I were going through hard hours. They knew that they were now impotent to protect me; and we felt, all three of us, that we were living through the last days of our friendship.

Father Michael was the first to leave. Then Russky sent word that I should get ready. I began packing my icons, my negatives, my drawings, my papers. All that I collected with such love seemed now unnecessary rubbish. My former life lay dead. The one I faced would be a fight for mere existence and an adaptation to this fight.

I made for the last time the round of my favorite churches and spots, together with Tishine and Zandina, saying good-by to Pskov, where I had spent many happy months; I also wandered into the cathedral. Looking at the shrines with the relics of the Pskov princes, I thought how they, too, had participated in history and, having played their part, were also relegated into the past.

Facing an Unknown Future

All the personnel came to see me off at the station, even the head doctor. A crowd had gathered on the platform. The nurses cried and kissed my hand as in former days. The train presented to view an alarming spectacle. Everywhere—on the roofs, on the platforms, even on the buffers—sat soldiers with their sacks and rifles. The corridors were overflowing with people. The railroad authorities, impotent in the face of the gray mass flooding every crack, penetrating everywhere, like a swarm of locusts, tried in vain to establish some order. To board a train and travel in such conditions was far from safe, but I had no alternative.

Zandina had insisted on going with me as far as Petrograd to protect me. She and I finally got somehow into the car and took our seats in the drawing-room section which the headquarters had secured with great difficulty, as if for themselves. The staff officer, having closed the door after us, secured it with a seal which the military commander of the Petrograd station was to break. This seal was our only protection.

When the train began moving and first the people on the platform, then the city, disappeared from view, my nerves gave way completely. For a long time I could not stop my tears. I was painfully sorry for everything—for Pskov, for the past, for myself—and no matter how I tried, I could not in the least imagine what the future would be.

We arrived safely in Petrograd, although the train was many hours late. The seal was broken by an aide of the commander. No one met me at the station. The imperial rooms, through which I usually passed, were locked. A valet from the house, no longer wearing his livery, was waiting for me in the street, and instead of the car, there was a hired, ancient cab drawn by two faded white horses. Wearily I climbed the high step into the coach and sat upon the faded, sunken seat. A thick, musty smell enveloped me. We started. Everything around seemed alien and terrifying. The streets were deserted and quiet. The Sergeivsky Palace resembled a mausoleum. Only two weeks had passed since the beginning of the revolution, yet they seemed like years.

The day following my arrival I watched, from the window of the drawing-room looking out on the Nevsky, a procession which had been arranged to honor the victims of the revolution. The ceremony was civil. For the first time the clergy did not participate in a Russian affair of state. And this parade of mourning served another purpose; it was a display of power on the part of the new government.

Astounded, I watched the pageant that, with the utmost order and ceremony, slowly unfolded itself. Here was old Russia expressing, in forms curiously modified, its past, glorious and tragic, and its hope for a better future.

Strange Contrasts in Petrograd

Paleologue, the French ambassador, in the memoirs that he has written of his days in Russia, remarks with his usual penetration that the dignity of the revolutionary celebrations can be explained only by the Russian genius—and weakness—for an outward, theatrical display of every emotion. The present ceremony, although a funeral, bespoke joy and relief that the great change had come. This mood, strange to me, permeated all Petrograd. In Pskov, where the military predominated, the governing mood had been one of perplexity and anxiety.

But Petrograd rejoiced. The statesmen of the former régime were under lock in state buildings or in jail; the newspapers sang laudatory hymns to the revolution and freedom, and reviled the past with an astounding fury. Pamphlets with caricatures of the Czars and with despicable and libelous hints and accusations were sold in the streets. Altogether new expressions became the fashion; the language was suddenly enriched with foreign words, imported to express more forcefully the enthusiasm of the moment.

But the practical life of the city had, in spite of all this revolutionary enthusiasm, become sluggish and colorless. The streets were carelessly cleaned. Crowds of idle, dissolute soldiers and sailors wandered continually about, while the well-dressed people who owned carriages and cars hid away in homes. Police were not to be seen. Things ran themselves, and very badly.

Even those of our servants who had been in our service for many years, sometimes even for generations, were influenced by the new currents. They began to present demands, form committees. Few remained faithful to the masters who had in all times taken care of them, pensioned them in their old age, nursed them when they had been sick and sent their children to school.

Petrograd frightened me. I removed to Tsarskoye Selo and joined my father. As usual, he kept his calm. The trend of events cut him to the heart, but he displayed no impatience and did not blame the revolutionaries. It was all, he said, the result of the terrible blindness of the past régime.

I learned less from him than from others of the family the part he had played in the drama of the last days of the reign. He had sought by all possible means to save the situation. On March thirteenth, he determined at any cost to see the Empress. Since the death of Rasputin all relations between our house and the Alexander Palace had been broken off, and he was somewhat at loss as to how to proceed. But the Empress solved this difficulty by suddenly sending for him.

He went to the palace. She received him sternly and accused all the imperial family,

(Continued on Page 176)

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(Continued from Page 174)

headed by him, of trying wrongly to influence the Emperor and of being insufficiently devoted to the throne.

More than ever before, she opposed the idea of concessions. She was certain, and said that she had proofs, that throughout the country the people were on the side of the Czar. The imperial family, the aristocracy and the members of the Duma had the audacity to think otherwise, but they were mistaken, as would soon be shown. My father found it necessary to remind her that all that he had personally undertaken had been with the purpose of dispelling illusion which constituted, in effect, a fool's paradise. She said that the Emperor was expected back the next morning.

Father arose early and went to the station, but to his confusion the train did not arrive. Alarmed, he returned home after having waited for quite a long time. Later in the day came report that the train had not been allowed to come through to Tsarskoye Selo.

Breaking the News to the Empress

Every minute now was precious. My father composed a manifesto granting the constitution and sent it to the Alexander Palace, imploring the Empress to sign it. She refused.

So father signed it himself and sent it to Petrograd to be signed by the elder grand dukes, after which it was delivered at the Duma, where eventually it came into the hands of Milyukov. Together with the manifesto, my father sent a private letter addressed to Rodzianko, the president of the Duma, asking him to do everything in his power to protect the person of the Emperor.

At four in the morning of March sixteenth the new revolutionary commander of Tsarskoye Selo knocked at my father's house and announced the abdication of the Emperor, both for himself and the Czarevitch, in favor of the Grand Duke Michael.

In the morning father went again to see the Empress. Incredible as it may seem, she did not know of the abdication. No one had found the courage to impart to her this news, and my father was obliged to do it. She took the blow with astounding steadiness, speaking with the utmost self-possession of her children, then sick with measles, and of the possibility of leaving with them for the Crimea.

That same day the Grand Duke Michael abdicated also, and in the evening the commanders of the divisions of reserve stationed in Tsarskoye Selo gathered in my father's house for a conference. They decided, in view of the impossibility of acting otherwise, to submit to the will of the Emperor Nicholas II, expressed in the manifesto of the abdication, and to recognize the Provisional Government.

In laying down his power the Emperor had insisted that Russia fulfill her obligations to the Allies and carry on the war, at any sacrifice, to a victorious conclusion. The Empress had finally received this word from him, together with more personal messages, that evening. He was in Mogilev and was transferring command of the armies to General Alexeyer, chief of headquarters; his mother, he added, was to come to see him there.

Leaving the palace, my father addressed from the steps a crowd of soldiers who had gathered in the yard. He asked them not to disturb by noisy demonstrations their former Empress and her sick children. The soldiers took his words good-naturedly and promised to be considerate. My father's appearance and his sonorous, imposing voice made an impression, which, however, soon evaporated; for the next day certain of their number, wandering under the palace windows, took pains to be overheard in vulgar and insulting remarks about their former sovereigns.

On April fourth, in consequence of the rumor that General Ivanov was approaching Tsarskoye Selo with five hundred cavaliers of the Order of St. George, it was decided to place the Empress and her children under arrest in the Alexander Palace. Of this she was informed by General Kornilov, the new commander in chief of the Petrograd district.

Next day, late in the evening, the Empress again summoned my father to the Alexander Palace. Guchkov, the Minister of War of the Provisional Government, and General Kornilov were making the rounds of the Tsarskoye Selo garrison and had asked her to receive them. The Empress had not felt it wise to refuse, but she did not wish to stand alone in this ordeal; so she asked my father to be present. She comported herself, my father told me, with outward calm in the presence of these envoys of revolution, and spoke to them with cold dignity.

What, they asked, could they do for her? She asked two things—first, freedom for her arrested attendants, guilty only of devotion to her; second, that the new government continue to supply with all necessary equipment the hospitals she had organized in Tsarskoye Selo. For herself, she added, she asked nothing.

As the conference ended, my father came out into the corridor with Guchkov and Kornilov, and asked them to remonstrate with the soldiers appointed to guard the arrested Empress; their behavior was shameful. Both Guchkov and Kornilov promised to do all in their power, but this was very little. No one dared to order the soldiers about. Oratory and cajolery had to be used instead, and words had become cheap.

Father spoke sadly of the changed appearance of the Alexander Palace. It was, he said, all but unrecognizable. Few of the court remained; some had been arrested; others had fled, or stood apart, afraid to arouse the suspicion of the new rulers by their devotion to the old. In these wide corridors, covered with thick soft carpets, where formerly efficient, silent valets glided noiselessly, throngs of soldiers now reeled with coats unbuttoned, in muddy shoes, caps on the side of their heads, unshaved, often drunk and always noisy.

A Call from Pskov

In my father's home there still reigned a certain atmosphere of inward warmth and comfort that made it seem doubly a refuge from surrounding chaos and uncertainty. It was a state of mind, rather than an expression of any actuality. My father, who was fifty-seven years old at the time, endured with a remarkable serenity the loss of associations and the repudiation of standards long dear to him; and he met those material deprivations which began already to intrude upon us with a patience and resignation that cut me to the heart.

Our everyday life had changed very little. We still followed the order established by years of habit, but in many ways our life became quieter. We were now in such a position as to make friendship with us compromising. Those who called at our house or at the homes of any other members of the former imperial family were apt to find themselves afterward in difficulties. Those who did come found it best to invest their call in mystery; the farewell call of the French ambassador, Paleologue, was, for instance, carefully veiled. But my father preferred not to place his friends in awkward positions, so we saw fewer and fewer people.

I missed my work and could not help regretting my idleness. Two weeks after my departure from Pskov, Doctor Tishine came to see me, charged by the hospital orderlies with an astonishing commission. They had formed their own Soviet and had passed the resolution asking me to return to Pskov and to reassume full authority over the hospital. In spite of everything, I was, I remember, flattered by their request, which, even today, I do not know how to explain.

Tishine said that the hospital had changed completely; the personnel was now unrecognizable; no one was any longer interested in the work. They quarreled constantly; every day more nurses requested

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transfer or walked out. This confusion within reflected only feebly the wilder confusion without. The whole city of Pskov, Tishine told me, was plunging into revolutionary disorder.

Even at Tsarskoye everything around us changed with vertiginous speed. We followed with painful interest each new change and reversal and sought endlessly to foretell our future. Our horizon was cramped. We could see little. Each new day gave the lie to our hopes and conjectures of the day previous.

Yet still we lived and hoped. In spite of the revolution, in spite of the insults which we encountered at every step, we still believed in the traditional Russian ideal, believed in the Russian soul. A brief dose of reality would, we imagined, quickly drive out of the heads of the people their enthusiasm for bungling amateur government; things would readjust themselves.

Meanwhile one heard about the government less and less. The Soviet of the Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies every day clamored louder and more often. The intelligentzia who had so warmly welcomed the revolution sought desperately now to conceal with catchwords, speeches and sounding manifestoes its complete incapacity to govern.

Like ourselves, they also had their ideals, cherished their illusions, believed in them. They thought that they could expect from the masses, so suddenly freed, a conscious response, a rational coöperation. The inspired speeches of Kerensky were an expression of this belief, and so was the struggle of the government and of the generals to continue the war and carry out our obligations to the Allies. All was futile. The country was in the power of soldiers under arms. There were several millions of them, and they did not want to fight.

The Emperor, having returned to his family, lived with them under arrest in the Alexander Palace, constantly subjected to unnecessary mortifications and cruel insults. The people surrounding this once royal family took pleasure in humiliating them. They had been completely torn off from us, and no one from the outside world was permitted to see them. Their former voluntary solitude was now replaced by solitude enforced; and they struggled patiently, one heard, to obey all the orders—often contradictory, and usually altogether senseless—of the new government.

Royalty Becomes a Side Show

Sometimes one could catch a glimpse of them from afar. Every day after luncheon the Emperor came into the garden with the children and, under the supervision of many guards, cut the ice and cleaned the snow. For some unknown reason, the place for this performance was usually chosen near the fence of the park, and the inhabitants of Tsarskoye Selo, especially those of the lower classes, gathered on the other side to stare and jeer. Remarks, always rude and sometimes obscene, flew about, while the Emperor continued his modest work very calmly, as though he heard nothing.

My stepmother sometimes joined this crowd, and would return weeping at what she had seen and heard. What hurt her most was not so much the crowd's hostility toward this monarch who so recently was omnipotent, but the strange indifference and brutality with which these common people gathered to gaze at their former sovereign, as if he were some rare animal in a cage. They spoke of him, she said, exactly as though he were a beast unable to hear or understand them.

Neither my father nor I went to look at this spectacle. I avoided driving by the park of the Alexander Palace. At the main gate, and at all the small ones, sentries lounged on benches or boxes, trying apparently to indicate by their untidy, dissolute appearance that they belonged to the revolutionary army.

My sympathy for the captive imperial family, especially for the Empress, was, I must confess, purely impersonal. I was sorry for them as I would have been for anyone in their position, but that was all. Deep within my heart had accumulated so much bitterness that even our past personal relations could not stir my heart in their behalf. It was too great—the price we now had to pay for their age-long narrow-mindedness and stubbornness.

Such feelings, even if they were shared by my family, were never openly discussed. It all had been considered long before, and now that the thing had happened, it was too painful to talk about. Moreover, in spite of the blows that the revolution was dealing us, we all had to recognize that we were all in a way guilty and responsible parties.

It seemed to me now, as it had in the past, that in our inadequate training and education lay the principal explanation of our downfall, and I saw now that this applied to all ranks in Russia, high and low. That same lack of a conscious attitude toward life, that same light-mindedness and superficiality with which we had faced the disintegration of the old, we now displayed even more markedly in trying to adjust ourselves to the new. We gave, as do children, a tremendous attention to trifles. An infantile lack of all sense of proportion swayed, for instance, the hysterical decision of officious clergy to delete from the Psalms of David all lines containing the word "king."

A New Name for Russia

All that had formerly been honored among us was now to be destroyed without trace. Neither history, country, honor nor duties existed any longer. Liberty was a new toy that fell into the hands of clumsy and dangerous grown-up children, only to be immediately broken by their rough hands. The revolution permitted, justified and excused everything. The new rulers strove to attach to the word a special, sacred meaning—the meaning that made it at once a sign from heaven and, against all rational criticism, a shield. A remark of my father which was especially to the point characterizes the mood of that time. "There is no Russia any longer," he said. "There is a country called Revolution, and this Revolution must be protected and saved at any price."

Holy Week came, and then Easter. We celebrated at home. Slowly the joyless spring asserted its rights. In our house an appearance of peace still reigned, but around us every new day brought changes for the worst. Tsarskoye Selo was unrecognizable. Instead of the well-dressed people and the neat soldiers of the former garrison, the peaceful, clean little town was now inundated by unruly, dissolute soldiers of the reserves. The whole town had an entirely different appearance. The immense, old park, in which usually there had worked a whole army of gardeners, now stood deserted. The streets had not been cleaned of snow, and when it began to melt there was no one to take care of the mess.

Later in the spring it was impossible to walk in the park alone. The soldiers, from whom there was no escape anywhere, had taken entire possession. They damaged statues, trampled out the grass, broke the trees and bathed entirely naked in the ponds in plain sight of everybody.

In the city hall, which was separated from our garden by a canal, noisy conferences and meetings took place continually, lasting sometimes throughout the night and giving us a great deal of worry and anxiety. Drunken shouts mixed with the sounds of The Marseillaise, laughter and abuse drifted across the water with appalling clarity. When I happen now to hear The Marseillaise, I always connect with it the memory of those months.

This unattractive and often repulsive outward existence made me value still more dearly our family life. All that was left to us in this world was our tender love for one another, which grew deeper and more understanding every day. I remember how, in the evenings, sitting in my father's study, listening to him reading, I used to watch his

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face, his graying temples, the movement of his lips, the gestures of his hands. I drank in every detail, every intonation of his voice, saw the little vein throbbing at the side of his ear, observed the lines of his neck above the collar. Far memories of my childhood, all connected with him and with my love for him, flashed through my mind, and it seemed to me that all the love I had known in my life centered around him and my brother. How dear he was to me! With what joy I greeted him every morning and with what tranquil satisfaction I heard him speak. His conversation was as serene and as witty as ever. His mind overrode disaster. I valued every minute I spent with him and was grateful to fate for each new day.

Most of my time I spent in the company of Volodia, my stepbrother, whom I had learned to know well and to love during my trips home from the hospital.

The first child of my father's second marriage, he sustained the theory that exceptional children are born of a great and exceptional love. When he was still a baby there was something indefinable about him that set him apart from the others. When he was a child, in fact, I considered him a nuisance, affected and priggish. But later I understood that he was simply a being older than his years, lost in the *milieu* to which his age assigned him. His parents saw how different he was from the others and wisely did not try to shape him according to pattern, as had been done with us. They allowed him comparative freedom to develop his unusual abilities. While still a child he wrote good verse and extraordinary plays to be acted by his small sisters. He played the piano; he painted, and at a very early age astounded people by his extensive reading and his extraordinary memory.

An Artist in the Army

Until he was sixteen, he shared my father's banishment in France. Then he was sent to Petrograd, with the Emperor's permission, and entered in the Corps des Pages, a military school. According to the family tradition, he was to be an officer. There was nothing military in his character, but the years spent away from an adoring family, the contact with boys of his own age and the discipline of the school did him a lot of good. He became more natural, simpler in his ways. Having formerly spoken Russian very badly, he quickly learned his mother tongue, and knew it better than many of those who had lived in Russia since childhood.

The numerous subjects studied at the Corps did not prevent him, even there, from developing his own abilities. At eighteen he brought out a first book of verse, which made something of a stir. He wrote with equal facility in three languages, but preferred to publish his first works in Russian. Throughout his stay at the Corps he continued individually to school himself in painting and music. He was more than talented; one had the feeling that mysterious forces worked within him, driving him onward by inspirations inaccessible to the ordinary humans and remote from all things mundane.

For a long time I had been following his development with increasing interest and trying to penetrate the workings of a mind so different from my own. We talked for hours exchanging impressions, trying to express to each other our thoughts and feelings. Sometimes our conversations lasted till dawn. I remember once, during a beautiful white night, we opened wide the window of my bedroom. Climbing upon the wide sill, we waited for the sunrise and watched in silence the constant nuances of the sky. My stepmother, from her bedroom, heard us open the window and came to tell us to go to bed.

Volodia was passionately and tenderly attached to his family, and especially to his mother, whom he adored. She repaid him in kind and understood him better than my father, whose psychology was more removed from those qualities which made Volodia extraordinary. Father regarded his writing as a divertisement and looked at him with a trace of amused condescension. Volodia was apparently to him some curious kind of duckling that he had hatched in an eagle's nest.

It was, I believe, in 1915 that Volodia left the Corps des Pages and joined, as an officer, the regiment of hussars of the Life Guards. He spent several months in the war, both in the regiment and at the headquarters of my father, when the latter was commander of the corps of the Guards. But he had no aptitude for things military; he suffered, moreover, from weak lungs and did not bear well the hardships of the war. Several times he had to be sent home from the Front with a high temperature and a serious cough, and finally he was obliged to go to the Crimea for treatment. The climate of Northern Russia did not agree with him; he could not get used to it.

Working Against Time

There dwelt, without any doubt, deep in his heart, a premonition of what was in store for him; yet this premonition provoked in him neither bitterness nor regrets; only a burning desire to perfect his thought and express it. During the last summer he wrote without stopping. Inspiration seemed never to forsake him. He would sit down at the typewriter and write, without pausing, verses that needed almost no correction. Yet in spite of this productivity and his purely mechanical way of writing, the quality of his verses improved continually. It seemed to me then that the speed of his work was somewhat exaggerated; I remember saying to him once that in pouring forth such torrents of new verses he gave himself no time to polish them.

He was then sitting at his desk, one hand propping his cheek while with the other he made note upon the margins of the verses he had just finished. Having listened to my words, he turned toward me his face, always pale, and smiled sadly and somewhat enigmatically.

"What I am writing now comes to me in a completely finished form; changes would only spoil the freshness of the inspiration. I must write. After I am twenty-one I shall not write any more. Everything that is in me must find its expression now; it will be too late afterward."

So his work went on. To the pile at his elbow were added new sheets, neatly typed, of sonorous rimes. In his lighter moments he made very good caricatures. There was a whole album of such drawings, representing amusing episodes of our family life, and they were so witty and so pat that you could not look at them without laughing.

At that time my stepsisters were still small girls who lived their own, separate, childish lives. They did not look alike, nor had they the same dispositions. The elder, Irene, was thin, pensive and impressionable. She had regular features and resembled my father. The second, Nathalie, was gay and animated, with a turned-up nose, plump, pink cheeks and beautiful blond curls. My father bore toward these, his youngest children, a tenderness altogether particular, and they adored him.

I have never known how to treat children; I remember with such exceptional clarity my own childhood; and all those things which, in the conduct of grown persons, used to surprise and hurt me seemed now curiously transferred to my own relations with these children of my father. Impulsively I tried to come closer to my little sisters, tried to show them that I understood them better than they thought, but it was all wasted effort. They were not afraid of me; it was not even that they distrusted me, but in their minds I belonged irrevocably to the category of the grown-ups. Only one thing ever united us overwhelmingly—our common, childish love for our father. This feeling is so lasting that even now our relations are mainly built upon our memories of him.

The girls revered their brother and greatly admired him. Volodia took advantage of this to make them carry out all his desires. In rehearsing them in the plays he wrote, he worked them mercilessly for hours on end. Highly flattered by his attention, his sisters endured patiently all his rudeness, his scolding, even his slaps.

In the beginning of the summer I went to Moscow. At that time everybody was advising everybody else as to the best way to hide jewels and property. Our money and bonds, which were at the Department of Appanages, had been confiscated at the very beginning of the revolution, and we only had the little that remained in private banks. I had also enough jewels to form in themselves a large capital, and I had to think of some place to put them where they would be safe. A friend spoke to me of the Moscow Loan Society. I followed the advice, and taking my jewel cases, went to Moscow, where I stopped at Aunt Ella's nunnery. I had not seen my aunt for several months. Nothing around her had changed, the atmosphere was still the same, but I was struck by her tired and ill appearance. She who had always been on the go now spent most of her time upon a wicker chaise-longue with a piece of embroidery or some knitting.

We talked at length of present events and of the causes that had brought them about. One evening when I was telling her about the life of the captive Emperor and his family, I added that if she wished to send them a letter, I might find the means of having it delivered. Her eyes turned hard and cold; her lips tightened. She replied somewhat sharply that she could not send a letter; she had nothing to say; she and her sister, the Empress, had long ago ceased to understand each other.

The Soviet Extends its Power

I kept silent. Nothing more was said, but I clearly felt in her reply a reverberation of what had happened between them two months before the revolution, at the time of their last meeting. That had been the climax of my aunt's long effort to show her sister where false advisers and headstrong ignorance would lead her, and lead all Russia.

From time to time the alarm was sounded. The Soviet of the Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies was acquiring greater and greater power, and since the beginning of the summer, especially since the arrival of Lenin, the overthrow of the weak Provisional Government was to be expected at any moment. The day for the uprising had more than once been set and many people were said to have exact information about the movements and intentions of the Bolsheviki. We lived by rumors or warnings of the most diverse character, sent to us by well-wishers, often unknown, whose zeal exaggerated and even distorted the facts.

Once, in the beginning of July, late at night, when we had been long asleep, there was a knock at my door. Waking, I saw upon the threshold of my bedroom Marianne Zarnekau, one of my stepmother's daughters of her first marriage. She explained that we must immediately dress and go to Petrograd. She had come from there in an automobile to fetch us. According to information which had come to her, the uprising of the Bolsheviki was set for the next day, and it was among their plans to go with armored cars to Tsarskoye Selo and tear away from the Provisional Government the Emperor and all his family. Marianne and her husband had driven all the way to Tsarskoye Selo to warn us. We dressed and drove to Petrograd.

But that time nothing happened, and we returned to Tsarskoye Selo the next day. The plan of the Bolsheviki to overthrow the government had failed. Lenin and Trotsky went to Kronstadt, where, since the beginning of the revolution, the most lawless elements had gathered. Several brutal murders had already been committed in that locality, but we still had a few more weeks of comparative peace.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. The third will appear next week.

★ ON SLEEK OCEAN LINERS... IN HOTELS, CLUBS, FAMOUS TRAINS... WHEREVER YOU GO, THINGS ARE KEPT SPOTLESSLY CLEAN WITH WYANDOTTE

THE soft, snow-white linen of a famous train . . . gleaming dishes and silverware at your favorite hotel . . . the glistening promenade deck of a mammoth transatlantic steamer . . .

These are a few of the things kept spotlessly clean for you with Wyandotte. For the men of the great Transportation Industry know the vital importance, the dollars-and-cents value, of cleanliness. They are the guardians of your health when you travel. They realize that to enjoy your patronage they must keep *everything* bright and attractive and sanitary.

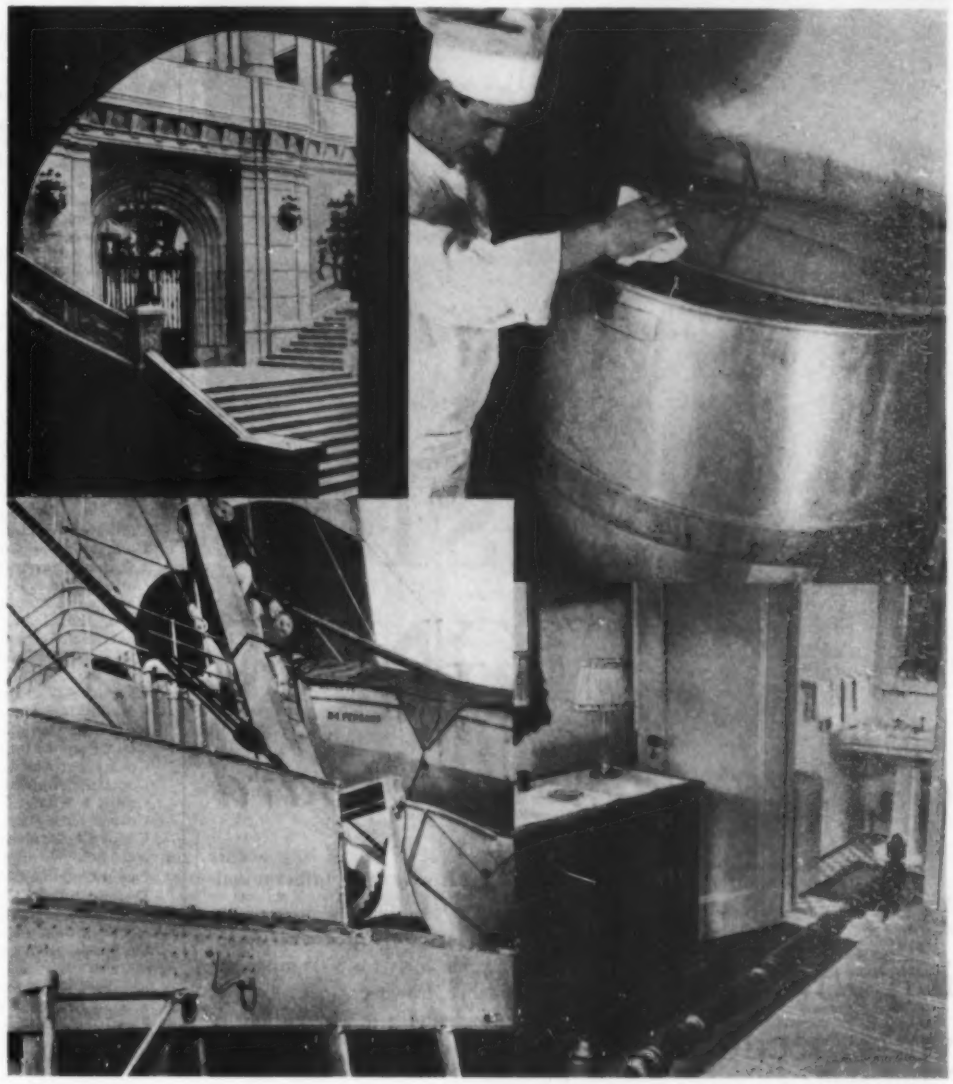
Most of them use Wyandotte products, because they know that these are the most effective cleaning materials made — the result of a third of a century of research and practical experience in helping to solve the cleaning problems of a great variety of industries.

Wherever there is a cleaning job to be done, there is a Wyandotte product to do it . . . in laundries, kitchens, lobbies . . . on ships' decks and in engine-rooms . . . on woodwork, porcelain, enamelware, tile.

Wyandotte chemists and service representatives have co-operated with every industry in producing special materials for different kinds of work. Bottlers were faced with the problem of cleaning bottles and equipment, in such a way that beverages could not become tainted. Wyandotte gave them a product which sweetens and purifies as well as cleans. Restaurants wanted a washing material that would leave dishes fresh and sanitary. Wyandotte supplied it.

There is a Wyandotte product for removing grime from marble, without staining or scratching it. There is another, used in the manufacture of leather. Still another, to remove smudge from grapefruit. In canneries, tanneries, automobile factories . . . in dairies, schools, hospitals . . . Wyandotte is bringing cleanliness and health, or aiding in manufacturing processes.

In famous buildings throughout the world you will find gleaming marble surfaces, kept white and stainless with Wyandotte. ■ *Your food in leading hotels and restaurants is prepared in kitchens where everything is made spotless by Wyandotte products . . . floors, tables, dishes, utensils, ranges.*



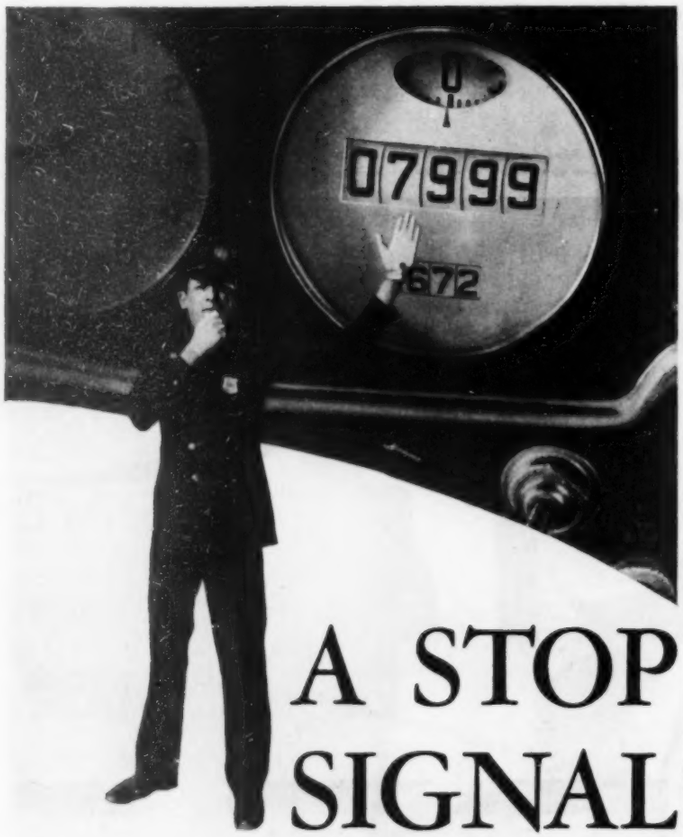
The immaculate cleanliness of many great ocean liners, from smoke stack to keel, is a testimony to the efficiency of the different Wyandotte cleaning materials. ■ *In hotel bedrooms and bathrooms, many things are sanitary because of Wyandotte: walls, basins, tile floors . . . even bed linen.*

Wyandotte service representatives are available in every city in the country, to help *you* with your cleaning and processing problems. We shall be glad to have one call on you — with no obligation on your part. Telephone our nearest branch. Or write us direct. The J. B. Ford Company, Wyandotte, Michigan.

WYANDOTTE

Trade Mark

CLEANS THE WORLD



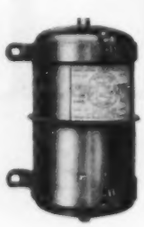
A STOP SIGNAL *on your own dashboard*

Here are the most important figures your speedometer will ever register

8000 miles on your speedometer is a danger signal . . . a warning that you should not overlook *if you want to avoid costly repair bills.*

Grit, sand, metal particles and hard carbon are constantly working their way into the lubricating system of your car. If this harmful matter is allowed to circulate it turns even the best grade motor oil into a harsh abrasive that wears bearings, scores cylinders, wears out pistons and gears.

The Purolator filters every drop of crankcase oil. It catches and holds all foreign substances . . . prevents them from reaching and damaging the moving parts of your motor.



And here is why 8000 miles on your speedometer is so important.

The Purolator Oil Filter works faithfully and efficiently for 8000 miles. At that distance, however, it is so full of the dirt and sludge it has kept out of your engine that it can hold no more . . . *the old Purolator cartridge must be replaced with a new one.*

This is a simple, inexpensive operation that takes but a few minutes. Simply drive to your nearest garage or service station and ask the service man to re-cartridge your Purolator.

He will remove the old housing and replace it with a new Purolator cartridge that provides your motor with clean, filtered lubricating oil for another 8000 miles of driving.

Your garage man will probably ask if you have re-cartridged your Purolator, for he, too, realizes the importance of replacing the cartridge. But don't depend on his reminding you. At 8000 miles, you remind him. Then drive off knowing that clean oil is keeping your motor purring sweetly. Motor Improvements, Inc., 363 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, N. J.

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

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NEW lubricating principle gives today's high-speed motors unheard-of performance . . . .

ACCIDENTAL discovery reveals amazing properties of an oil already famous for other uses. When added to regular motor oil, the mixture gives new kind of lubrication . . . makes higher speeds possible . . . lubricates tightest bearings thoroughly in hottest or coldest weather. Assures safe breaking-in of new and rebuilt cars. Many distributors and dealers will not deliver a new car without this protection from heat and wear. They also recommend continued use of this new kind of lubrication to insure long life of motor.

Owner of New Car—This certainly is a sweet-running motor. I hope it stays that way.

Service Manager—It sure will, Mr. Owens, if you will keep Springeez Oil in the crankcase. We put 25% Springeez in all new and reconditioned cars to insure perfect breaking-in. And we like to have our customers use it all the time because it keeps a motor like new.

A NEW standard of motor lubrication has been created! Greater speed and performance now certain. You no longer need to "*baby*" a new or reconditioned motor during the breaking-in period.

This revolutionary change came with the discovery that Springeez Oil — well known for other uses — had properties which no other oil possessed or even claimed to possess and that, when mixed with regular motor oil, the entire blend—called "Springeezed Oil"—takes on these wonderful properties.

No Bearing Too Tight . . . Springeezed Oil, because of its remarkable activity, lubricates close-fitting parts where ordinary oils fail to enter. This, combined with its ability to replace itself on cylinder walls and wearing surfaces many times faster than ever before thought possible, brings lubrication up to the requirements of modern high-speed, high-compression motors, resulting in the "Lubricant Supreme."

No Day Too Hot . . . Springeezed Oil is so unaffected by extreme variations of temperature that it lubricates thoroughly under weather conditions that heretofore made proper protection of wearing parts difficult, if not impossible.

Enjoy the Thrill of Driving a New Motor at High Speed in Hot Weather . . . You can now enjoy to the fullest, the thrilling speed and power of the modern motor, assured that every part receives positive lubricating protection and that your car will roll along—smooth and cool—as the hours and miles go by—without overheating your motor.

Reaches Upper Cylinder Walls and Valves . . . Springeezed Oil has been tested under every conceivable condition by the country's largest service departments. It has done, repeatedly and consistently, what has never been done before. It improves lubrication of valve stems and upper cylinder walls that ordinarily are not adequately lubricated. Motors driven 30,000 or more miles with Springeezed Oil show no perceptible wear . . . continue to run as smoothly and powerfully as when new.

Hundreds of the foremost automobile dealers, including Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Packard, Cadillac, Marmon, Auburn, Chrysler, Chevrolet, Ford, and many others use Springeezed Oil in the crankcase of every new and rebuilt motor. They recommend that it be used throughout the life of the car. Also used and recommended by leading automobile manufacturers such as Auburn, Marmon, Jordan and Peerless.

Their tests prove that Springeezed Oil protects even the tightest bearings under the hottest and coldest weather conditions . . . that it assures long motor life and economical operation.

Their practice is a safe course for everyone to follow.

SPRINGEEZ OIL

LUBRICANT SUPREME

Springeezed Oil gives lubrication that no car ever had before

Use ¼ Springeez Oil and ¾ Your Regular Motor Oil . . . Springeez Oil is used in a 25% mixture with regular motor oil. For example, if your crankcase holds 6 quarts of oil, use 4½ quarts of your favorite brand of oil and 1½ quarts of Springeez Oil.

Break-in New Car With Springeezed Oil Don't worry about that *breaking-in period.* Put 25% Springeez Oil in the crankcase and drive your car at normal speed immediately. Every vital part will have perfect continuous lubrication — no binding or scoring. Use Springeezed Oil in your new car and you will continue to do so. You'll never again be satisfied with old-fashioned lubrication.

Costs Only Few Cents More . . . Be sure to have Springeezed Oil in your crankcase *this summer* to prevent overheating, and enjoy the thrill of perfect motor operation—the economy of longer motor life at the cost of only a few cents more than you now pay for ordinary oil.

Ask your car dealer, filling station or garage manager for Springeez Oil. If he can't supply you, send us his name and address.

HALSTEAD OIL COMPANY, INC.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

To Car Dealers,
Filling Stations and Garages

Take advantage of the big immediate demand for this modern lubricant. If your automotive jobber can't supply you, send us his name.

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

HOW TO USE SPRINGEEZ OIL — One part Springeez Oil + Three parts regular oil = SPRINGEEZED OIL — Look for this signature — Griffin Halstead

Close-by Pacific Ocean Beaches

$70 . . . . FOR ELEVEN GLORIOUS DAYS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ATOP THE HIGH SIERRA (28 equally interesting photographs in free ITINERARY offered below)

MILE after mile of California supplies scenic drama . . . unforgettable pictures of vast mountains . . . pleasure-islands rising from the sea . . . orange groves . . . perpetual glaciers! The High Sierra Range alone has more than 133 peaks, 13,000 feet or over! Vacation experiences to be remembered for a lifetime!

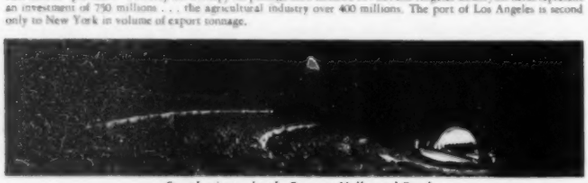
Summer weather in Southern California is as inviting as its contrasting scenic grandeur. Rain is practically unknown. Breezes from 6,000 miles of Pacific Ocean make light wraps a comfort factor for motoring after sunset and for enjoying such entertainment as "Symphonies under the Stars" at Hollywood Bowl. Sleep under blankets!

From the Pacific Ocean beaches, roads to new adventures and entertainment lead in every direction! Get acquainted with Hollywood . . . rub elbows with the screen stars! Laguna and La Jolla are outstanding beach playgrounds . . . motor for miles through groves of ripening oranges . . . direct to Old Spanish Missions!

Note this carefully . . . you may come to Southern California on your two-weeks vacation . . . be actually here eleven days (practical from most points back east) . . . see outstanding "high spots" . . . costs while here need not exceed $70 . . . or $6.35 a day . . . including sightseeing.

SEND THE COUPON for free ILLUSTRATED ITINERARY, outlining just what you can see and do in these eleven glorious days. Includes 28 gravure photographs of Southern California scenes. Also itemized figures on cost of hotels, meals, sightseeing, etc.

We have published a beautiful book picturing this Southland. It contains 71 camera studies by the best men of this land of "pictures." You may have a copy for postage cost. EXECUTIVES: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions . . . the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.



Symphonies under the Stars at Hollywood Bowl

Southern California

All-Year Club of Southern California, Sec. WW-5, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Check if desired). ☐ Please send me free Illustrated Itinerary for a 2-weeks vacation trip to Southern California—with itemized figures on daily costs while in California.

(Check if desired). ☐ Four cents in stamps enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send free booklets about the counties I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ San Bernardino
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Riverside ☐ San Diego ☐ Ventura

Name _____ Street _____
(Please Print Your Name and Address)

City _____ State _____

A WOMAN WITH $20,000

(Continued from Page 56)

It is hard for house-bound women to learn, and it is what makes it unsafe for them to have command of much money. But even business women right out in the world, and business men, get taken in constantly."

"What's the matter with learning the earmarks of a straight proposition?" I asked.

"Sure! But you know this. If a man has a good business, going pretty well, he does not have to look around for somebody to go in with him. If he can, he will want to keep the profits right in the family. Now, suppose he wants to expand, and so needs more money. Here is where your first difference comes in between a crooked proposition and a straight one. The straight man will offer you every chance to find out everything; he expects to offer it. The crooked one will not, but he will imitate the methods of the straight one. It is this imitation you have to get wise to, both in the stock market and in business. It takes a little good sense and a little experience. You will get a little experience if you will let these men who want to part you from your money talk to you. There may be perfectly good things among what is offered you. You may want to invest, but investigate also."

"Have you any money?" I asked the detective.

"No."

"How did you manage to learn so much about investment?"

"I was swindled out of money. It is the real reason I became a policewoman. It was one of those sure things where just a little more money is needed to carry the business over the top, where the money would be doubled in six months. It was a very smooth deal and a very slick getaway."

She looked at the piled-up letters that covered my table—the letters of ninety-four people who wanted money.

"If I were lucky," she said, "I would find that man right there."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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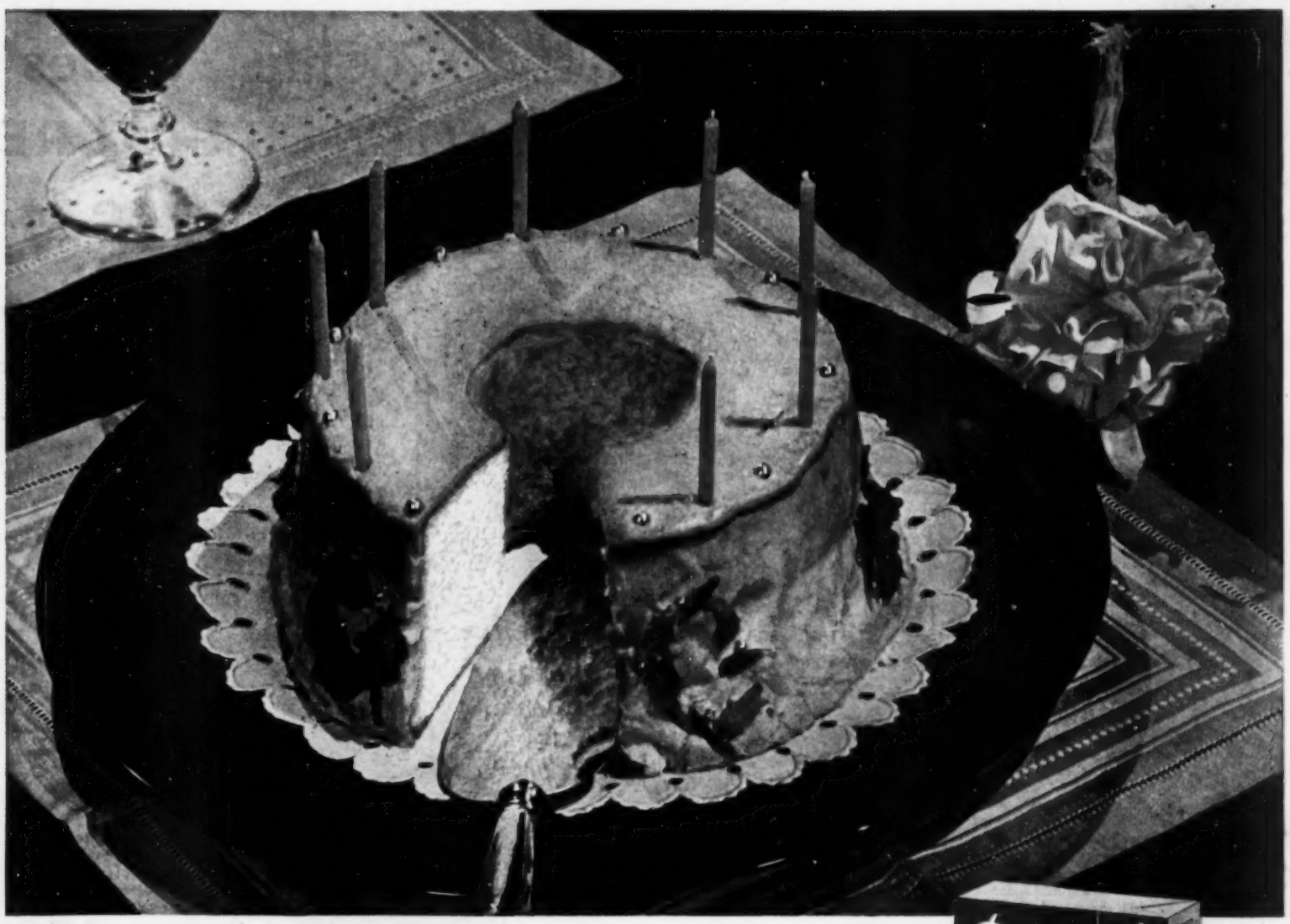

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Nobody can afford to consider pennies in buying flour for cakes. There's too much at stake — there are just as many eggs, just as much sugar and shortening in a mediocre cake as in a perfect cake. It's wise to get the finest flour you can buy —even if you do pay a few cents more per package—about one cent more per cake.

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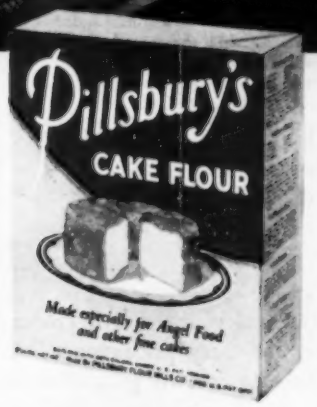

BIRTHDAY CAKE

8 egg whites	¾ cup Pillsbury's Cake Flour
1 cup powdered sugar	½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar	½ teaspoon rose extract

Beat the egg whites stiff but not dry. Thoroughly mix dry ingredients by sifting five times and fold into beaten egg whites. Add flavoring. Transfer to an unoiled angel-cake pan and bake in a slow oven, 325 degrees F. about 50 minutes. Invert the cake pan on a wire rack immediately when taken from the oven and allow the cake to cool in it. Cover with ornamental icing tinted a pale green with vegetable coloring and decorate with candied rose and violet petals, angelica, and silver candies. Place the desired number of candles around the top edge of the cake.

Recipe furnished by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home-Makers' Club.

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